The ANM Story

Jack Van Tongeren

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THE

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY YEARS:

1970 – 1989

By

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This book is a work of non-fiction. Names and places have been changed to protect the privacy of all individuals. The events and situations are true.

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IN MEMORY

Of

ANDREW MOSCHELLA

The first to die in the struggle.

“Ye sons of Australia, forget not your braves,
Bring the wild forest flowers to strew o’er on
The graves
Of the four daring outlaws whose race it is run,
And place on their tombs the wild laurels
They’ve won.”

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Dedication

This dedication is not so much in order to pay homage to what been done by those in the past, but is a call to fire up the actions of the few in the present and the immediate future…. For it is ACTION NOW that Australia needs, regardless of the cost to those who carry it out. So let me say this.

This book is dedicated to the Aussie spirit of rebellion. All praise and credit goes to those who defied the system and followed their deepest instincts. Those deepest instincts are CORRECT and the system is WRONG, and we don't care if the system jailed them and called them criminals, for the system is wrong, it is destroying our Australia and needs to be smashed.

This book is dedicated to the spirit of Ned Kelly and Ben Hall. All praise to their daring acts of valour in true service to the developing ethos of the Australian Nation and their clear sense of social justice for the Aussie battler, the backbone of Australia who patiently endured so much suffering and hard toil. From out of this combination the Anzac legend arose.

Revolution is the actions of the few, regardless of whether all those actions are popular or not, for part of struggle is pain, and part of struggle is triumph. The triumph is at the end, and many who have struggled or will struggle have not, or will not see triumph. But the triumph will come when, and only when, a few Aussie Patriots get out and physically fight the system.

So this book is dedicated to the spirit and memory of the few known and the few unsung heroes. When we triumph they will be honoured in Aussie folklore and Aussie legend. This book is also dedicated to those who will rise in rebellion when they read it. They also will be honoured, and many of them will be alive as well when the triumph is ours!

Damn the rotten laws, the time has come to physically fight, drive the invader from our lands, and take by force what is rightfully ours!

Australia Forever!

FOREWORD

Inspired by Adolf Hitler who challenged the international Jewish usurious banking system, who defeated the same in Germany and who saved the German people from certain destruction; and inspired by Napoleon Bonaparte who proclaimed that a man who works for the survival of his people, regardless of means, breaks no laws; Peter Joseph "Jack" van Tongeren, founder and leader of the Australian Nationalists Movement (ANM), boldly and unremorsefully writes the story of the ANM detailing specific activities and apologizing for nothing, as he sits behind a typewriter in an Australia prison, serving a prison sentence for his patriotic White Australian Nationalist activities.

Between roughly 1860 and 1880, Australian bushranger actions happened, ending the death of Ned Kelly who was a forerunner of 20th century Australian White Nationalist guerrilla fighters. The bushrangers fought what was in reality an off-and-on guerrilla war on a small scale against the police and squatters who bitterly opposed White Australian Nationalism. The squatters were the money cartels who were suppressing the developing Australian peasantry on the land – the selectors, and the Australian workers in the towns and cities. In the ongoing campaign to destroy the developing White Australian people, the British Colonial Government began to heavily asianize the Australia Colonies and enforced this highly unpopular policy by police and judicial oppression. The bushrangers rose in revolt against the police and squatters, and championed the cause of the poverty-stricken selectors who supported the various bushranger gangs, thus making it extremely hard for the hated police to crush the various groups. To this date, the police and judiciary are still actively suppressing White Australian Nationalism, the jailing of the ANM leaders being a case in point! Unfortunately the various bushranger gangs were never unifies, and they were crushed and killed off one gang at a time by the police, and they did not politicize the actions in the towns and cities, again with the partial exception of the Kelly Gang (1878 – 1880). Ned Kelly came close to actually delivering a sudden knockout blow to a great part of the Victorian Police Force and establishing the Republic of North East Victoria!

Long ago, when Jack van Tongeren was traveling around the Australian countryside, he formed the opinion that if the bushrangers (a forerunning Australian White Nationalist group) had also run a political campaign on the streets of the towns and cities, then they would have stood a chance of actually overthrowing the system way back then. Interestingly, the only bushrangers to begin to partly do this were Ned Kelly, his gand and supporters. It is because of this that the system fears the Kelly Gang to this very day, and deliberately refused to tell the full story and goal for which the gang was really striving. The point is that any actual physical fighting against the system must be accompanied by a large scale propaganda campaign that can be clearly seen and understood by the masses. This is precisely what the ANM carried out from 1985 onwards and this is Jack's story.

In the first half of June 1986, Jack van Tongeren received his first copy of "The Turner Diaries." Since then, the ANM has purchased several hundred copies until a wealthy supporter reprinted a couple thousand more for distribution to Australian White Nationalists. By the beginning of 1987, ANM activities moved into high gear. Activities included anti-Asian postering, publishing a bimonthly newsletter and, according to Australia's Zionist Occupation Government (ZOG), certain other activities. The postering was basically the same as that in the USA with such slogans as "White Revolution – the Only Solution", "Is Your Street Still White"' "Holocaust Is a Lie"' "No Jews"' "No Coloured" and other familiar slogans. By August 1989, the ANM was a household word in Western Australia and partly known in the rest of Australia.

Something else which ties in with the actual ANM postering campaign is that the truth must be broadcast to the masses no matter how unpopular the truth may happen to be at the start of the propaganda campaign. The ANM maintained an unwavering path towards the only alternative which will save Australia. They had never retracted or stepped back from their belief and their goal. In a sea of uncertainty, the ANM's unwavering stand, following nature's eternal laws, stood as firm as a rock.

Another great achievement of the ANM, as well as preventing a lot of Southeast Asian money coming into Australia to artificially maintain Asian affluence, was that the ANM forced the Zionist-run system to remove its façade of respectability and illusion of freedom. The ANM forced the Australian system to act brutally, thus severely undermining the Australian people's faith in the system. Without heavy investment from Asia, the economy could not maintain affluence for most. Too many people were getting hurt and angry. When people lose their faith in the system, they withdraw their consent to be governed by that system. Then the alternative revolutionary elite is in a position to act. This is the situation towards which the system in Australia is rapidly heading today. The ANM achieved this.

To do this, the ANM had to take great risks in the face of staggering odds. They broke through their poverty restrictions by boldly taking the required money straight from the big criminals who are also the enemies of the Australian people. The ANM followed Australian moral lore and physically defended the Australian people from the Asian invaders. It was risky but is was done. Originally, the system intended to charge the ANM leaders with sedition but then they decided to jail them as common criminals instead. The system jailed them for sure but they also turned them into Aussie heroes. They became part of Aussie legends and, in revolutions, legends are powerful and ghosts can walk.

On August 14, 1989, under the code name of "Jackhammer", 10 members of the ANM were arrested (6 of which were later released with 4 of those on bail) by well over 100 police during dawn raids throughout Australia on a number of charges in an attempt to stop what appeared to be an Australian version of America's Bruder Schweigen (AKA The Order). To date, this was the largest Western Australian Police Force operation ever. Specific charges included burglarizing Jew- and Asian-owned warehouses and then fencing the goods to finance the ANM

activities which were primarily anti-Asian and anti-Jew, receiving stolen property, arson and/or bombing five Chinese restaurants (one of which reopened so it was bombed again), a car bombing, wilful damage, breaking and entering, unlawful use of motor vehicle, assault occasioning bodily harm, forging checks made out on banks and insurance companies, putting up posters, and conspiracy. Another newspaper, probably an Eastern States paper, reported the police operation being cod named "Fireball" (presumably for symbolic reasons) but the official operation was named "Jackhammer". Alleged offenses total about 50 and the charges total 323 for the defendants.

Of the 10 ANM members arrested under code name "Jackhammer", the 4 top leaders were imprisoned with 2 of them being tortured. The four top leaders are ANM Leader Jack van Tongeren, ANM Deputy Leader John van Blitterswyk, Wayne van Blitterswyk (John's younger brother) and Chris Bartle. There are other leaders, heroes, martyrs, snitches, turncoats and traitors of the ANM too numerous to mention in this Foreword to "The ANM Story" but they are included within the pages of this book. As with the Order in the USA, the ANM in Australia is becoming legendary. Eventually, ZOG will fall in both countries as well as the rest of the world. When this happens, all the White Nationalist revolutionaries will be given hero status, and those who have fallen in the struggle will be given martyr status.

In the beginning, the Australian Nationalist Movement started out with nothing but the will to win. Against staggering odds, they changed the course of history of White Australians and Australia, and carved their names into history. Because of the ANM's radical campaign, Australia stands ready for the next dramatic phase – the final end of two centuries of foreign control of the Australian people and the final triumph of Australian National Socialism. This is the measure of greatness. And the ANM can say: "THIS WE HAVE DONE!"

The internationally accepted definition of a criminal is this: Someone who interferes in the lives of others for pure personal gain. Tolerance of a criminal government is one thing but to endorse or give a mandate for is another thing. An armed robber will be tolerated by the people whom he holds at gunpoint. He has his way but his actions are not endorsed by the people; they have not given him a mandate to rob them. The armed robber has de facto authority over the people but he is acting immorally.

"The ANM Story" is not fiction as are the popular novels "The Turner Diaries" and "Hunter", both written by the late Dr. William Pierce (AKA Andrew McDonald); "The ANM Story" is not written by a White Nationalist Movement outsider as is ""The Silent Brotherhood: America's Racist Underground" by Kevin Flynn and Gary Gerhardt, both staff writers for Denver's "Rocky Mountain News", rather "The ANM Story" is a true story written by Australian Nationalists Movement founder Jack van Tongeren who, together with his small dedicated band of White Australian working people, dared and challenged the Zionist power structure of Australia. Jack's basic message which he has to give all White Nationalists worldwide is: "The

daring deed is the bridge from dreams to reality," "The ANM Story" is Jack van Tongeren's own story and his personal "Mein Kampf."

NATURE IS ALL

There exist in the Universe certain immutable laws, which govern the orderly nature of all that exists.

These eternal Laws of Nature have governed the development and progression of the Earth together with all life upon it, including Mankind, ensuring the harmony, balance and order prevail.

In the latter part of the twentieth century however, we find ourselves in the midst of a world on the brink of destroying not only civilization, but possibly all life on Earth!

Why? Because an increasingly powerful and technologically advanced Mankind has, in general, been consistently working against, bending and breaking the eternal Laws of Nature. Often for the sake of a quick profit, Nature and its ways have been ignored and abused with increasing persistence in the insane disregard for, and interference with the basic natural development and instincts of Mankind and its many unique races, with disastrous results.

We have already upset the balance and harmony that used to exist on this planet. We are already suffering the consequences for this arrogant and greedy interference with Nature. If we do not come to know, accept and work with, instead of against the eternal Laws of Nature, then this upset in balance will become a spiralling towards oblivion

We have a choice. Either a comity of independent, racially pure folk communities, bound together by a loyalty to the Blood and the Soil and living culturally fulfilled lives in harmony with the rest of Nature, or a mongrel mass, crammed into soul destroying megalopolitan ant heaps under the lash of alien tyrants who reduce all culture to the lowest profitable level and subordinate the destinies of the races and nations they have destroyed in their own insatiable lust for power and wealth; followed by doom!

There is a philosophical creed which is based firmly and squarely on those eternal Laws of Nature, which, when followed, produce not only ORDER, EFFICIENCY and EFFECTIVENESS, but also ensure that Mankind can live happy, healthy, productive lives in progressive society and a sound environment.

To reap the abundant rewards of following this creed based on the eternal Laws of Nature, it is necessary not only to see its practical benefits and apply the letter of the law, but also to see it in its infinite intrinsic beauty on a spiritual plane. Only in such a way will the necessary strength of will be present to ensure triumph over the present chaos.

Every aspect of society is covered by this philosophy, including the politics by which it must be brought about.

Certain basic and unchangeable fundamentals emerge as being at the core of the philosophy based on the eternal Laws of Nature.

PROLOGUE

PERTH DISTRICT COURT, 10 SEPTEMBER 1990

STATEMENT OF JOHN VAN BLITTERSWYK

Members of the jury, I stand before you charged with crimes alleged to further the aims of the ANM, and as you know, we have been on hunger strikes and many other things; we have been denied bail, and we have also had to defend ourselves because we haven't been able to get lawyers who want to fight in the way we want to fight the case. The Crown is fighting the case as a political case, not as a criminal case, yet all our lawyers only wanted to do it one way, so we have been forced to do it on our own.

The Crown and Russel Willey have alleged many things. They have said that we are radicals, that we are paramilitary, that my country property is a military training camp, but all of that is just outright lies. The only reason my property was being mentioned as a paramilitary training camp and all that is so the Crown and the system can justify taking my home and my land and putting my wife and her children on the streets. That is the only justification they can have of throwing me off my land, because I am an Australian Patriot, and they don't want me or anyone else to tell the Australian People what is really going on.

They say I have broken the law. Well, I say I haven't broken any laws of the Australian People at all, and in the Westminister system are sections where it says that I haven't broken the law if I can prove that what I done was to save my People and to save my Nation and my children. It is called self-defence.

Being denied bail, I haven't been able to prove that to you. I have been locked away in a holding yard for 12 months, so it makes it very easy for the Crown to allege all these things and coax Russel Willey into saying all these things, which I must say a great percentage of it was outright bullshit.

When I first met Jack van Tongeren, I didn't just jump in boots and all. I'm not an idiot. I did go out and check all the facts out about what he was saying about the conspiracy against Australian people, and yes, I did find out many things would have been suppressed because the media only wanted to rave on about neo-Nazis and whatever. They have got a thing about anyone who is into right-wing politics, which our Nation was founded on. They call them neo-Nazis and go on about it, and I found out many, many thruths, and if we could have had bail, I

could have proved them here in front of people like yourselves and the judge that they do exist. There is a conspiracy against the Australian People. Our children are being poisoned everyday through chemicals in their foods. They can't even eat red apples any more without getting a carcinogenic disease. Our women can't even breast-feed their children any more without chemicals in it. We have an immigration policy which even Bob Hawke and Bill Hayden themselves said by the year 2000 Australian People would be well on the way to being Eurasian, yet not one person in this Nation has ever been asked whether we want to have an Asian Australia. Not one person in this Nation has been asked whether we want to have all these chemicals and garbage in our food. Not one person has ever been asked if we want to have all our trees torn down when we have simple crops you can grow in the Wheatbelt that make paper, and all this; having to burn fossil fuels when there's all this alternative technology available. Not one of us has ever been allowed to even find out about it.

Bob Hawke and Bill Hayden, and Bob Hawke especially himself, is a member of the Fabian Society, which is a Fabian Marxist society, which works on the principle of stealth. They want to institute a society in our Nation through stealth, which is a slippery way of doing things without people knowing.

Now, I say that the Australian Nationalists, we are not criminals at all. What else can we do when we know that our children are being genocided through this maddening immigration policy, when I can see my children being poisoned? What else can I do when I go to the media and they refuse you any access to the papers or they vilify you and call you neo-Nazis, or if you do anything, no one will let you express your alternate point of view, so when your children are threatened and your Nation is threatened and you see your old people who fought and died for this Nation thrown in the rooms just to die because they are not consumers anymore, and you can see child crime rising because families are being broken down by a maddening economical system, you know? Every one of these politicians, every one of them, knows about Social Credit system. They know that we don't need to pay interest, yet they choose to carry on and suppress the true knowledge to our people what's going on. They are the criminals. They are the ones who are making hundreds of thousands of Australian children turn to drugs and turn to all sorts of debauched things on the street. They are the ones who are breaking up families; people like Joe Berinson and the rest of WA Inc.

They stole $600,000,000. I don't see them getting thrown out of their homes and their wives and that being arrested and manhandled by the Police Force. It's all right for them. They can do what they want because they make these laws to protect themselves, but they're not the laws of the Australian People. So the Crown has alleged that we're criminals yet they fight the case as a political case. They bring in the thing like all these posters and all the rest of it and they say we're doing this and we're doing that; we're paramilitary and we're all this and that. They say my farm – my son's tree house is a tower house. It's not even above the damned trees and they go on and on and on. We've broken no laws; none whatsoever. We've done no more

than any other decent Australian would do when he knew the true facts of what's going on. What do you do when your family's being literally murdered by politicians who don't give a damn except their own pockets? You've got to fight whichever way you can and when Jack van Tongeren showed me the facts and I went around – and each one of you can go around and find the facts yourself, too. You can go to the WA Taxation Office and see about the pre- 1920's when we didn't need tax or interest.

The major thing about modern society today – everything – pollution, crime, juvenile crime, breaking down the families; the whole system relates back to the economics which is, who distributes the wealth in our Nation. If it was good enough for our forefathers to have a system where we didn't have to have interest, and tax why aren't our politicians telling us today? So I don't consider – when I went around and put up posters talking about the economics of this nature, that's not breaking the law. That's no conspiracy. All were doing was trying to enlighten the Australian People to what's really going on and yet the Crown's based all its case onto a bloke called Russel Willey, who is nothing but a crook. That's all he is. They've given him total freedom. He's running around on the streets and he was the main instigator of everything. I find that hard to believe. The man has perjured himself many times in the box, yet he still walks free and, in my opinion, each one of us Australian Nationalists should be let free, too, because we've broken no laws of this Nation. We've done what decent people would do; fight for our rights.

I got up in the box and I told you exactly what was going on from the beginning to the end. I didn't lie to you. I had no reason to lie to you. I'm not ashamed of what I've done. I'm a patriot and my country, my family and the future of our whole Nation is more important than some law that the Crown just sort of tears up – what they've made to protect themselves.

No way in the world have any of us broken any law. We might have broken the Crown's corrupt law, but every day, and I mean every day, these WA Inc and our politicians lie. They are killing literally thousands of Australians by lying about the economic system, by lying about immigration and about the chemicals and about the pollution and the whole lot. There is a system out there which gives everyone a great lifestyle, and it is National Socialism, and the reason they bring up all this Nazi rubbish and the Holocaust and all the rest of it is just so none of you will ever listen, because they don't want you to find out, but Australia was founded on National Socialism by pure chance. That is how it turned out.

Our forefathers actually printed and distributed their own money. That is how the great Transcontinental Railroad, that's how the Great War was financed and the Murrumbidgee irrigation system. We printed our own money, which is called Social Credit, and the Australian People, we threw the Asians out then because they didn't assimilate into our lifestyle, and I don't know if you read yesterday's paper, even one of our arch-rival enemies, John Ang himself, said in the paper that Asians don't give a damn about this Nation. They are only here to make bucks. Well, I care about my Nation, I care about my children and I care about the rest of my

Australian People, and I care about all those old Diggers and men and women who went and fought for wars all over this Nation and built and pioneered this country. I car for them too, and I don't want to see them just stuck into rooms and put away to die and all our old Diggers giving their lives for nothing. That is why I fought. That is why I followed Jack van Tongeran, and for that reason only, and I still believe what I done I never broke any laws. That's all I've got to say, thank you; thank you the jury.

After six weeks of courtroom proceedings which were so far removed from the principles of justice that the prosecutor, with the consent of the Judge, actually TOLD THE JURY NOT TO CONSIDER WHAT IS RIGHT OR WRONG, John van Blitterswyk and four other Australian Patriots were jailed. John Bain was jailed earlier on. Except for the first few days Jack van Tongeren WAS ACTUALLY TRIED AND CONVICTED IN HIS ABSENCE. He endured a 60 day hunger strike in a desperate effort to simply get a fair trial: That is, to have the opportunity to clearly and fully state to the jury the moral, ethical reasons for the actions taken on behalf of the Australian Nation asserting her right to exist in the face of the system's deliberate actions to destroy the Australian Nation. This was refused.

The vindictive evil and blatant hypocrisy of the system's court could not be more obvious as they acted to suppress Australian Patriots.

Judge Hammond of the Perth District Court sentenced:-

Jack van Tongeren	19 years & 9 months jail
John van Blitterswyk	15 years & 9 months jail
Wayne van Blitterswyk	11 years & 9 months jail
Chris Bartle	8 years & 9 months jail
John Bain	6 years jail
Mark Ferguson	3 years jail
Judi Lyons	3 years' probation

This is the story of their actions, and the actions of others in the developing struggle to establish the Australian State, independent and free, on the Australian Continent.

"So we must fly a rebel flag,
As others did before us;
And we must sing a rebel song,
And join a rebel chorus.
We'll make the tyrants feel the sting,
Of those that they would throttle.
They need not say the fault is ours,
If blood should stain the wattle."

HENRY LAWSON

"It will be a thousand like Ned Kelly
Who will raise the Flag of Stars!"

JOHN MANIFOLD

"JACKHAMMER' – THE EVIL LEGACY

Where does one begin the tale of a crucial event in history, actually a series of events that will eventually be seen as one of the catalysis to the greatest revolution in the history of civilized Man? Hoes does one accurately describe events and feeling that most readers have only the barest understanding of. Well I do not know, but because I, personally, am one of the main figures in this long, and yet to end story, I feel the most qualified to try.

After we had been arrested we decided to write a book about our exploits that led directly to the first lot of arrests; the arrests from the massive Police operation "Jackhammer". However, it took some time before anything serious was actually done.

Sometime some incident or familiar piece of music, or sudden memory will trigger a reaction, or an acute feeling of stinging pain, like a towel flicked on an open wound. Such was the case at Canningvale Remand Centre. In jail you get to realise just how rotten and evil the system really is. Cruel, evil looking razor wire seals off the boundaries of your liberty. The razor wire is simply designed to kill through massive bleeding from many jagged wounds when you contact it. But there is more than just the physical cruelty. For a long time we used to watch an attractive young woman leaving the prison after visiting one of the men jailed there. She visited him almost everyday and everyday as she was leaving she was crying – ALWAYS. The man she visited was officially "on remand". The reality is that he has been jailed without trial. If he is found innocent he does not have the right to one red cent of compensation. He may get some, but he has no rights here.

I have often looked at this attractive young woman crying as she leaves the jail and wondered to myself just how much human misery, suffering and sorrow this represents. In so many ways her plight is symbolic of the damage done to our People by the evil system. And I often wonder just how much more misery, pain, destruction and suffering the system is inflicting upon our Race and Nation while it continues to hold sway. Now that we are jailed I wonder just how much more pain and suffering along with raw devil may care courage will be required to change the evil system. How much?

Maybe it was this incident that caused me to be stung by the splendour of sudden thought. Maybe it was the realisation that young people out on the streets of Perth are prepared now to actually kill and die for our Race and Nation. How many more casualties of all kinds, property, injury, jailing and death will occur before the system is smashed, never again to ever show its ugly evil face anywhere on the planet.

I had a comrade, Andrew 20 years old; when we were all arrested; he threatened to kill himself if I was not released in 2 weeks. In 2 weeks he did kill himself. No law on Earth or other man made threat can prevent such fanatical idealism; that is why fanaticism guided by genius is invincible. When the system sent its servants, the Police, in to attempt to destroy us they

changed the nature of the struggle; they thoughtlessly pushed it into the more desperate and cruel.

Even if I live to be 999 I will never forget the 14 August 1989, when we were wrenched from our home in the pure, unsullied beauty of the Australian bush. Like a cruel, cold, undiluted blast of raw, vindictive evil the system struck as savagely as they could with all the venom they could muster, in an all-out effort to crush us. I will never forget the chilling karma of the dark gods in their fury. Everything the system did that day was just plain evil, insidiously dark and destructive. Dark, destructive and sinister just like the TRG teams needlessly violating the virgin bush in their supposed hunt for non-existent terrorists. Their anti-Australian sinister black uniforms cursed the free growing eucalypts and scrub so beautiful yet so tragic, contrasted against the clear blue Aussie sky. How many ominous liberty killing vehicles and blind servants of the system arrogantly spat out the system's venom and curse and deliberately defiled the ground where a small brave band of true Aussie Patriots gathered together under our clear, star swept night sky to preserve so much that was so noble and great about the old Australia of the pioneers?

I will never forget the screams of the women as they were dragged away; their children at the tender mercy – OF WHAT! I will never forget the cold sense of evil in that detectives' car as the beautiful Australian bush receded into the background – into the fond memory of something grand that used to be. The spring was early that year. What did nobility or higher ideals, heroism, art,, or the realm of the metaphysical mean to these heartless tiny minded servants of the system? Did they not somewhere or other sense the utter rottenness and destructive vileness of their actions that day, did they not hear something of the wounded cry for help from the old Aussie spirit slowly dying under the same clear blue sky that once witnessed the first stirrings of grandeur of Aryan Man beginning to throw off the shackles of Judaic tyranny and forge a new Nation. Well the stage is still there but the great ones who understood drama have gone, to be replaced by pygmies who have no understanding of the former drama or even the stage itself. Destruction of everything is the order of the moment.

How many indignities were we subjected to on that clear sunny day? How much misery, torture and suffering did the anti-Australian servants of the system inflict upon us and the spirit of the old Australia as it received its final death blow?

And why do we go through all this? Well, in a word it is in order that Australian Nationalists gain power in Australia, and later that similar minded people in other nations gain control in their own nations. Our moral code is simply this: Whatever helps Australians is moral, whatever hurts Australians is immoral. Our life revolves around this: The aim of all propaganda, all activity, is to gain power. The ultimate level of fanaticism required is that of young Andrew, the first to die in the struggle.

And another word about the grand goal ahead.

There is something you must understand about great artistic productions. There is something sublime, an inner reflection of the godlike – the soul of an idea and that idea is draped in high art to produce the effect, the feeling and the form. Revolution is like that.

The inner core of a tiny handful of well-informed fanatics whose whole being and behaviour radiates the truth, attract to them and draw around them the fabric of Race/Culture. This fabric is draped in an uniquely different way. Thus the soul, the myth of the new nation is formed. Then, like the eye of a cyclone stirring up the storm because of the prevailing weather conditions, the new myth of the new nation will stir up the storm of the revolution because of the prevailing social, economic and historical conditions. The purpose of all propaganda and all forms of activity is to engineer the necessary social, economic and historical conditions.

There was a saying that came out of the Vietnam War; “For those who fight for it, life has a flavour that the sheltered never know.”

We Nationalists live life to the fullest. Our lives have a meaning, a purpose. We are carving our names into history, come hell or high water, and more often than not there IS hell and high water. The tale we have to tell so far is a story of depths of treachery and rank cowardice side by side with bull headed determination, raw guts and devil may care daring in the face of staggering odds. Through it all there is the never ending theme of total dedication to the cause of National Socialism in a mediocre world of tiny minded selfishness. In a world of dwarves we National Socialists stand tall and proud, impervious to insults and slanders and the feeble attempts of the weak and small enemies to bring us down. You can destroy buildings, you can kill people, but you can never kill an idea. You can take a man’s liberty, but not his freedom; his freedom is his state of mind, his free attitude to the world regardless of whether he is wandering around at liberty in the virgin bush or chained up in a prison cell. You can only defeat an idea with a better idea and those who oppose us do not have a better idea, they only have a hatred of and an impulse to destroy all that is strong and beautiful, for they are sick and ugly.

And only a free spirit can soar through the mystery of possibility, and there hangs a tale. This is the tale of the actions of the few whose actions at a crucial time began the long struggle ahead to save our Race and Culture and forge a new Nation to become the shining example to a new civilization. This and only this will save the whole Planet from the certain death that it now faces.

FIRST STIRRINGS

I guess it is impossible to define where a series of events begins and where they end, if they end, but an attempt has to be made otherwise the tale is never ending, like the Universe itself. So any story is simply a reflection of part of a far larger story.

My own part in this story probably began when I was in action in Vietnam, 6 Platoon, B Company, 2 RAR/NZ 1970 – 1971.

We combat soldiers were often amused by the antics of cowards who did all they could to avoid going into battle. On occasions they even sold their integrity for safety and creature comfort. But the old gods work in strange ways and destiny winds its way through the twisted trails of life's contradictions. What they did not know was how much they lost and how much we gained. Imperceptively, by subtle degrees while the deer barked and the big cats called in the deep jungle, hour by hour of lonely solitude behind the machine gun at night while your comrades slept and you gazed in silent awe at the infinity of the Cosmos above, while you quietly whispered to your mates, your brothers in war, as the sun quietly set in the rubber plantations, or you strained your tired muscles to the limit moving all that heavy weaponry and equipment from place to place in the fierce tropical sun, for such is the hard toil of war, and in sudden raw violence of combat, our understanding of Creation was expanding. Life was hard and grim but it somehow had a meaning, a purpose.

Now there are times when one is stung by the splendour of sudden thought. One such times was a year and a half after we had returned to Australia. I was, of course, still in the Regular Army. I was engaged to be married at this time but the marriage never happened. Another combat veteran, myself and another Regular Army man who had missed out of combat altogether were talking in the guardhouse. On guard duty you have plenty of time to talk all night. Anyhow, somewhere along the line the subject of our civilian qualifications came up. I mentioned to them that I had got part of the way through a Civil Engineering Diploma but I threw it in and joined the Infantry to go to war. The combat veteran fully understood that this was the wisest course to follow, the other man did not. A unique opportunity presented itself but courage and something else failed him. He was left behind – forever. I remember that incident vividly. It struck home. Between we combat veterans and the rest of the people there was a gap that would never be closed. We were different now, the rest were not. We would always perceive the world differently. We could see the shallow materialistic world for what it was. That was our gain, and that was our pain.

When you are not totally encultured by a society you can stand off further and then view it from the outside as well as from the inside. Such was the case with me now. There was something about society that just was not right. But what was it? At that point in time I frankly did not know. It was just that it was a feeling, something stirred, something.

Well at the end of 1972 the Whitlam Government was elected. At that point in time politics meant nothing to me. I did not even vote in that election. National Service ended. We were the training cadre of Puckapunyal. For us the end of National Service was bad news. We just hung around doing nothing useful, getting on each other's nerves while our moral went down into the bad news department. Real bad news, I had had enough, so in May 1973 I managed to bitch and gripe my way out.

By some rare quirk of circumstance the first job in "Civvie Street" was making signs for roads, factories, parks, institutions, etc. After life in the Army, the war and the training for war, civilian life was ridiculously soft and easy. Business was booming then and I was often working overtime. I was often alone with the section foreman in the applied sign section of the factory. I had already checked out how paint was baked on to become extremely tough. While I was alone with the foreman he spent hour on hour showing me what makes messages on signs seen and understood in the shortest possible time by the largest number of people. What sort of letters for what sort of messages on what sort of signs, what sizes of signs, the background colours, the shapes of signs, the borders on signs. I did not know why then, but something just stirred. In those short few months in the winter of 1973 in Melbourne I learnt all I could about what made a message understood on a sign. How necessary it later proved to be!

The job at the sign factory ended, quietly without any fuss. The engagement also ended, anything but quietly. Oh hell, what a song and dance that ended up with. The bust up was more my fault than hers. How much pain and suffering she went through is something I will never know. It was only afterwards that I realised what a valuable companion she was and could have been. Why did I break it up – good question? Once again, something stirred. I remember clearly at one of the last attempts at reconciliation, the melody of the "Horst Wessel" song suddenly started drifting through my mind with a savage force of an intensity seldom felt before. Why, I did not know why then. I did not know the significance of that song then. Many months later, when the pain of separation had eased somewhat, I now realised I had more liberty and freedom of will than I had ever had before. That was 1974. I was unattached, alone and not bound by Army discipline anymore, and civilian life was ridiculously soft and easy; that was probably why I did a brief stretch in the part time Army Reserves.

For the most part the Army Reserves were a bunch of overgrown boys trying to play the part of big tough soldiers. I always felt an emptiness for the adventure and meaning that my old comrades in war had filled. The Army Reserves was nothing more than a shallow imitation, so I quit in May 1975 just after the Fall of Saigon.

So what did I do with my new found liberty? Not much. I drifted around a number of jobs, a sales representative, a clerk in the Commonwealth Public Service, a fork lift driver, and loading semi-trailers at Bowater Scott. In fact I spent a lot of time at Bowater Scott in their various warehouses and the railway yards. Very often I was the lone fork lift driver in the small cold hours of the morning till the dawn broke, miserable and grey as Melbourne usually is; but

sometimes the dawn was glorious. I often worked extra-long hours and 16-hour double shifts; the money was good. In between jobs I would head off into the bush on my own. I was beginning to enjoy the life of a loner.

And while I was living the life of a loner something stirred. I was beginning to question many things. Something was wrong with society, but what? The more I could stand aloof from society the more sceptical I became of accepted values, accepted mores, accepted versions of history and the more obvious became the failings of people in general, but on rare occasions true nobility, high ideals and feats and lives of excellence that were the embodiment of strength and beauty rose tall and inspiring above the mediocre masses slowly subsiding into apathy and ignorance. Such were my thoughts and observations while sitting on the fork lift gazing at the cold grey Melbourne dawn, or watching the Murray River drifting on past the peaceful green vineyards and orchards in the Riverland, or listening to the clear ringing sound of bellbirds in the rain forests. In the clear air of the solitude of reflection the old gods speak in strange ways.

It was from late 1974 onwards that I had more and more in depth talks on just about everything with my brother Tony, and his circle of highly intelligent friends from Monash University. This small circle of people were destined to have a profound effect on the political scene in Australia for part of what they articulated would be put before the masses by the fanatical determined raw guts of another small but larger band of Aussie Patriots prepared to defy the corrupt Legal Code. But this was in the future. At this time it was all philosophical talk, guided by knowledge, instinct and some deep seated inner force.

The general direction I was taking was further reinforced by the general character and lifestyle of my much younger brother Steven. Now that young chap was the most well informed, skilful, talented teenager I had ever met. He was the most open-minded, decent, caring and thoughtful, and he was not poisoned by the warped inverted values of Christianity. The times that he and I spent wandering around the bush of the Mallee scrub were very meaningful indeed. Whatever he did, he did well. His nobility of character always shone through. Wherever he went, he was respected, admired and well liked. If he had enemies, then nobody knew who they were.. well, I have always had a bad feeling about Christmas and birthdays – I just never like them. Steven was killed at the age of 18 years old, on 15 December 1979, one day after my birthday. For an 18 year old he had the largest funeral I had ever seen. His rifle, the one he always carried when we wandered around the bush together, became my most prized possession after that. On 14 August 1989 the Police callously stole that rifle along with nearly all my other personal effects. Steal is the correct word. I guess it satisfied the system's mean impulse to be utterly vindictive. What a contrast there is between the noble Steven who lived a life of honesty and decency, and the brutally callous slaves of the system who stole his rifle in an unwarranted act of bloody minded vindictiveness. In a word he created beautiful things –

the Police destroy. Steven's death left the now very familiar dull hollow ache of emptiness that took a long time to ease.

However, long before he died many things happened.

Among other things I learnt a lot about making up artwork for offset printing. In the political campaign many years ahead this skill was to prove vital.

President Nixon was forced to resign because of the most vicious media campaign I had ever seen. I had always sensed that Nixon had a streak of decency in him, unlike the Presidents before or after him. He was slandered and vilified by tiny-minded guttersnipe journalists and he was replaced by a far lesser man. It was all wrong. But how could it happen? I really did not know then.

THE FALL OF SAIGON

Then came the Fall of Saigon.

That was the turning point in my life. My own studies of history and philosophy and a growing force of instinct pointed in the direction of the triumph of all that was strong and beautiful. This is the natural order, but society was heading towards the diseased and ugly, and dragging the whole Planet down with it. Ugly degenerate weaklings rejoiced at the death of heroes. I have always felt a deep-seated revulsion of Marxism. I have always felt it to be the creed of the coward and the revenge of the weakling. I also knew that the media reporting was barefaced lying and distortions of truth. In South Vietnam the anti-Marxist heroes fought on to the bitter end, betrayed, alone, the odds against them while lesser people vilified them from the safe comfort of their lounge rooms. I could barely contain my rage and anger. So much had been sacrificed by so many for noble high ideals, yet it had been wasted. Evil had triumphed over nobility. Weakness had overcome strength; the cowards had brought down the hero. It was all wrong! It was just all wrong. For a while I was physically sick. That was at Puckapunyal Military Hospital. A few days later I quit the Army Reserves – for good. That was May 15, 1975.

So I was left with another sense of emptiness, but there was now the beginning of a purpose in life. I would never accept the existing society again. It had to be changed. To what I still was not quite sure, but I was beginning to form an idea. Though I did not know it then, my political career had begun.

For most of the remainder of 1975 I worked at Bowater Scott earning and saving as much money as I could, driving the forklift, loading semi-trailers, studying history and philosophy and heading out into the bush. I would need money for the years ahead. I was also spending more and more time with Tony's circle of intellectual friends. He was working his way through teacher training. I was about to do something entirely different. Studying from books

and talking was one thing, gaining firsthand knowledge about most of Australia was another thing entirely. I simply knew I had to do it. How to do this was another very good question.

But the old gods work in strange ways.

From the beginning of 1976 for the next 2 and a half years I was a sales representative introducing two revolutionary new teaching aids into most of the primary schools around Australia. I acquired the art of selling. I also wandered at will throughout the greater part of this vast continent of Australia like few people ever before, certainly like no other politician.

AUSTRALIA – THE STAGE

I had seen much of Australia before 1976, but that was only an initial glimpse. Over the next 2 ½ years one impelling passion arose in my entire being; this magnificent wild and savage continent would only be destroyed over my dead body.

It has been said of people that that when you gaze into someone's eyes, the windows of the soul, you gaze into the infinity of another person's being. So it is with nations when you set out to learn about them with a free spirit and an open mind. My home during this time of solitary wandering was my yellow F1000 Mazda Bongo van decked out as a small camper van. Need I say, I got quite attached to this vehicle over the following 14 years until it too was callously stolen during the period of Police plundering after the 14 August 1989. Why did such low down characters want to steal my yellow Bongo van for? Why do such heartless characters deliberately go out of their way to help and protect a totally corrupt conspiracy of criminals destroy our Australia, our home, our people? Who knows? Could it be that there is more ignorance and indifference in the world than there is naked, lunatic cruelty? Could it be that the Zionist criminals who run the system allow ignorance and indifference free play as a means of suppressing their enemies? Who knows? This I do know; those who stole the Bongo van and what the Bongo van was part of are utter opposites in the struggle for Australia. Those who stole destroyed, while what they stole created.

What I saw and what happened in those 2 ½ years is a story in itself. If I told that story I would be digressing too much, however much of that story is relevant to the nature and course of the political struggle ahead.

Let me say this; the Australian continent is a stage waiting for the grand drama to begin. There is an infinite beauty in the natural world in its pristine state of unsullied charm. For the finite mind of Man cannot comprehend the infinite wisdom of Creation, the work of the old gods, but in the clear air of the wilderness the spirit is free to soar through the mystery of possibility. The greater part of Australia is undamaged by the mindless ravages of tiny minded greedy men. A new civilisation can only gain strong values when it accurately reflects the Natural Law. There is a guiding force, a creative force wherever the Natural Order holds sway. A

new civilisation can tap into this and become an invincible beacon of order and genius for a confused and troubled world to follow and emulate to cure itself and thus save the Planet from the certain death it now faces while we are sitting in this bleak grey jail. For the sick Planet there are no soft options left. Only state power in the hands of Nationalist's around the world will save the Planet. Power is a stern idea, unsuited to soft or feminine natures. The features of history are virile and hard. Only strong Peoples have history, a destiny; the weak perish and perish justly, for that is Nature's Eternal Law.

There is an unsealed road that winds its way through the rugged forested highlands of North Eastern Victoria toward the Snowy Mountains. It is there high above the virgin bush you can see the eagle, soaring high in the clear blue sky, a soul stirring inspiring sight, the symbol of our Nation, a triumph of strength and beauty; poetry in motion, its perfection is its reason to be. And there is another road, narrow and sealed and not so winding. It winds its way down from the Atherton Tableland to the coast far below. For most of its length you are in dark leafy shadow from the tall dense jungle. Not far away is the spectacular Mosmon Gorge and swift flowing river deep in dense leafy shadow on its short but furious journey to the sea. Somewhere in that jungle, in among the profusion of tropical vegetation, you saw the huge butterfly and brilliant green parrot, then the restricted narrow road cutting through the tall jungle suddenly exploded with strong tropical sunshine out into wide expenses of grey topped sugar cane fields stretching away to the pale blue Coral Sea beyond the powdery white sand.

Beyond the soft white sandy beaches the Great Barrier Reef runs alongside the Queensland tropical coastline, the coral reef and islands strung out like haphazard green pearls flung into the placid pale blue sea. There is a certain air of gentleness about the islands here. There is a benign warmth that permeates everything. It is kind to life. Warm gentle waves idly lap onto powdery white sand and in the refreshing cool of the evening the soft sea breeze rustles through the coconut palms. Yet at night these same gentle warm waters are the scene of savagery. You often wandered out into the shallow water in the clear air of the morning and every morning you saw the pitiful remnants of those creatures that had been alive the day before. There were the jagged bits of broken shell, broken pieces of bone, parts of crustacean legs and claws, and remains of fins contrasted against the beautiful coral and sea plants swaying gracefully in the current. It was one of those islands where you saw the massacre of newly hatched green turtles. The thick dark storm clouds had gathered, ominous and menacing, casting the whole area into part darkness. Then you saw the tiny green turtles burrowing out of the sand and scurrying for the supposed safety of the sea. But Nature had played a cruel trick. It was not night time. The seagulls were awake and pounced on the defenceless green turtles, spearing their yet to harden shells with their beaks; and waiting for the green turtles in the water, the sharks had gathered. Why had the sharks gathered in the shallow water: Why does the moon rise?

And why did the bushfire start? Who knows? What you did know was that the civilian fire fighters had lost control and your Army unit had been called in. you arrived at night and while you waited for the dawn you gazed at the far off red glow and heard the distant rumble. There was a section your unit brought under control with beaters, knapsacks and the unit fire hose moving backwards and forwards to wherever it was most needed. From time to time you squirted each other with knapsack sprayers as a welcome relief from the heat. Then later that day you were moved out to another area not yet burning, but in the path of the advancing fire front. That was where you worked like mad constructing the firebreak. You frantically dug out, tore out, scraped away or dragged anything able to burn until you had a long dusty denuded firebreak stretching away into the bush. The entire unit then withdrew to one side after setting fire to the other side that faced the oncoming main fire front. The effect was spectacular. A wall of flame roared high above the bush exploding the eucalypts in its path as it steadily moved on to meet the main fire front and thus destroy its momentum. Exhausted though you were, you stood in silent admiration at the sheer glory of Nature's fury. As the all-consuming flames roared away you marvelled at its savage grandeur. Then you all simply lay down on the warm dry earth utterly exhausted. This section was now officially "under control," and you were "keeping watch."

What a contrast that was to the vineyards in spring. You drifted along the excellent roads through the rolling green hills of the Barossa Valley. There was that brilliant spring day when the clouds cleared over the Tamar Valley and revealed a scene of splendour south of Launceston. The sun shone down on the peaceful blue river and the bright yellow wildflowers scattered among the new fresh green grass. You wandered around the island of Tasmania, through the spongy floor of some dense rain forest; you drove past the bare rugged mountains totally denuded of trees are arrived in Queenstown as the rain pelted down, as per usual. You moved on through the high country where the snowline was receding back to high mountains, and you gazed at those snow-capped mountains in their winter glory and nearby was spring's fresh green growth with its brand new story. You drove through those curious H.E.C. villages, slap bang in the middle of virgin bush, small modern villages, perfectly planned, surrounded on all sides by the towering rain forest.

Spring matures, like it always does. The life stirring restlessness gives way to a new generation of creature's great and small, maturing plants and ripening crops.

If you were wandering around the York Peninsula in South Australia, a curious place largely devoid of trees. The larger birds actually make their nests on the electricity poles. It is one of the few places where pigeons live in large numbers outside cities and towns. They share the grain fields with seagulls for the sea is never very far away. There are huge grain silos here, there and everywhere along the coastline, and everywhere, as far as the eye can see, stretching away to the coast, are fields of ripening grain where waves of wind are billowing through the amber shades of gold and brown.

Then there is the beautiful Mallee. How many fond memories do you have of the Mallee and yet it too has a cruel side. The Murray River serenely winds its way through the verdant green orchards and vineyards lining each bank. Further out, out of reach of the Irrigation network, the landscape suddenly becomes brown and dry. The pleasant shade of green trees near the river gives way to the burning dry heat of the not too distant desert. So often you roared along the excellent highways in you cool air-conditioned car. You cruised on past the tumbleweeds blowing around sand dunes piling up against fence lines and half knocked down sheds. It was there where you drove through the locust plaque that literally cut out the sun, clogged up the radiator, and made the windscreen impossible to see through. There were the dry dusty sunrises and the crimson glory of the sunset on the plains in high summer.

But it was the freezing winter night in the Mallee when you went hunting for fox furs. Your spotlight caught the pair of them, one immediately bolted, the other lingered a bit, then bolted in the other direction. You chased the second one in the old converted jeep, the spotlight kept following the fox as it desperately tried to zigzag out of the way. The sharp blasts and bangs of your rifles split the freezing night air and the spotlight waved around the paddock following the fox's desperate manoeuvres; then the fox slowed down, stopped and lay down, because he suddenly realised he was dead. Well you skin that fox. Its fur was deep and silky. Its pitiful mangled remains were dumped in the paddock and you moved on. The desert moon rose. It was blood red as it rose higher and higher above the mallee scrub. While this was happening the fox's mate cautiously sniffed its way back to the hideous mangled remains once so familiar, but now so tragic. It yip, yipped and then pointed its muzzle to the freezing star swept night sky and howled. It was the full-bodied howl of utter anguish and pain that only higher animals can sense and feel. The moon rose higher and higher to its appointed place of glory in the heavens, cold, serene and beautiful, and utterly indifferent to the tragedy below.

Hundreds of tiny crabs scurried for cover as the helicopter came in to land in the mangroves. As the machine gently settled onto the mud you recalled your time in the Coorong where the Murray empties into the sea. lt is a vast low lying area of long stretches of beaches, sand bars, swamps and teaming with various types of water birds. When pelicans fly they have a certain air of majesty and serene confidence. You remember the pelican's fixed glide, aloof and calmly accurate as it glided in to land over sand flats and shimmering blue water. You remember the cold grey dawn in Bass Strait and the albatross that followed the ferry. Once again, the solitary bird was a picture of poetry in motion as it gracefully glided from side to side in a huge figure of eight motions as it followed the wake of the ship. In the water below it a motley flock of gannets and seagulls were squabbling over the food scraps being tossed overboard, but the albatross remained flying, aloof, alone, supreme and independent, a living picture of strength and beauty. Was it a quiet glimpse of glory for those who have the will to see? For what is glory'? How often have you pondered that as you wandered at will around this vast continent? Was it the thunder and lightning and storm in the desert, and the refreshing

scent of freshly fallen rain? Was it the mighty torrent of the flooded Burdiken River roaring away to the coast, its muddy brown Water still visible 20 kilometres out to sea? Was it the soft and subtle ‘power of the bellbird's call clearly ringing out through the damp misty rainforest? Was it the sound of the dingo howling at the full moon while the ice crystals twinkled in the starlight of the clear frozen night? Or was it the inspiring impish smile of a beautiful child running free and wild under the sunny clear blue sky?

You remember the Darling River, meandering its ‘sluggish muddy brown way past the pelicans and diving birds drying their wings, past the dilapidated sheds and worn fences following the river line of trees. Then there is the Murrumbidgee River and the Riverina with its vast flat plains and stark red soil and the clear blue sky. You recall the Clarence River on the North East Coast of New South Wales. It is so different from the narrower, slower inland rivers. There are islands galore; flat swampy islands where the diving birds idly watch the river drift on by. You drove over the Clarence River, one bridge after another connecting the islands in the river as you headed north.

You drove into Walgett when the river was 40 kilometres wide. The towns on the river here have earth embankments around them, for the land is so flat that when the river overflows its bank by even a metre the floodwaters spread out over a vast area. The towns then stand out like islands in a muddy brown sea. Your vehicle was one of the first to drive along the flood-damaged road, broken in places and full of potholes. The floodwater was beginning to recede now, revealing parts of the drowned landscape. It was somewhere along that road that you saw that dead feral cat. The sight of it filled you with pity because it was so symbolic of the general tragedy of the area. ln a desperate effort to escape the floodwaters the cat moved to the only spot not inundated; the raised section of road. When it got to the road it was killed by a passing car.

Townsville, now there is a place so full of memories. So much happened there and around that area. You stepped out of the plane at Townsville Airport at night and you felt the very familiar warm glow of the tropics. There is the city you can look down on from Castle Hill, stretching away to the harbour and shimmering brilliantly in the strong tropical sun. Some distance out of the city beyond the circling hawks there is Lavarack Barracks at the foot of Mt. Stewart. You and your mates spent a very pleasant afternoon, sitting in the shade drinking cold beer while you gazed at the waterfall cascading down the cliff side of the mountain following the heavy rain. Townsville, so full of memories of war and training for war. Dust and heat and hard toil: You remember that exercise with the tanks and armoured personnel carriers (APCs). There was the tank firing range where the tank guns boomed, thundered and blasted to bits that last forlorn looking scraggy tree that had somehow survived the earlier explosions. You watched the kangaroo bounding out of the general area for all he was worthwhile a line of machine gun bullets kicked up the dirt following it. The gunner was shooing it away out of the

firing area. There was a certain air of arrogance in the way that troop of APC's churned up the dry red soil as they rattled and clattered their way across the open countryside.

The land was drought stricken and the fierce sun still mercilessly burned down onto the tortured earth, but the exercise continued, day and night. You trudged on; carrying your heavy load of equipment through the scraggy dusty scrub, past tired animals silently suffering in the sun and your mettle was tested to the limit. At one point you were able to rest for a few hours. Nearby a big kangaroo was also lying in some shade. He was also exhausted: he simply looked at you and remained there to conserve his remaining strength. You both looked at each other and by some mutual sense of recognition you were two different parts of terrestrial life struggling to preserve its own unique life form in the face of a bitterly hostile foe - the drought. You lay down on the warm earth, your bloodstained socks still on, your rifle by your side and your pack you used as a pillow. As you closed your eyes, a small brown dove flew across the sky and faded into dreamless sleep. When you woke up the sun was low, the kangaroo was gone and you walked on through the night, somehow you did.

And yet when you were not testing your mettle and there was no danger in the air, life was somehow dull. Even war had its rare charm.

And well you remember the strong Yellow sun glinting through the clouds, trees, and smoke of battle. The attack on the North Vietnamese bunker system had begun, 4 Platoon was strung out in a line hugging the ground and firing into the NVA bunkers, but they had already taken casualties. The next platoon, 6 platoon lined up behind them in assault formation. At some point you leapt over one of the wounded 4 Platoon men. You caught sight large bloodstained bandages already patched over his wounds in his arm and chest. For an instant his eyes met yours and you recalled that long, in depth conversation you had with him and a few of your mates in the company boozer while you all got thoroughly plastered. You moved through 4 platoon's firing line, their weapons ceased firing and yours opened up and you went forward into the NVA bunker system to capture it. The artillery shells went swishing overhead and banged and boomed to the rear of the bunker system. You were now in among the bunkers. Your hand grenades exploded inside them with a muffled roar. Your guns blazed away, you were conquering, and you were lords of the Earth.

And for a few priceless moments of eternity while the air was alive with the smoke and din of battle and the shouts of excited men, death mattered not, for you now realized the fundamental truth that war is glorious, despite all the hard toil, hunger and suffering. While you ware conquering you were one with the old gods who once walked and flew over the Planet.

Those rare moments you would never forget as long as you lived. Those moments of timeless ecstasy you were living in another plane of consciousness way beyond the shallow mundane tiny world of mortal men. This is Nature's reward for those who are brave: and it is the brave of the Earth who decide in combat, the boundaries of liberty. This is the way it always has been and always will be.

There another aspect of the combination of combat and the raw, untamed savage beauty of the last continent that stirs your soul into a sense of harmony with the direction of the mystical force of the Eternal Order. Man has a need for challenge, for adventure, for an element of danger; without which society degenerates into a soft, effete, mediocre herd. Genius and courage disappear and civilization itself fades away.

There is a rough yet pure nobility in the people that are born and bred in the bush. They are relatively free from the soul poisoning contradictions of Christianity. They have a healthy contempt for the warped values of the sick, overgrown bloated cities with their decaying dirty grey slums, side by side with the tinsel and glitter of shallow greed and the ticky tacky houses lull of plastic people.

In your years of wandering you avoided the city as much as you could. You picked up another load of books, spent some more time philosophising in your intellectual circle and headed off again. The sight of the city disappearing in the rear vision mirror was a very welcome sight indeed.

You headed out into the Nullarbor Plain when the temperature was 46C in the shade - and there was no shade. The next day it was cloudy and it cooled down to 35C and you drove on through the night. You roared along that long straight road stretching away into the vastness of the Never Never. You passed a pair of huge eagles tearing at the flesh of a freshly killed kangaroo while a ring of crows circled around them on the ground at a respectful distance waiting for their chance to also tear into the kangaroo flesh. You marvelled at the sense of freedom at the unrestricted horizons and uncluttered sky.

And you remember the Snowy Mountains with their fields of button grass, snow gums and countless crystal clear streams of icy water. You watched the fiery trail of the shooting star on a clear freezing night when the night stars fairly blazed, and you gazed in Wonder at the storm clouds drifting around the mountain tops and the peaceful green valleys far below. There was the sharp sting of the crisp morning air whizzing past your ears as you ran through the soft freshly fallen snow in the fairyland glory of the winter wonderland.

So your unit was clean-up unit. Cyclone Althea had hit the Townsville area - what a mess! As you filed out of the plane at the airport you saw the smashed up aircraft flung around the broken down buildings. Steel telegraph poles were bent at odd angles and some traffic lights were bent horizontally while the swollen drains and creeks were clogged with debris from smashed up houses and buildings, along with the parts of uprooted and broken trees. You remember the storm as you drove past Mascot Airport; you gazed out in the direction of the sea and you could not see any horizon for the whole scene was an angry grey mixture of storm, sky and sea. There was the cyclone at Swan Hill, where the sirens of emergency vehicles screamed all night while the dry dusty wind flung around pieces oi broken trees. The wind was so strong that it held you up when you leaned right into it. You remember that willy willy that struck your speeding car somewhere out on the plains and turned it around at right angles.

Then there was the rolling white curtain of thunder and hailstones the size of golf balls pelted down so suddenly. It left a permanent series of dents in the roof of your Bongo Van. You expected to find numerous dead small animals and birds among the freshly torn leaves under the trees, but you did not. Somehow they survived. The trees grew new leaves, the torn leaves floated away on the melting hailstones, and that which the Natural Order hurt, the Natural Order repaired.

And that which survived was somehow stronger and wiser, for you sensed an order, a direction, a force, a will to strength and beauty.

You sensed that grand design, that Natural Order, eternal, yet developing, in the unified turnings and manoeuvres of a flock of pigeons in flight, their silver grey wings contrasted against the clear blue sky. You sensed it in the sailboats waving and weaving around in formation on the placid blue water of the Swan River; you sensed it in the ordered motion of the planets and stars above and the school of fish swimming gracefully in unison in the clear warm tropical water. Somewhere there, was the unity of motion of life itself and this is mirrored in high standards of art, music, and dance.

In the vastness of the Australian bush a man's soul expands also, and begins to conceive an understanding of the vastness of the old gods.

THE ENEMY

Yet there are those who would destroy this. They are the Zionists, International Bankers, Multinational Corporations and big Insurance Companies. There are also those who help them destroy our Nation and the magnificent wild and savage land we live in. The Police and the judiciary are the main offenders here.

The Judiciary ensure that the massive stealing and parasitic operations of the banks, insurance companies and multinationals continues uninterrupted. I have watched the smug supercilious pompous actions of those black or red robed two faced characters sitting under the British coat of arms. From them no true Aussie will ever get justice. What the Judiciary dish out is "Just Us", the decisions and actions that ensure that their employers, the real criminals are able to continue to rob hard working Aussies on a staggering scale, so huge that the average petty criminal whom they jail for years at a time, would never dream about. Long before I ever got into politics l had an uneasy feeling about the Judiciary, the whole general setup and the low down type of characters who generally become lawyers and judges. The whole institution is little changed since the convict days; its purpose remains the same — to suppress Australian Nationalism. That is the main reason why the whole general make-up of the court system is so anti-Australian. How often have l watched in silent rage as so many Aussie Patriots and other

good hearted hard working Aussies had their lives mined by those smug black robbed creatures signing a piece of paper.

And please don‘t tell me that they don't know that the Legal Code is unjust. They know damn well it is, and l don't care how much high sounding codswallop and judicial gobblygook expressions they use to justify their immoral actions. Justice is based on the Moral Law. They deliberately use the excuse of the existing Legal Code to break the Moral Law and destroy Australia.

This is the same with the police who supply the Judiciary with a steady supply of human misery and suffering. Having been in jail myself, I will state here and now that the majority of men in jail do not deserve to be in jail. The Prison System is the ultimate weapon the _big criminals who run Australia use to suppress Australian Nationalism. Yes, they do jail a certain number of vicious types, but that is just by the way.

I concede that the Police do prevent a certain amount of petty crime and that many of them are quite decent, but that is not the point.

There is an insidiously evil karma about them that I have always felt. There is an inherent flaw in the character of someone who volunteers to turn on his own people, particularly when it is to uphold a corrupt oppressive system. The Ancients fully understood this and before their societies became corrupted they ensured that the young men and old judges took turns in policing their societies. They also ensured that the Legal Code was in harmony with the Moral Law. But I sort of knew this long before my studies of history revealed this. Like so many others, I have always had an uneasy feeling about the Police. There always seemed to be something wrong about them. How often have I seen the contrast between the pure open faces of good hearted Aussies and the cynical, sarcastic stare of malevolence from under the anti-Australian peaked cap.

No, I am not going to praise the Police - they simply do not deserve it. The odd favour is nothing compared to the wholesale, heartless vindictive destruction they willingly carry out. I have seen too much from inside and outside of jail. If the average Aussie was to fully understand the amount of raw brutality, naked cruelty and destruction the Police carry out; no policeman would dare show his face on the streets. When the policemen began to torture me in I4 August I promised them that I would tell the whole world everything, they did in that room. I will keep that promise; I will tell the world, because it and everything else needs to be told. Enough is enough! I will never forget the sound of screaming mothers, the sight of smashed children's toys, broken lives, shattered dreams and the wounded hurt on pure faces of our best people locked up in jail cells. And there is much more. The Police had their chance, yet they still supported evil and turned on their own people.

They have picked their side and we have picked ours. We stand by the Moral Law of our Australian Nation and the beautiful wild and savage continent of Australia where the Natural Order holds sway. The Police are actively helping the anti-Australian forces carry out their

destructive course of evil. Remember this, it is the Police who are giving protection to the Asian invaders stealing our Nation, it is the Police who are throwing farmers and property owners out of their farms, homes and businesses when the parasitic banks tell them to, it is the Police who will suppress unionists when they try to obtain fair wages and conditions, it is the Police who will suppress environmentalists when they try to save part of the Aussie bush, and I could go on and on. Just look for yourself and see who is for Australia and who is against Australia.

From the vantage point of this miserable jail cell I can now better understand the significance of those years of wandering. I compare the world of the Police to our Australia. I compare the jail cell to the sight of eucalypts swaying in the warm air contrasted against the clear blue sky. I compare the inhuman metallic clang of the jail cell door to the call of the kookaburra in the crisp morning air. I compare the pure open faces of strong honest Aussies hard at work building the Nation to the anti-Australian black uniforms of the Police who build nothing, and I also compare the dirty grey slums produced by the system to the vast free and wild land of the Never Neve, our land of the Southern Cross.

During the period after our mass arrests the Police and those who control the Police deliberately refused bail in order to inflict further pain and suffering on us because we stood up for our Nation instead of destroying it. And yes it hurts, yet we now understand more and are closer to our goals. During this time of unjustified incarceration, Wayne van Blitterswyk wrote a couple of poems, which tend to articulate, somewhat more accurately than prose the feelings we National Socialists have in jail.

UNLESS THE END SOON COMES

Oh, one slowly rolls into another,
As the days are counted by,
And dawn brings forth not,
The rain to break the dry.

Dreams and reality slowly coalesce,
Until when clouded vision blurs the narrow border,
And spinning carousels of the rainbow spectrum,
Shatter the fragile glass of mental order!

The bitterness to taste increases,
As slowly, the muddier the lake becomes,
Pans of reflecting salt will strain weary eyes;
Unless the end soon comes.

And men of but bundles of straw,
Will hold the beating of revolution's drums,
And the blue skies won't rain; but pour,
Unless the end soon comes!

BEYOND A FINGER'S TOUCH

I feel closer now,
Than I've ever felt before,
And in my mind I know just how,
If only there was an open door!

I can see the decaying highrises,
The dropping shoulders of the cities' incidentals,
I can see the jading radio prizes,
And the dying business of TV rentals.

There are long pathways,
With weeds and roots breaking through.
Just faint memories of distant heydays,
And injustices on which to stew.

Children don't talk,
During their school lunch time breaks.
They don't watch the writings with the chalk.
They don't listen to those indoctrinating jakes.

Long shadows fall,
From the beachside suburban shacks,
Across where the discontented sprawl
Watching the setting sun, lying on their backs.

Yes it's all so much closer than before,
Closer, and clearer than a sparkling crystal brook,
But while the waves call as they break on the gleaming, sand which beach,
All that I can do, is but wish and look.

RETURN TO PERTH

Back to I978. July I978 to be exact. The travelling salesman days had just ended. I had to return to work permanently in a city somewhere. It was to be Perth for two reasons. Firstly, it was the only city that I felt sad to see disappearing in the rear vision mirror. The second reason was that its climate was a vast improvement on every other capital city of sufficient size. The climate factor was brought home one freezing cold miserable night in Melbourne when I was visiting my brother Tony at Monash University. I stepped out of the Bongo van into an ice covered muddy puddle. As the icy water soaked into my sock I thought to myself "That's it. I'm heading west."

So I drove off into the sunset. I was 30 then, and so far my life had been anything but dull; but the best was yet to come.

In the winter of I978 I did not actually know that the best was yet to come, but I somehow sensed that in Perth I was heading for a rendezvous with destiny. There are times when some subtle promptings from some unseen force direct you into a certain direction, a certain course of actions. It only becomes clearer later why the subtle promptings were correct. Such were my thoughts as I drove into the setting sun, heading west along the Nullarbor road. The sky was clear and warm and the nights were freezing; and destiny beckoned. Sometimes you get a feeling about a place.

Something says. "This is where it is all going to happen.'

On that warm July day in I978, I wandered around Kings Park and gazed down onto the beautiful Swan River, calm and placid and blue while the city brilliantly glistened in the winter sun. So I checked out the University, and got a job at ACI. Canningvale, bottle making plant; not far away, in fact, from this stinking rotten jail where I am stuck now. It was shift work with overtime galore, which meant good money. I did a number of jobs, and ended up as the quality control officer on shift, which suited my lifestyle as politics began to become more and more my main purpose in life. I started work there on 9 August I978 and finished up on 24 February I984 to go into politics full time. On afternoon and night shifts when everything was running smoothly I was able to do a lot of reading in the quality control laboratory. During this time I also managed to gain access to the restricted section of the University Library because I made friends with one of the women who was in charge there. What an eye opener that was!

Normally you need special permission to take books out of there, that is assuming you know the books exist in the first place. Here is a lot of the true facts and figures the system do not want people to know. I had this feeling that something was wrong with society. Since the Fall of Saigon I would never accept society the way it is. Now I was beginning to see the proof that the system was suppressing information and lying on a scale I had never dreamed about. The key to the conspiracy to lie, suppress and destroy would only be discovered on a trip to Melbourne at the end of I979.

Until then I was a curious oddity at the factory. Rather than drive, I cycled to work, carrying books on history, philosophy, economics, science or whatever was relevant to gain a fuller understanding of the world in general. On night shift during the hot weather I would often gaze at the first hint of dawn on the eastern horizon, the brilliant summer stars and the crescent moon silently hovering over the glowing new dawn. I was still able to continue part of my solitary existence. The cycling kept me fit. In the summer months I did regular long distance swimming as well. The combination of all of this built up a mental and physical stamina which an unseen force deep within, always said would be vitally necessary for the tenacious bitter struggle ahead.

JOHN BENNETT – THE HOLOCAUST MYTH

Then at the end of 1979 my brother Steven was killed. Because I made the trip to Melbourne I was confronted with the facts and figures of the Holocaust Myth; the reality of National Socialism and the role of the Jews. The story of 6 million Jews being gassed was an absolute lie. The system had started, and was maintaining a barefaced lie of such staggering dimensions. What else were they lying about? I was soon to find out.

NOW THERE ARE TIMES WHEN YOUR WHOLE WORLD CAN BE SUDDENLY CHANGED BY A SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHT. EVERYTHING CAN BE TURNED UPSIDE DOWN. THAT WHICH SEEMS RIGHT IS WRONG. AND THAT WHICH SEEMS WRONG IS RIGHT. A certain John Bennett, head of the Australian Civil Liberties Union, had pretty well single-handed begun to make the lie of the 6 million publicly known in Australia.

What that one incredible man started alone would produce dramatic results many years later, but that is history; the actions of the few. Until this point in time I was one of the few struggling alone to gain wisdom in a confused world of warped values. I now knew both the problems and the answer. I would now begin to rally the few together and command them into the direction that would bring about a total revolution.

So for me personally, the seventies decade ended on a bitter, tragic note. Tragedy and enlightenment, wisdom and a new direction; a new phase — a painfully familiar situation that was to occur again and again. It has happened again at the end of the eighties decade; we are stuck in this stinking rotten jail, loss of property, pain and suffering and even death has been inflicted upon us, yet much has been gained and a new phase has begun.

But the Goddess of Fortune is a fickle bitch indeed, uniquely feminine in testing for strength and determination, and only rewarding the strong and tenacious with success.

I remember it was the 3 January I980, the beginning of the eighties decade. The feeling of loss, that familiar dull hollow ache was there. The events of the last month had left me physically and emotionally drained — and yet, something else was stirring. l was swimming

myself into exhaustion. Hour after hour, non-stop, backwards and forwards; I forget how many laps I had done. Somewhere after ninety I had lost count. There were very few people in the swimming pool. It was a beautiful, clear hot sunny day, the swallows were flitting around low over the water, drinking on the wing and the beautiful music of Beethoven‘s 6th Symphony was drifting through my mind in harmony with the rhythm of the swimming stroke as the pain receded the strength I could feel returning from the sun. sky and water. into my physical form and guiding consciousness — for tomorrow is another day.

In wartime, there are times when you simply know you will live through, no matter what happens.

So it is in politics. Politics was now my main purpose in life: The triumph of National Socialism the goal. Politics was the means to the goal. I knew then. as I know now that it was the absolutely correct path to follow; only the word "follow" is not the right word; at every stage of progress along that path my comrades and l had to physically light, tenaciously struggle, connive and claw through hell and high water, in the midst of the hostility of the few and the apathy of the many. There was an inner feeling - a marshalling of strength into a certain direction, which you know damn well will succeed, though logic based on material values says will not work. There is this drawing of strength into yourself from the soul of a new nation, and first subtle stirrings of the New Era.

So I started the eighties with the pain of bitter memories slowly fading, yet with a new sense of enlightenment following a decade of searching. A sudden burst of light, a key to understanding is found, and so many mysteries and contradictions become clearer.

My deepest instincts had always been correct. What looks good is good. What is strong and beautiful is a high point of the Natural Order. There is a depth to life that goes infinitely further than the everyday humdrum existence of stagnating suburban life devoid of a direction, a purpose. When the miners finally defied the corrupt British run system, prepared to fight and raised the Eureka Flag, the flag of revolution proudly flying in the clear blue Aussie sky, something great came into being ~ the Australian Nation. That was a rare glimpse of glory; something godlike that forces Creation itself higher into the realm of the gods. THE AUSTRALIAN NATION BEGAN IN 1854 CE!

Aryan Peoples had been mind moulded by I6 centuries of Jewish Christianity, along with the tyranny of modern international banking and the bankers’ creation — Communism. Only revolutions could overthrow this; however, when this occurred the result was glorious. There was nothing dull and mediocre about the Napoleonic Era. The people were prosperous and strong and when their new order was threatened by nations led by corrupted leaders they fought with an ability, tenacity, bravery and zeal that even their enemies had to admire. There was this real air of grandeur about the Napoleonic armies as they fought armies many times their size. Eventually the sheer weight of numbers militarily defeated the armies of Napoleon — but not the ideals, the legend; this shone through all the mediocre dullness, poverty and human

misery that was a logical outcome of the military defeat of the great Napoleon, the hero of the 19th century. The well-ordered, prosperous new society was the base from which greater people and greater ideas could develop. Against all odds, the great Napoleon, built this society through his knowledge, practical genius, fanatically strong will power and something else that only rare great people possess. That extra something that Nietzsche touches on.

And all the anti-Napoleon, pro-British teaching shovelled down my throat in my youth never got rid of this instinct that there was something else to this story, and to history in general. Something always stirred; something far more sublime, subtle and stronger than the pure logic of material values. THROUGH ALL THE DARKNESS, BRUTALITY AND IGNORANCE SOME- THING MAGNIFICENT WAS STRUGGLING TO BREAK THROUGH AND ENLIGHTEN THE COARSE BASIC CRUEL WORLD OF LITTLE PEOPLE CONSTANTLY TYILANNIZED BY CRIMINALS.

Roman order was vastly better than the Dark Ages.

The Napoleonic society was far better than any other society at the time. They were also fired by high ideals the others simply did not have.

In the American Civil War the Confederacy's ideals were far better than the purely commercial values of the North. It was struck a tragic chord to see how the true Ayran nobility was crushed in the heroic South fighting against bad odds.

The same was true of the Fascists before WW2.

The same was true of the National Socialists in WW2 – and no matter how much I had it shovelled down my throat that they were the "baddies", something always said that this was not the case, some inner instinct rebelled. The National Socialists fanatically fought with a dedicated heroism against such staggering odds.

Their order and symbols simply looked so good; there was a spiritual quality about them that also harkened forth from the Roman Legions and the Grand Army 0fNapoleon. They were only defeated militarily, and it took the greater part of the w0rld's resources to do it. You cannot kill an idea.

Yes, history, when I was finally able to get the true facts, had shown that my deepest instincts had been correct. There was no more confusion or contradiction anymore. I could now devote my entire being into the one uncompromising path of National Socialism.

The Eureka Flag will fly again, this time over the new Australian Stat, strong and free and an inspiring example for the rest of the Aryan World to follow into the New Era! This is as certain as dawn follows darkness. I knew it then and I know it now.

All the economic gobbledygook about what can never be done in peacetime. (but is always done in wartime) and so many people live in constant poverty and misery while the greatest part of a nation's real wealth is owned by a tiny handful of ruthless criminals. is bare faced lies. The ruthless criminals, who steal off people everywhere, use economic ignorance to hide the simple facts that money is simply a medium of exchange, in a sound economy money

matches wealth. Or as Hitler who did fix the economy up, put it: "WHAT IS PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE IS ECONOMICALLY POSSIBLE.

It is the Government's duty to print and issue money, interest free, into circulation without the need for, taxation. The whole banking system today is nothing more than a gigantic conspiracy to steal, so is taxation. It is the Zionists who control the banking system for this reason. Under Hitler the National Socialists destroyed Zionist control of the economy, education, industry, agriculture, and just about every other aspect of civilized living. As a result the national genius was allowed to develop, and for a few brief brilliant years National Socialist Germany was the best and fairest run nation on Earth. Germany was a shining example for the rest of the Aryan World to follow. However, the tragedy of the 20th century is that the rest of the Aryan World did not emulate National Socialist Germany; instead they followed corrupted Zionist dominated leaders and declared war on National Socialism. They used, and indeed required, the vast talent and resources of the Aryan World to militarily defeat National Socialist Germany. It took over 5'/2 years of bitter struggle to carry this out. The National Socialists fought with a heroism, tenacity and devotion to duty against staggering odds, seldom seen in history. Though they were militarily defeated and something magnificent was destroyed. what they fought for, their heroism and their general appearance would inspire future generations, for you cannot kill an idea.

A PERSON'S ACTUAL POTENTIAL IS DETERMINED AT THE MOMENT OF CONCEPTION. HOW MUCH OF THAT POTENTIAL IS ACTUALLY DEVELOPED DEPENDS UPON THE ENVIRONMENT ONE IS RAISED IN. FROM THE BASE OF A STABLE, HEALTHY SOCIETY, DEVOID OF ALL FORMS OF POVERTY, GREAT PEOPLE, AND GREAT IDEAS. GREAT FEATS AND ACHIEVEMENTS CAN ARISE, AS THE RACE IS ALLOWED TO GENETICALLY IMPROVE GENERATION AFTER GENERATION. THE IDEAL SOCIETY IS THE MEANS TO THE END. SOCIALISM IS NATIONAL-ISM LOOKING INWARDS, NATIONALISM IS SOCIALISM LOOKING OUTWARDS.

BEGINNING OF PRACTICAL POLITICS

Back to the summer of 1980.

What was required was simply considered to be impossible by some of those who had tried and in some cases had tried hard. Some of them had endured pretty nasty harassment on the part of the Jewish establishment. To follow conventional lines a staggering amount of money was required. The more I met and the better I got to understand those I met the more I got to understand why they never got to have any impact at all on the political scene. In particular I began to notice some common tailings among them.

Firstly, none of them totally rejected the existing system. If enough pressure was put on them they reverted back to accepting what they now considered to be unshakeable because

they them- selves were not fanatical enough to actually shake it. Secondly, they were not mentally and physically tough enough to embark on a physically dangerous radical campaign, risking injury, jail, and loss of all possessions. The first big setback and they were finished for good, lamenting the cowardice of their like-minded colleagues. Some of them actually caved in after the first bit of bad media coverage. Thirdly, they simply did not have the staying power; the stoic patient tenacity to hammer away for years, without any reward. The system can easily endure months, even years of assault on one of its weak spots before it begins to weaken and show the first signs of reacting. Fourthly, they were morally paralysed by the written law even though they knew the written law was unjust and immoral. The system merely had to write out a piece of paper and that piece of paper and the label "lawbreaker" paralysed them into inactivity. All the wartime physical courage of some of them simply vanished. Fifthly, they had very little imagination when it came to propaganda to actually stir the masses ‘on the streets, where it counts. The Marxists simply left them tor dead there.

Well, power belongs not to the respectable or law abiding but to those with the guts to take it. All the great revolutionaries down through the ages realized this. Those great revolutionaries would have recognized something else. The generation being born in the 1970s is the first generation of White youth who do not expect to be better off than their parents. From the end of the eighties onwards this would become a stronger and stronger force who would demand action rather than the tired old lies of equality and democracy. Furthermore, democracy is nothing more than a myth whose only foundations are credibility. This credibility depends on the system supplying affluence to most and the illusion of civil rights to all. Throughout the eighties the propaganda campaign had to be directed towards striking a chord in the youth. The Marxists did this in the sixties. A generation later this would be reversed. The National Socialists will now fire up the discontented youth. There is something else; the streak of rebelliousness is common to both the Aussie make up and the spirit of youth. In time this combination will prove to be explosive and devastating to the old order.

From my own observations of the herd like nature of the masses in general and the simple fact that in 1980 the children born in the seventies were still children - yet to become the discontented youth of the late eighties and early nineties, but they had to grow into an environment of growing Nationalist street propaganda. l knew that the campaign would be incredibly long drawn out, tenacious and I also expected it to get increasingly bitter and outright vicious. Though nothing like this had been done before, with the possible exception of the 1890s, there simply had to be a continual large volume of simple message propaganda on the streets plainly visible to the masses. This also had to be done without large amounts of money and with only small numbers of people. “Impossible!” said the experts.

But the experts lacked something. First off they disagreed with the idea that the word “impossible” is the excuse of the coward. Every great invention, discovery or advance in civilisation was at one time considered to be impossible. Throughout the long advance of Aryan

Man the Aryan genius consists so much in conceiving that which does not yet exist and making it become reality.

And Nietzsche touched on something else they lacked in this quotation: "How do men attain great strength and a great task? All the virtues and efficiency of body and soul are acquired laboriously and little by little, through much industry, self- constraint, limitation, through much obstinate, faithful repetition of the same labours, the same renunciations; but there are men who are the heirs and masters of this slowly acquired manifold treasure of virtue and efficiency because, through fortunate and reasonable marriages, and also through fortunate accidents, the acquired and stored up energies of many generations have not been squandered and dispersed but linked together by a firm ring and by will. In the end there appears a man, a monster of energy, who demands a monster of a task. For it is our energy that disposes of us; and the wretched spiritual game of goals and intentions and motives is only a foreground — even though weak eyes may take them for the matter itself."

There was another crucial factor, which in 1980 was just such a continual pain in the neck. I don't know how many times I felt like bashing my head against a brick wall in frustration over this. However, what had to be done simply had to be done, regardless of the pain and frustration. The existing system is rapidly weakening due to its own inner rotten corruption. The system‘s overall aim is the destruction of the Australian Race/Culture. The system must be totally destroyed before the Australian National Socialist State can arise. So many well-meaning, would be patriots simply failed to understand that a certain amount of civilized living and law and order continued to exist DESPITE the system NOT BECAUSE of the system. As well as this, it is always easier to drift with the trend rather than go against it. The Jewish run system is the mortal enemy of the Australian Race/Culture; the worst thing for Australia is to keep the system going by reforming it. S0 much potential help for the Nationalist cause, which was so desperately needed, was diverted towards actually helping the enemy. They were out to save this and reform that and protect something else, when in fact they should have been attacking the system. ATTACKING THE SYSTEM kicking the living daylights out of it as it struggled to continue existing.

A classic case in point was part of the asianisation issue. l have lost count of the number of well-meaning fools who had this fatal admiration for the Bob Menzies style Liberal Party; they entertained this illusion that a return to this would end asianisation. The reality in it was precisely this Bob Menzies style Liberal Party that began, and rapidly accelerated Asian immigration in the first place. Not only that, but in l966 when they dropped the White Australia Policy, they did it in a sneaky low down underhanded manner. The only opposition to this came from the more "radical" labour Party when Arthur Calwell was still in charge; yet they would condemn Calwell because he was "too radical" and they would support their enemy, Bob Menzies. A similar thing happened when Joh Bjelke-Peterson’s Jewish backers pumped a lot of

money into a campaign to turn public discontent into supporting their own front man. Joh Bjelke-Petersen virtually led the way in the Japanese takeover of Queensland: the last thing this chief asianiser would do is to end asianisation. It was all so maddeningly obvious yet so well meaning fools fell for it, hook, line and sinker.

The masses must no longer have any more illusions left about having just “One more chance to work within the system”. The system itself must be constantly attacked and shown up for the evil monster that it is. Its moral, economic and political foundations must be totally destroyed.

THE MASSES MUST LOSE FAITH IN THE SYSTEM, AND THEN WE CAN ACT!

And this ties in with the other crucial fact. That tiny element of National Socialists who will act, will arise out of the discontented youth; that segment of society that always harbours feelings of rebellion, those feelings of rebellion that the Police and courts go out of their way to try and destroy and suppress, for the system does know that at some point in time it could destroy the system. At a deep philosophical level the campaign ahead would have to tune into the sense of rebellion in the youth. At all stages the campaign on the streets would have to have the flavour of rebellion: A sense of audacity in the face of the corrupted old dying order, as such we would deliberately employ acts of daring and novelty along with the more stolid tried and tested methods of large scale propaganda. A picture paints a thousand words, to be sure. but a bold daring stunt will cause that picture to be seen by 100,000 times as many people, and amongst the youth boldness and daring fires up the smouldering flame of rebellion.

But there is more. From a purely tactical point of view, stolid tried and tested methods of putting out propaganda could be, to a fair degree, anticipated and to some degree countered by the system. Bold daring stunts always caught the system unawares. Even when nothing was actually happening, the enemy were getting unnerved, half expecting the next thing to happen. Further- more, each successful stunt was a morale booster for those who did it. It also showed that the system was not an invincible solid powerful block, but that it was vulnerable and could be beaten by those who had the guts to try. Nothing succeeds like success for each successful bold stunt would encourage another.

How true it is that the world belongs to the enthusiast who keeps his cool.

Such were my thoughts in the summer, autumn and winter of 1980. However, the stark physical reality was that there was no organization, no money, no machinery to print anything; nothing but the idea, the aim and the will to triumph. Okay, things looked anything but rosy at that point in time, but there was one aspect of this that could be exploited positively: I was unknown and thus I could infiltrate the system's existing political parties and other system lobby groups to see how they functioned from the inside as well as getting a close up unguarded view of some of those characters who would become our main opponents in the

struggle ahead. I would get to closely study their depth of general knowledge and ability, or lack of it, as was generally the ease. I would study the way they acted in familiar situations and reacted in unfamiliar situations, how they handled pressure, how they handled success or failure, safety or danger, the sort of arguments they used, how corruptible they were and how much courage they had — mostly not much.

I remember that old saying in the Infantry in wartime that always proved to be so true: "Time spent on reconnaissance is time never wasted."

I also knew that the best form of intelligence information available to any commander was that which he gained first hand. I could study my enemies close up, but they could never study me for two main reasons.

Firstly, they simply did not know who I was and did not bother to check me out properly. Secondly, I had long ago learned to mask my true feelings, mainly because I had endured a hell of a lot of personal hardship, sorrow, suffering and pain. I had learnt the basic truth that there are two things you cannot share; pain and guilt. It is always better to suffer in silence.

Another thing I had to do while I was still unknown was to go on a world trip: That would be an important part of my education.

In many ways it was a coldly calculated and engineered series of events, while at the same time it was also a case of seizing and exploiting to the fullest, whatever opportunity came my way. There are very few events that simply cannot be exploited in some positive manner. I remember well the description by some of the enemies of Julius Caesar. They noted how he did almost everything in his public life in order to enhance his public appeal. To me this seemed quite logical. I knew then, as 1980 gave way to 1981 that the bitter struggle ahead would be a merciless test of strength and endurance guided by knowledge, ability, and those subtle promptings of some unseen force always there in dark moments of bitter hardship through to rare moments of triumph.

So between 1980 and 1984 I snooped around various political parties, lobby groups and other outfits, campaigning about various issues. As well as learning a hell of a lot about how future enemies operate I now began to make more and more valuable contacts and connections. These would prove to be quite valuable throughout the eighties decade and in the struggle yet to unfold. Some of their names will crop up in the story to come while some of them will simply remain hidden until the day we assume power. The system’s savagery during and after the mass arrests proved the wisdom of this action. I also observed keenly the practical nuts and bolts of how those various groups actually campaigned about various issues and their effect on the people.

HE WHO ONLY DEFENDS WILL ULTIMATELY LOSE.

During the winter of 1980 l often wandered alone at night in the cold and rain. I would often walk around the darkened empty streets in the blustering cold. pondering the how and why of getting the National Socialist message or even part of that message out to the public at large in a form the public would at least partly accept and support. Quite simply, this had never been done. The feeble attempts on the part of the few had proven to be pathetic failures. The system had at its disposal the entire education system, the media, the main political parties; most of the various lobby groups and the entertainment industry. To match that in sheer volume required hundreds of millions of dollars, which we simply did not have. Something visible to all had to bypass all this and strike a chord in the Aussie soul. Something small but deadly.

I have always been impressed by the spectacle of a tiny midget submarine, mine, missile or small boat full of explosives sinking a huge battleship or aircraft carrier. You do not always need something bigger and more powerful — you simply require something more effective, regardless of its size, cost, or whether or not it has been tried and tested before. What works, works!

Okay, but just what is going to work? It literally took years to answer that.

However, while there was no actual political activity on the streets yet, the future "Program of the Australian Nationalists Movement" was coming into being. It is the basic overall summary of the reforms and objectives of the future Australian National Socialist State. There was nothing in the "Program of the ANM" about repairing the old Zionist run regime: WE ARE OUT TO BUILD A TOTALLY NEW STATE - THE LONG TERM OBJECTIVES ARE NOT MEASURED IN NUMBERS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE, BUT HUNDREDS OF GENERATIONS INTO THE FUTURE. We had a long time to put that Program together so we used our time effectively. More and more people came forward with more and more information and ideas. In the early eighties an excellent little booklet "l Want the Earth (Plus 5%)" turned up. We reprinted it and it turned out to be the most effective introduction to why the present economic system simply, does not work — and its sinister aims.

It was sometime around I980 or I98] when I first made contact with Alec Mladenovich. Born in Serbia he fought in the mountains as a young lad in WW2, and then later on he was tortured and jailed by the Communists. Since leaving Serbia he travelled around many parts of the world and, more importantly, learned a hell of a lot while he was travelling around and got to know a lot of people, important people. He was one of the most patient, sincere and dedicated people I knew. He also had the rare ability to see into the soul of a man to judge whether that man was genuine or not. He was seldom ever wrong. This proved to be invaluable in the struggle to gain supremacy in the vicious jungle of radical politics.

His patience was proven by the simple fact that he managed to educate me for almost a decade. with only a year‘s break in 1986 — 1987 when we fell out with each other. I got back with him again not long after his only son's tragic death under somewhat suspicious

circumstances. He is probably the single most important educator in my political education. He had a rare insight into the whole Jewish/Masonic conspiracy and its subtle or obvious, short term or long term effects, he presented a number of contradictions. He was a dedicated National Socialist, yet he was a staunch Christian. Partly because his star sign was Virgo he was as scrupulously tidy as I was untidy, yet his artistic "feel" in the various publications, leaflets, posters, etc was nearly always an untidy mess. I already knew how vitally important the initial appearance of any mass distribution propaganda was. Over many years through countless hours of quiet sober discussions or ding dong arguments he taught me many many things, the sum total of which would prove vital in the political campaign unfolding.

He was always loyal and reliable. He had no price. Many times the system's servants tried to bribe him into giving up his political crusade. He never did. He also possessed some of the Old World charm, a curious contrast to the rough and tumble of radical street politics. Because he was due to permanently move East in late I989, when I saw him last in August just before the arrests, I saw the last of yet another close comrade: yet another sad, painful by product of callous Police brutality.

There was one very important thing Alec Mladenovieh showed me about the practical side of things, the value of owning your own photocopier. About I982 I bought an old cheap one from a chap at the glassworks. It later turned out to be hot. I got to learn a lot about photocopiers from that old machine. With a photocopier you could turn out relatively small numbers of booklets, etc, relatively cheaply. In I985 Alec hired one that produced a pretty good copy, the only trouble was that it was constantly playing up. It needed constant service and simply stopped dead when the weather got too hot. It was simply not designed for large volume printing. For larger volume printing something else was required.

Well that need was partly cured for a while by another chap I met at the glassworks. Fred. He was a printer by trade, a damn good one; the only problem was he was a hopeless alcoholic. The booze destroyed him in the end — he faded from the scene, however, by the time he faded from the scene we had well and truly solved the problem of large scale priming. He had many contradictory aspects to his character, but he was invaluable in the early stages. I bought him a hand platen printing machine, which never really worked properly, however, because of this machine he was able to get into a small printing shop in a decrepit part of town that was later on demolished, along with all the cheap paper we had stored there. He basically ran the place for the owner who was hopeless at printing. While Fred was there he printed up stickers and leaflets galore for next to nothing. He also printed up the first big batch of posters that finally put the ANM on the map. In between his boozing bouts he performed wonders.

l remember many days, afternoons and sometimes all through the night with Fred in the decrepit back alley printing shop, the old Heidelberg letterpress printing machine clunking away turning out boxes and boxes of stickers and leaflets. Through Fred we also managed to get thousands of dollars' worth of paper. We also got quite a lot of free paper from another dingy,

dirty run down office in another decrepit part of town. Well, it wasn't quite free, like most of Fred's paper, it cost us a bottle of whiskey and a bit of booze to another shady character called Roger. The whole setup was unconventional and outlandish, but it worked. Whereas l tested Alec's patience so often, Fred did the same with me. But with so many things, when the stakes are high and your determination strong, you will endure all that needs to be endured, Fred‘s boozing got worse and worse. Eventually he simply became unreliable — the spirit was willing, the spirit booze was stronger. But until then Fred's genuine devotion to the National Socialist ideal, while he soberly printed up huge volumes of propaganda, on a scale considered to be impossible, was one of the key factors; important practical factors, in putting the ANM on the map. Whatever his faults, he does deserve a lot of praise for his very significant part in the struggle to power. Each step along the way progress is made when we overcome a practical impossibility. The system can calculate what is possible and make plans to counter that, but it simply cannot counter that which is unforeseen or impossible.

There was one other vital factor in the radical campaign on the streets. In 1979 the system made its intention clear. They intended to bring in 250,000 Asians per year. This number coming in. along with their rapid reproduction rate would have meant that Australia would have been substantially asianised by 1990 — the system would then have a powerful weapon to use against Nationalists. As well as this, the disinherited youth of 1990 would be swamped in a hostile Asian horde. Why 250,000 Asians per year did not come in (the real figure was a fraction of that — dangerous but not yet deadly) was nearly all due to the dedicated radical action on the streets by the few who broke the law and risked the consequences. The actions of the few were anything but "respectable".

FIRST CAMPAIGNS – TASMANIA AND BLAINEY DEBATE

The can of spray paint can be turned into a very deadly propaganda weapon. Stickers are far more expensive, but they can be used by many more people. In the early 1980s posters and leaflets were not a factor. The first time spray cans and stickers were used and had a significant effect on politics was in Tasmania at 1983. The issue was the proposed damming of the Franklin River. (Under a National Socialist economic system there simply is no need to go ruining the natural order in the first place.) Rather than go into details, the basic scenario was this. The majority, a very large majority, of Tasmanians wanted a dam on the Franklin River for electricity, while the recently elected Hawke Government intended to show all Australians just who was boss. He was telling the Tasmanians they could not have it. A small number of our Nationalists managed to turn the whole general affair into a "State's Rights“ issue; Tasmanians versus Mainlanders. We stirred things up into a move for secession. By May 1983, if a Yes/NO

vote were taken on secession, the Tasmanian People would have seceded. The weakness of the general setup was the simple fact that we relied on the Tasmanian State system politicians to actually put the Yes/No vote to the People. Despite all their promises, when the system politicians got their secret orders, they refused to have any vote.

The people also were not angry or desperate enough to rise in revolt over such an issue, which was simply not vital. However, the whole operation showed the telling effect of spray paint slogans in key spots at crucial times, and thousands of stickers. There were other actions of other people involved, which for the present must remain unknown for the people concerned must remain unknown so they can strike again at later dates. This affair also clearly showed that you cannot have any faith whatsoever in any system politician, no matter how convincing he appears to be.

The effects of posters in mass would be demonstrated later, first off in my travels around Europe in June and July 1983 and later in Melbourne in 1983 to 1984 in the anti-Asian campaign that led to the "Blainey Debate" — a subtle operation organized by the system to test public opinion and more importantly, to see if Aussies were prepared to physically do more than grumble.

Early in 1983 we put together a small group with a big name, which promptly fell to bits when l went off on my trip to America and Europe, in May to July 1983.

l was personally not involved in the sticker, paint and poster campaign that led to what became known as the "Blainey Debate." That campaign mostly took place in Melbourne. Over the second half of 1983 and early 1984 a tiny handful of radical die hards put up thousands of stickers, hundreds of spray painted slogans and 5000 large posters. All the propaganda was purely anti-Asian. Like the operation in Tasmania by early 1984 the average man and woman in the street could plainly sec the propaganda message.

It must be pointed out here that at all stages of the radical campaign the main part and the most dangerous part of the activities was nearly always carried out by the son of people who simply never fit into ordinary, humdrum suburban life. lt is the rebel who rebels. lt is the rebel who reacts against injustice in deed rather than word, and it is actions that ultimately shape the course of history. The wholesale asianisation of Australia in the 1980s was drastically reduced by misfits, freebooters, never-do-wells, ex- soldiers looking for another war to fight, out and out weirdos with an axe to grind, adventurers, along with a certain number of solid citizens. Time and again various people plastering up the town were still on parole, thus risking a severe jail sentence if they were caught. The contented and the cowardly never change anything, for better or worse, and nothing great is ever achieved without passion. Such is the romance of history.

Most people lack the key dimension of history. They only perceive a purely academic understanding of a series of events. The dispassionate merely fit into and maintain, or try to maintain, the existing order.

Art, invention, revolution THAT IS THE CREATION OF RAW HOT BLOODED PASSION! THE FIRE AND SPIRIT OF THE OLD GODS POUNDING IN YOUR VEINSI NOTHING GREAT IS EVER ACHIEVED WITHOUT PASSION!

As I was to find out later in a far larger, far more intense, far more prolonged, far more dangerous and far more bitterly contested poster campaign in Perth, coordinating the efforts of such a diverse headstrong group of individuals, was an incredibly difficult task. It tested to the limit your determination and staying power, your diplomatic ability, your patience and so often your intuition. The general antics, outlandish tactics and methods this colourful diverse group employed is a story all on its own and what a story that was! Sometimes one got to wonder whether or not it was a scene from a stage play in the loony bin! But through it all we lived life to the fullest. After the mass arrests I would often sit in the courtroom — that enemy of Nationalism that insult to justice, that pompous facade of respectability, and I would compare the hot-blooded, headstrong Aussie heroes risking everything for a noble ideal, to the dispassionate weak flabby bellied pen pushing jerks, too cowardly to even argue with their wives, but who would ruin lives of those far greater than them with a few words and a stroke of the pen.

The Court: ~ that institution of evil, where the anti- Australian servant of the system pompously sits underneath the British coat of arms — the symbol of oppression. How often have I watched in silent rage while the Police and judges go out of their way to cut down and destroy whatever is great in the Aussie spirit, for they themselves are weak and small - their instincts are to bring everything down to their low level so they can poison the Aussie soul with their weakness. There is a lifeless, cold, callous life-killing karma about the courtroom that we National Socialists pathologically hate. The sense of adventure, the drive to explore the unknown, the element of danger, misfortune and triumph, the bitterness of defeat and the glory of victory – this is essential if a society is to remain healthy, vital, strong and developing. The whole reason to be of the court is the opposite of this.

THE VERY ESSECNCE OFTHE AUSTRALIAN CHARACTER IS THE PASSION TO REBEL THE PRIMARY PURPOSE OF THE POLICE, COURTS AND PRISONS IS TO KILL THAT PASSION TO REBEL. AUSTRALIA IS THE LAST CHANCE FOR THE ARYAN RACE TO REGAIN CONTROL OF THE PLANET. STOP ITS DESTURCTION, RETURN THE EARTH TO THE NATURAL ORDER AND THUS ENABLE FURTHER HIGHER DEVELOPMENT OF LIFE ITSELF.

Yes we National Socialists have always had a bad feeling about the Police and courts; what they set out to destroy is so rare yet so essential. The courts are such a reversal and insult to the Natural Order. It is a classic case of that which is weak and sick destroying that which is strong and healthy. It is all wrong. I compare this evil, cold, soulless poison to the free and defiant one fingered salute to the cops, whom we had just outsmarted again while plastering up the town under their very noses. The man who gave that one fingered salute was a strong man; loyal, defiant and true with hot blood pounding in his veins, a rebel through and through –

in a word, an Aussie. The pathetic lily livered jerk in the court house who would try to break the strong man's spirit has no ideals, no spirit, no freedom; he is only an empty slave, programmed to destroy. And what he would try to destroy he would not have the courage to even try to understand. Yes, we Aussies do view the courts with a deep seated sense of revulsion, a raw gut reaction of hot blooded hatred: Every nerve and instinct says. "NO! Damn you all to hell you life hating, callous, destructive instruments of evil!"

Always remember that in the unfolding struggle, the passion to rebel is the most crucial factor in the triumph of Aussie National Socialism. It may be one of the reasons for the system staging the Blainey Debate to test public opinion about Asian Immigration.

In 1984 Professor Geoffery Blainey made some carefully guarded comments about the number of Asians coming into Australia. The media played it up for a while and the system then sat back and studied the general reaction. The system's conclusion in 1984 was that Aussies don't want Asians coming in, they are angry and they grumble, but they are not prepared to fight yet. So asianisation continued, but still not at the rate of 250,000 Asians per year. The handful of radical activists had a significant effect on the system's evil designs. They would always be nervous about radical activists who disregarded convention and treated the system's unjust laws with the utter contempt they deserve.

WORLD TRIP 1983

In the meantime from May till July I983 I travelled around the United States and Europe, including Iceland. It was one of the essential things that I simply had to achieve before I could begin to assume the leading role in radical politics in Australia. It also had to be done regardless of personal hardship, of which there turned out to be a bit, but not all that much considering. The main problem simply was that I did not have the money to go to all the places l wanted to visit, but it was spring and summer where I was going, and under those conditions bread and water and sheer bloody willpower sure do go a long way.

The man I left in charge in Perth was Wally. Quiet, patient, reliable, and diplomatic with quite a lot of good ideas of his own. In his own quiet solid sort of way he is an Aussie National Socialist, but the system had beaten him too often, and it showed. However, whatever his failings may have been he always was, and always will be staunchly loyal to the Australian Nation. While I was wandering around the world he closely followed the events in Tasmania.

Since WW2 America has been the powerhouse of world politics. The USA, Zionist dominated and sick, reminds me of the decadent Christian Roman Empire of the late 4th century C.E. after attempts to reform the decadence and corruption had failed — the stranglehold of Jewish Christianity was too strong. Despite its decadence the Roman Empire was economically and militarily the single most powerful power block. No single Barbarian state.

no matter how virile or strong its values, was able to defeat the decadent Roman Empire on its own. The Roman Empire was just too large and its economic resources too vast. In due course the various Barbarian peoples became federated into the Roman Empire and a century later the Western Roman Empire finally collapsed from within. The USA is like that today; decadent, dominated by Zionists but still the most powerful state on Earth. It must be visited to gain a better understanding of world politics.

America, America! What an education that proved to be! Of course in my short visit I could get little more than a glimpse of certain parts of that vast diverse empire of many parts, for it is not a nation/state, to say otherwise is to ignore the obvious. To merely say that it is a land of contrasts is to understate the obvious.

At Los Angeles airport I met Mike Merritt, leader of the American Workers Party, the radical National Socialist Party in California. Like so many National Socialists he was a very interesting man. Like me, he had also fought in an elite combat unit in South Vietnam. He was tough, rough and ready, practical, brave and resourceful. As well as this he was very well educated. He and I got on extremely well; similar backgrounds and aspirations, I guess. While in Los Angeles I stayed at their headquarters, sleeping on a couch under a line of bullet holes in the wall. The bullet holes were a recent addition, a not so subtle reminder that the large Jewish community of Los Angeles did not approve of the truth being told about their role in history. The bullet holes were also a reminder that America is a far more violent society than Australia. Mike Merritt and I talked in depth about a whole range of subjects and when I say in depth I mean in depth, like few other people I know. We wandered along the Pacific coast as the smog laden mist was rising and the large Pacific gulls screeched and squabbled over the waves and on the sand. Because of his company and knowledge and rare ability to communicate so effectively, what I was able to see I was able to understand that much better. It was Mike who took me on a guided tour of those parts of town the tourist simply never sees. The reality is that parts of America are as bad as the Third World, and American society is far sicker than most people could ever imagine. We drove through the Negro, Mexican, Chinese, Japanese and Jewish parts of town. Bear in mind that Los Angeles is a huge urban sprawl of millions of people. It is a classic example of the unchecked urban sprawl gone mad. And there in this mad urban sprawl I saw Australian eucalypts growing.

By far the dirtiest, poorest, most run down, most violent parts of town were the Negro and Mexican areas. At the time they were picking up dead bodies in the Mexican area. There a gang war between rival Mexican gangs among the filthy dilapidated back alleys and streets almost every night. The Negro area was a scene of miserable squalor and filth. What used to be parks and gardens had been turned into impromptu garbage tips, mountains of garbage never cleaned up. The scene during the day was menacing enough, what happened at night I dread to think, but the staggering amount of violent crime in these areas pretty well told the story there. Even in the more “civilised” Negro areas of Washington DC there were truncheon wielding

guards at fast food outlets. The cleanest, most well-ordered part of town was the Japanese area, even better than the White area. The Japanese had an obvious pride in their race and culture and seemed to consider themselves better than the rest - which in a way they were. And of course like some sort of malevolent virus adversely affecting everyone else was the Jewish area. Whole suburbs full of parasites and that is just what they looked like. In the more commercial parts of town the Koreans were aggressively taking over city block after city block.

Alongside the various legal industries spewing their poison up into the tortured sky there is the illegal industry, the exploited labour of the illegal Mexicans, the “Wet Backs”. Just how many millions of illegals are there in the country? Nobody knows, and hardly anybody cares, one way or the other. The illegals are simply exploited – the logical result of Capitalism. I remember talking to Tom Marcellus from the institute for Historical Review in a restaurant in Torrance L.A. We talked about many things, including the growing problem of the illegal Mexicans. Well theory is one thing, but the practical reality of Capitalism is another. As we were talking our table was cleaned up by a Mexican, who was obviously illegal, obviously underpaid, but not so obviously angry, bitter and sad all at the same time. To keep going, the Capitalist system feeds off people like him.

Parts of California, some of them not too far from this soul destroying urban sprawl of Los Angeles are really beautiful. I guess it is the real or potential beauty that drives home the extent of the tragedy. There were so many things I saw in Los Angeles that l would remember well, but there was one particular incident l will never forget; for it, personally hurt and it was so symbolic of the tragedy of America.

As if the problems of poverty, racial tensions, pollution and overcrowding were not enough, Los Angeles is the city with just about every conceivable form of vice, degeneration and perversion, and on a scale so huge you just have to see it to believe it. There are whole city blocks full of all sorts of people selling every conceivable perversion known. Into this hellhole come the innocents. They are pretty teenage White girls who, for one reason or another, suddenly leave their safe and comfortable middle class homes somewhere in America, grab nothing more than an overnight bag then hop on a bus and head for Hollywood expecting to suddenly become film stars. Of course when the young girl gets off the bus at Hollywood she does not become a film star, instead she finds herself all alone in a strange unfriendly city with nowhere to stay. That is when she will fall victim to the Negro pimps who wait for the buses arriving in Hollywood. The Negro knows what to look for. finds the lonely dazed young girl and lays on the charm and generosity to the degree where he appears to be her only friend in the world. He then very quickly gets her addicted to hard drugs. When she is totally dependent on him he then forces her out onto the street to work as a prostitute to support him – he contemptuously throws her some drugs, food and shelter until she often dies of the effects of drugs and diseases from the bizarre perversions she is forced to carry out.

I am pretty sure it was Santa Monica Boulevard where we saw her a beautiful blonde haired girl about 16 or 17 years old. Mike and l were slowly driving out of the degenerate area to get away from the horrible place; she had just started work there, and obviously felt very bad about it. She saw us and then started to reluctantly wave to us as if we were potential customers but something told her we were not. Then the waving action of her hand seemed to turn into a plea for help from someone drowning. The look on her innocent young face went from humiliation, to embarrassment to hurt, to some sort of wounded cry for help; a similar sensation to what l could sense from the old Aussie spirit in the beautiful Australian bush on 14 August 1989, the day the Police did their vile treacherous evil deeds. It was some minutes before Mike and I decided, "Let's try and help her; at least get her bus fare back to where she came from."

To get back to her we had to drive around the block again; that, unfortunately took some time. By the time we got back to where we first saw her she was gone - forever: Swallowed up by some horrible ugly monster. In a year or two there would be every likelihood of someone stumbling over her dead body in the filthy back alley somewhere.

What was her name? Who knows'? What is certain is that she was someone's high spirited daughter, someone's sister, who was about to be subjected to every possible indignity that was spawned in the sewer. A beautiful young girl ruined by the degeneration and filth of the big city. I will never forget that young girl; she is a picture of the tragedy of America.

Somewhere else in that city there was a bank advertising billboard standing arrogantly in a field of garbage. On the sign were the words "We got the money!" Sure, the banks have got the money; all of it, and they use it for their own destructive ends. And yet, there is so much about America that is so beautiful, so magnificent, so grand. I remember thinking that when gazing at the picturesque houses among the trees amid the scene of verdant green outside of Washington D.C. America is where the moon rocks are kept, because it was America that sent men to the moon to get them. You can sense the glory in the magnificent monumental buildings in the capital city, the technological achievements in the museum of technology. And yet, not too far away from the moon rocks people sleep out on the streets. While I was in Washington D.C. in May I983 people were demonstrating in an effort to have the rest of the American POWs still being held in North Vietnam, returned home. This was 10 years after the American official combat role ended. I think Mike Merritt summed things up quite well when he made the comment when I said goodbye to him at the airport. "Take a good look at what you see Jack, this society is sick."

So I headed off to Europe.

Actually I saw a bit more of America and met some other people on the political scene, but to go into the details would start dragging out the story too long. . . .Europe, the heartland of the Aryan Race, the stage of history; somehow I had to see it. There were also a number of people I had to meet as well.

I am pretty sure it was I June I983 when I flew into London. It was the first pale hint of dawn and the Landmass of England was somewhere out there on the eastern horizon where the dawn was growing. Europe was where the dawn was and there seemed to be something symbolic in that, while I was sitting in the plane coming from America. It would be fair to say that all Australians should visit the British Isles, partly because it is an interesting place and partly because one can then gain a better understanding of some of the important factors that shaped Australian history. While I was in London I spent the greater part of my time with John Doolette, a very well informed, very interesting old man. Apart from being one of the original English gentlemen, he had an in-depth knowledge of National Socialist politics going right back to the I930s. He had an in depth personal knowledge of many of the great Nationalist leaders of the 1930s, 1940s and the few who survived the post WW2 Nuremberg lynching bee. So I wandered around the streets of London with this old gentleman of vast knowledge. He introduced me to a number of important people, old and not so old. He also gave me the addresses of other people in Europe and elsewhere and told me a fair bit about them.

One of the great rewards of enduring hardship and suffering in radical politics is to enjoy the company of truly great people. John Doolette was one of those. During and after WW2 he 'had suffered terribly and lost pretty well all his material possessions but nothing would ever destroy his ideals and natural nobility. I guess I sensed this when I first met him. He had that unmistakable air about him of wisdom born of pain; that fusion of intelligence and sadness that showed so well in his clear open eyes. Might I add I saw this in so many National Socialists who survived WW2 and its aftermath, those tall heroes who were tormented by ugly pygmies.

The old gentleman and I wandered around the lading monuments of past glory that is so much a part of London and indeed the rest of Europe. We must have presented an odd sight. deep in conversation, day after day in the weak English summer of 1983, the old man from the Old World and the young man from the New World. I suppose it was also symbolic of world history that is beginning to unfold now. Anyway, I learned a hell of a lot from that wise old man, information that would prove invaluable in the bitter struggle ahead. He was also the last person I would see in Europe. I said goodbye to him at London Airport before returning to Australia at the end of my long wanderings around Europe and Iceland.

And wander far and wide I did, broke, with a rumbling gut and a passion to explore. I reckon I spent a good third of my time living off little more than bread and water and chocolate bars, which for some reason seemed to be relatively cheap everywhere. I have lost count of the number of times I slept under the stars, in railway stations, under stairways, in trains, on ferries — whatever was free. Otherwise, Youth Hostels were where I stayed, with rare exception. The only two places where I ate well were in Greece, where food was relatively cheaper, and in South Germany, at the end of my travels, when I realized I still had a bit of money left over — then I made a pig of myself trying to make up for lost time.

The way I managed to cover so much territory in Europe was because I had a Europass unlimited train ticket. I sure did get my money's worth there. From the Irish Republic, to France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Switzerland, Austria, Italy and Greece, all this in the high summer of I983. If there was a rail line going to where I wanted to go, then I got that train. I remember in Stockholm the young lady at the travel centre thought I was some sort of nut because I wanted to travel to Helsinki in Finland via the single line railway track way up near the Arctic Circle in Lappland. Most sensible people simply catch the ferry across the Gulf of Finland overnight.

It would drag out the story far too long to describe the various sights and places. I will confine myself to Paris, Rome, Athens, Freiburg im Breisgau and Iceland. It goes without saying that Australians should see Europe to gain an understanding of our racial, cultural, historical origins. Apart from that, Europe is a very interesting place, with a beauty, charm and atmosphere all of its own. I guess you could say that in a word it is European, but you have to travel around Europe to understand what the word European means. There seems to be an underlying common theme in the rolling green fields of Denmark. The squeaky clean tiny villages nestling among the towering rugged snow-capped mountains of Switzerland, the cities in the Danube Valley, and the orchards in the sun in the Greek countryside.

Paris, beautiful Paris, home of the tomb of the great Napoleon, the Eiffel Tower and the Arch of Triumph. The sublime silent air of grandeur in the statues of the Caryatids that surround Napoleon's mortal remains has to be sensed to be understood. It was also in Paris that I saw posters in mass could have a telling effect. They were clearly visible: “French and Proud of it!’ a slogan proclaiming the Front Nationale's opposition to Coloured Immigration flooding into France. This large scale poster campaign effectively put the Front Nationale on the map.

But it was in Athens that I actually saw a team of poster- uppers in action one warm night. They were efficient, the most efficient I had ever seen. They seemed to see me at the same time I saw them; and I somehow sensed a feeling of mutual recognition. They obviously recognized that I represented no danger, so they carried on with their work. They were young folk. One carried a bucket of glue and a huge brush; another man carried a large bundle of posters and kept a lookout, while another held the posters in place as they were stuck on. Within a matter of minutes they coolly walked down the street, slapping posters onto every rubbish bin and whatever else could be used. They walked down the length of the street on the footpath on one side, then crossed the road and came back up the footpath on the other side. When daylight returned the next day, whoever walked or drove up and down that busy street could not fail to read the posters. That was what I called getting the message to the masses.

It was significant that I saw that in Athens the night after l had been wandering around the Acropolis, overlooking Athens. There among the ancient ruins of magnificent Aryan glory you can indeed sense the spirit of Solon and Pericles lingering there, dormant and waiting for the chance to fire up into glory again at the dawning of the New Era, and the torchlight of the

Promethean Ideal will light up the world again. There was a similar sensation in the ruins of Ancient Rome, the Eternal City, and indeed there is something eternal in the lingering hint of grandeur. The spirits of the Caesars and the great ones are there. While 1 was there I was reminded of that description of the destruction of Ancient Troy: "And the old gods were talking in the hills above Troy, and one day they looked down and Troy was no more, but the old gods did not die, for the old gods are immortal, they merely went on talking and from time to time they speak to us in strange ways".

And who was that great Hellene who once said to a group of Christians "Creation is too big and your God is too small."

And gazing at the ruins of Rome, whose sheer strength of character civilized so much of the Aryan World, I remember that saying, "Where are you going Roman, neither human nor divine."

Iceland in 1983, now that is a place that every National Socialist should see. First off there are two things that are bad about it. The climate and the inflation rate. Because the society is so ideal in every other way the 1983 inflation rate of about 100% simply did not bother them. There simply is no poverty, and excessive wealth is very rare. Money it simply is a medium of exchange, as it should be. The climate: — Well coming from the sunny side of the Lucky Country, the climate is one hell of a pain in the neck. Too damn cold for my likings. Being right in the middle of the Gulf stream warm current, keeps the winter temperatures relatively mild, considering that this place is right up near the Arctic Circle. However, the summer temperatures are nothing to write home about either. The temperature rarely seems to rise much above 20C, only certain hardy vegetables manage to grow under those conditions.

I guess the harsh climate is one of the reasons why the society is so ideal. Over the centuries this pure folkish society have simply had to band together for survival. During the three summer months the whole population work like mad to produce as much as possible for the long dark winter. It is during part of June and July when there is constant daylight; a similar thing happens in Lappland. There is no poverty, there is no unemployment, and that includes school children as well, right through into university level. Over the 3 summer months the schools and universities have their holidays, then all the children from primary school to university students work on farms, in businesses, factories, or wherever. Those who don't have work to do there, report to the local councils. The councils employ and pay them to clean up the streets, tend and maintain the parks, gardens and monuments and out in the rural areas teams of teenagers are carrying out a large scale tree planting operation. First off, no child is an economic burden on his parents. Secondly, a strong community spirit is fostered at a very early age.

But there is more, a lot more. The children and people are strong, healthy and beautiful. The children enjoy their communal Work. The folk culture is very strong, as is their appreciation of the arts. In 1983 they had the highest rate of home ownership in the world. They are among

the most literate well educated people on Earth. They have a refreshing thirst for wisdom that has to be seen to be believed. Crime is very rare; the capital city, Reykjavik, is the least polluted, cleanest capital city on earth. There are many other practical aspects of Icelandic society that make it so ideal, but there is something beyond the mere mundane.

The people have a proud air of superiority about them, a proud and honest bearing, and nobility if you like. I remember talking to a strikingly beautiful girl of about l6 or I7. She had been hard at work with the rest of her high school class planting trees. I think she somehow sensed that I was not the average tourist taking photographs of things and places they largely don't understand, and when she finished her work she came over to speak to me. She spoke English well and very quickly learned that I was not American (whom they do NOT like) or English but an Australian who had seen more of Australia than most Aussies. So to cut a long story short, we had a lot to talk about, Australia and Iceland - and something else that you have to go to Iceland to actually put your finger on.

I learned a lot from that beautiful young girl on that bleak cold day out in the rugged countryside of Iceland. She was also typical of the Icelandic society and People; strong, healthy, strikingly beautiful, open and honest with a touch of the fearless and a hint of the godlike that only well balanced characters have. Indeed these people are not all that far removed from the hardy adventurous seafarers who fearlessly set out across the unknown ocean and settled here in this rugged land.

It was in Akurcyri, in the far north of Iceland, up near the Arctic Circle, where I was gazing at a statue in honour of the first Norse settlers, that the expression struck home: "It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, who strives. . . . who spends himself. . . and who at the worst, if he fails, at least he fails while daring,, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.”

So said an American president at a time when America had stronger values. It somehow fits the Icelandic character today.

Not far from the Black Forest is the city of Freiburg im Breisgau, a picturesque old city with a 13th century cathedral and 15th century university. I spent a few days there with a very well informed American. He was only 21, but he was a leading member of a political party that put theories of economic reform into practice. They had simply bypassed the Zionist controlled money system and set up their own barter system among millions of Americans, much to the annoyance of the parasitic bankers who were trying to bring in laws to enable them to break up this barter system and parasite off them again. In high summer that part of Germany is a very pleasant place. We cycled among the green fields and through the Black Forest and ended up at the local nudist hangout on a lake, of all places. We discussed politics and philosophy all day, but I would be damned if l was going to get my gear off. Nudist colony aside, the Black Forest

nearby, the lake, the rolling green fields, the clear blue sky and balmy warm summer sun is so typical of the European countryside. The old city somehow belonged there, clean and peaceful, basking brilliantly under the warm sun of high summer.

There were a number of other National Socialists, most of them old men from the WW2 era, in other parts of Germany. Then it was back to England to see John Doolette for the last time before returning to Australia.

RETURN TO PERTH

Well whatever the charms of Europe, I still call Australia my home and always will. Back to Australia and the reality of radical politics when you just do not have any money to do anything, well anything substantial that is going to be seen and understood by the masses.

It was the 3rd August I983 when I had to start work at the glass works again. A few days before that I arrived home in Perth, beautiful Perth—and it is still beautiful even though I view it through the bars and cruel razor wire of this stinking rotten jail cell in April 2743 AUC (I990) The Tasmanian opportunity was gone now, mainly due to the out and out treachery of the system politicians, whom too many of us foolishly trusted. However, now I was through with traitors and also knew what could be done with little money and a small, dedicated handful of activists.

Between August I983 and February 1984 not all that much happened on the radical politics scene in W.A. The action was in the East at the time. For the time being we did not bother about getting another group together. One thing was becoming very clear; I would have to go into politics full time rather than trying to do things part time after work. So for the next 7 months I worked like mad at the ACI glass works, working all the overtime I could get, 16 hour stretches — the lot. I had to get hold of as much money as I could to tide me over an unknown number of years ahead, while I existed on the dole. It would mean years of poverty again, but I am no stranger to poverty or hardship.

While I am on the subject of poverty, when travelling around Europe one of the things that really struck home was the connection between art and poverty. Because of the warped material values of capitalism, art and poverty are synonymous, much more so than in Australia. There was a scene I will never forget in Nuremberg - it had to be Nuremberg, not far, from the old town square. A young woman with nothing more than a violin began to play Beethoven's Violin Concerto and a small crowd began to gather around her, for she played it so well. She was indeed an artist and she poured her heart and soul into that song like only an artist can. It was magnificent and when she finished the crowd applauded and a small pile of coins and notes appeared at her feet for she richly deserved both and she was begging as well as entertaining.

Well the thing that really struck a tragic note was this – the young woman was about 8 months pregnant and obviously in dire straits.

What has art got to do with politics, well not a lot and everything, all at the same time. In the field of radical politics I knew that I had to pursue it with the passion of the artist in order to triumph. Poverty is the price to pay.

START OF FULL TIME POLITICS

On 24 February I984 I quit the ACI glass works. That was the end of my mundane work as a working man. At the age of 36 I knew I had taken a very big step. For the rest of my life I would be engaged in radical politics full time. The first time I would take a holiday from this would be in jail, after the mass arrests in August I989 CE (2742 AUC). And that holiday would be far from pleasant.

In Perth we had heard about the anti—Asian campaign in the East so in I984 I headed East to check out for myself what we had heard. Thus began our short but stormy association with Jim Saleam and his group, National Action. To their credit they were the people largely responsible for triggering off the "Blainey Debate". I met most of the main people the, including Peter Coleman, jokingly referred to as the "Jewboy". Mark Ferguson I met sometime later. I decided to team up with them, with certain reservations, one of them being that they were only anti-Asian. Their reason to be was too narrow and they always avoided taking on the main problem in Australia and the rest of the world - Zionism and Freemasonry. However, one of the main people, Peter Coleman, was a dedicated National Socialist, who fully intended to make the group more National Socialist. The other reservation was the simple knowledge that Sydney was not going to be the storm centre of the revolution. A subtle prompting, deep within some time ago, had dictated this. Perth is the storm centre. However, if I could get National Action going properly in Perth, that could rectify things. When I got back to Perth we did just that.

Before I headed back to Perth I headed up to Townsville to see Tom Graham, whom a lot of National Socialists had heard about. He was jailed during WW2 and ever since he has struggled for the cause in his own sort of way, losing all he ever owned in the process. He was an old man, yet still going strong when I met him. What I will say about him is this, when the history of our Nation/State is finally written, it will be noted that he sure did try his best. For that he deserves credit. For life is short, and truth works far and lives long. Let us speak the truth.

On the way through Melbourne, I spent a bit of time with our intellectual circle there. I basically let them know what we intended to do in WA; then back to WA. Both Wally and also Mladenovich had certain reservations about the man in charge of National Action, Jim Saleam, however we decided to get this group on the road in WA. Which is exactly what we did over the

following months. Fred performed wonders in the printing shop. The first batches of stickers were done, 6.000 of them. Shortly after that the majority of them went up. This was the first time anything like that had happened in Perth and the media reacted. They let the public know there was opposition to asianisation, which was okay. However, they got us kicked out of a free office, in a dingy part of town, which was actually funded by the State Government. That meant no more free office.

A lot of the stickers were put up by Skinheads. Their methods were anything but regular or logical but they did work, and it must be put on record that they did do something for our Aussie People, while most of the respectable people did nothing. Some of them would prove to be valuable die hards in the unfolding struggle. Fred printed up the first batch of leaflets. 20.000 of them. Simple A5 size, one page leaflets with a few simple points on it, which we later found out were the most effective for the masses. Later on at the 1984 Federal Elections we tried a 4 page leaflet which did not work nearly as well - it just took too long to read. We eventually tried I0 different versions of the mass distribution leaflet till we came up with the most effective version, then stuck with that — we even used that years later as "readables" on bus shelters, where you had what we termed a "captive audience" in people with nothing to do for a few minutes while they waited for the bus. The first batch of leaflets went into the general Parmelia, Orelia, and Medina area. A team of skinheads and activists leafleted the area one night. The overall response was not too good at all. So we tried somewhere else. In fact we tried many places. We discovered that we got a far better response from the well to do areas than the poorer areas. The other golden rule of leaflets was this; the message on the leaflet must be seen and understood in the time it takes to go from the letterbox to the rubbish tin. If you have done that then you have planted the seed of an idea that can be stirred up by controversy later. We also got some BMX pushbikes to speed up the delivery time. Later still we got a posty‘s motorbike, which was quicker still.

Lack of money drove us mad. It was virtually non-existent. Most of my dole money went into the campaign. Alec did a similar thing, Wally put in a lot of his own money that he simply could not afford. A number of other people did that as well. It is quite truthful to say that the mainstay of the money through the long bitter years of struggle came from those least able to afford it. The injustice of it all always struck home. It always broke me up to see the self sacrificing generosity of the open faced, good hearted working people; little people with big hearts. We were only able to lift the burden off the backs of the Aussie workers when we were able to physically take relatively large amounts of money off the banks and multinationals. Then the campaign really took off in a big way. But that was not till 1989. Back in 1984 someone observed the interesting phenomenon that when the money collection was taken up, when the people opened up their wallet, the person who had $800 would donate $10 while the person who had only $40 would donate $20 — half of what he had. In 1984 the only reasonable amount of money we managed to get hold of was late in the year, and that all went in the

Federal Election. We effectively started 1985 utterly broke, however, we were a lot wiser, we had developed a lot of useful techniques and tactics and most importantly, we had begun to tap into the youth. The nature of our campaign had fired up something within their rebellious soul. That is crucial.

It was not so much the leaflets that fired up the youth. it was the stickers. and their provocative slogans, along with the spray painted slogans. We also painted up some slogans in very busy places in the city, along with Parliament House. That effectively triggered a reaction from the media and launched the Federal Election campaign for us. That election l stood as a Senate candidate as an independent. That was the first election campaign we contested. my debut into the public arena of politics. There were also a lot of other firsts before 1984 was through.

Before the year was out we had distributed, one way or another. 120.000 pieces of propaganda; that was a first. That was the year we first well and truly plastered up the city itself. That was the year we first began to utilize bus stands for stickers. The "captive audience" situation was very effective. The same leaflet stuck on a bus stand was read by more people than if it was put into a letterbox. We found this out from the people who made contact with us. That year we put up large paper banners over the freeways into the city.

For that action we got the first of many never to be paid bills from the various local councils. The South Perth City Council even did the ridiculous deed of fining me personally $200 or $400; I am not quite sure how much. However, what l am absolutely certain of is the simple fact that they did not get one red cent of the fine money they wanted. All they ended up getting was half an envelope full of rice on their office floor and an abusive letter. That was the first of our "return harassment" actions. And that was the year that I was first arrested and jailed, and thus set up to get a nice serve of bad media muckrake just 2 days before the election. The blatant hypocrisy of the charge still disgusts me to this very day. Virtually every other candidate put posters or stickers up around the town; however, I was arrested for it. Of course none of the other candidates were arrested, and it is the accepted done thing in elections. One of the young activists and myself were arrested while we were driving around in the Bongo van.

There is something else about I984 that I must mention. From that year onwards until the first lot of mass arrests, when they were simply getting too old, we had the loyal dedicated full support of Harry and Kathleen, an old married couple who then became commonly known among the activists as "the old couple." Whereas so many others came and went. Depending on whether they were fired up or discouraged. The "old couple" staunchly carried on regardless. We always admired their steadfast loyalty, reliability and generosity through some pretty bleak times. You could always rely on them to spend untold hours trudging around putting out thousands of leaflets. They were always there handing out How-to-vote cards at unwinnable elections—and they always bounced back for more. They were typical of the dedication that carried us right through the bleak early stages.

And bleak indeed was that early stage, but I guess that is always the way it is when you set out to do the impossible. The net result of all our hard work in the 1984 Federal Elections was 1.300 lousy votes from the entire state of W.A. I am convinced the media muckrake just before the Election Day was partly responsible for the low vote. Needless to say, this discouraged a lot of our activists. Some simply quit, never to return. The sad hard facts were that the Asianisation Issue alone was not enough to sway the masses away from their herd-like habits, even if they knew who we were and what our stand was; and by the end of I984 most of Start of Full Time Politics the masses had never even heard about us. A lot of people had heard of us, but nowhere near enough. Besides that, there is this instinctive habit of the masses to hold back from anything new and untested, to test what is new in relation to its determination and staying power. So it was that when we desperately needed all the support we could to get started, the masses stood off and watched us struggle. It was maddening.

One way or the other we had to continue on regardless, and also we had to put out propaganda on such a staggering scale and with such a telling effect that we would become a talking point. a controversy — a household word in W.A. This also had to be achieved at a quicker rate than the system could react against—But by early I985 we had developed certain techniques; we also had other, yet to be tested ideas. Two things turned out okay at the beginning of 1985; both of them personal.

My nose completely healed up without a disfiguring mark. At the end of November, toward the end of the election, my nose got shockingly mangled. That day the accident happened I learned a number of things—the hard way of course. First off never stick your nose into a printing press going flat out, the printing press will always win. In my case the pickup arm whacked me fair in the face and flung me right across to the other side of the printing shop; blood everywhere. The printing machine never missed a beat; it just kept on chugging away, turning out How-to-vote cards. Later on, while lying on the operating table I learned the meaning of pain, as the doctor skilfully put I5 stitches inside and outside my nose. One‘s nose is one of the most sensitive parts of one‘s body; that I can assure you. I still had those damn stitches in my nose when I was arrested—which leads me onto the next positive thing that happened.

We beat the stickering up charge. When we entered the court things looked pretty grim. The policeman who arrested us verballed us. He got on the witness stand and lied his head off. It was a fitting introduction to the general ethical standards of the Police Force. Since then I have lost count of the number of policemen I have seen or know damn well did lie their heads off in court. And the more I saw of policemen, and we did see more and more of them as our campaign on the streets increased, the lower our opinion became of them. We beat the charge of damaging a bus shelter by simply proving that, sticker or no sticker, there was no damage to the bus stand. Just for once the judge acted fairly, but we would never strike a fair judge ever

again. Years later, the increasing number of arrests would show up the ugly, vindictive evil side of the policemen and courts.

Foul weather seems to follow me around. So often it turns difficult conditions into damn near impossible conditions. At the end of January 1985 we printed up another batch of leaflets and then proceeded to leaflet this city, when suddenly...bang! That February turned out to be the hottest on record. And I do mean hot. It sure did make things difficult, though not impossible. Despite everything, we did get the ball rolling again after the bitter miserable results of the Federal Elections.

Interestingly, as soon as it became obvious that our propaganda was going back onto the streets again, the Police did their first "Search Warrant" search of the HQ in Gosnells. It was a pretty harmless affair then, but it did happen, and there was no "legalistic" reason why it should have happened at all. It was obviously the first lot of what was to become increasing Police harassment because of our political stand. This was destined to become increasingly vindictive and vicious. In due course certain policemen would torture our members and worse still, go out of their way to brutalize our women and children, actually arresting and jailing an innocent mother of young children in a deliberate unwarranted act of sheer vindictiveness.

So the summer wore on. The scorching summer days gave way to vivid sunsets of crimson glory, to be followed by scenes of summer night splendour as the summer stars fairly blazed in the clear night sky, and all around was the balmy warmth of the evening. I have always liked the summer and always will.

Regardless of the bad experience of the year before and the record summer heat of February, by March it was apparent we were back on the road again. Because of this we were offered money to run Wally in the Wanneroo local election. The actual amount of money offered was far in excess of what would actually be required. We would be financially better off, we would get a fair bit of propaganda out, and it would prove to be a useful exercise in running a limited election campaign.

We achieved all our long term political aims in that Election. If Wally had actually won it would have been a great bonus, but that was near impossible. However, he did poll 23%, which was the highest score any Nationalist candidate had ever polled for a long time. That was no mean feat. The other important thing we did was learn how to make large posters using Alec's photocopying machine. This poster making ability was to prove vital in the campaign ahead.

It was also during this time we decided to sort out the problems with Jim Saleam one way or the other. If he proved to be impossible we would go our own way. This is basically what happened. I will not go into the how and why details. I will simply say that there were very good reasons for going our own way. There are many people involved to varying degrees on the Nationalist scene. Some are known and some must remain unknown, therefore, at this point in time the complete story cannot be truthfully told. Without truth there is no justice.

FOUNDING OF
AUSTRALIAN NATIONALIST MOVEMENT

it was that on 20 April I985 (2738 AUC) the time come to found a totally National Socialist party in Australia with the ability to reach and stir the masses on the streets and educate the small percentage of the elite who could think. On that day 5 men, Alec, Wally, Dave, John and I, gathered together in a house in North Perth and founded the Australian Nationalists Movement, the ANM. The philosophy of the party is the truth and nothing else.

The truth is the truth, regardless of fashionable lies. THE PARTY MUST BE BASED ON THE TRUTH AND NOTHING ELSE! ANY LIE IS A WEAKNESS! No matter how fashionable lies happen to be, but they will ultimately be exposed, for fashions come and go BUT TRUTH IS ETERNAL. In the chaos and confusion of a dark twisted world the truth will shine through like the torchlight in the night. People who grape around in the darkness will eventually harken ‘toward the light if it remains steady, unflinching, true and inspiring, for it is the utter opposite of all the dark age fashions. The fashions try to accommodate the lies and weaknesses of the present, while the eternal truth stands aloof, defiant and supreme. . . . and lifts Man toward the godlike, while the fashions weaken or merely maintain what is already weak.

For Australia, the Aryan Race, and the Earth we live in there is only one-way ahead — THE UNCOMPROMISING PATH OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM. ONLY THE PARTY THAT TOTALLY EMBODIES NATIONAL SOCIALISM IN ITS VERY SOUL, AND EVERY ACTION BEFORE THE PUBLIC WILL EVENTUALLY GAIN PUBLIC SUPPORT FOR THAT ONE UNCOMPROMISING PATH. THUS WE WILL NEGOTIATE WITH NO OTHER POLITICAL PARTY OR LOBBY GROUP. WE WILL WATER DOWN NOTHING. EVERYONE ELSE WILL JOIN US AND ADD TO OUR STRENGTH IN OUR DIRECTION.

In a world of weakness the strong stand tall. The masses are uniquely feminine in testing for strength and determination and only rewarding the strong with success. Ultimately the word "impossible" is the excuse of the coward. Throughout history somebody somewhere must always fanatically strive to achieve the impossible. for this is the only real path to true progress. ALL GREAT INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, JOURNEYS OF EXPLORATION. ADVANCES IN PHILOSOPHY AND THOUGHT; WERE AT ONE TIME CONSIDERED TO BE IMPOSSIBLE.

Only strong leadership can rule strong nations and lead them to glory, thus right from the start the ANM leadership was made impervious to internal subversion. At every level of command the unit leader has the final word; this applies nationally, at the state branch level, and other levels, and special units as well. There is nothing democratic about the command structure of the Australian Nationalists Movement. We did not register any association constitution with the Associations Registry. We exist in our own right, following our own act course, Without the need for the rubber stamp of approval from our enemies. There is another very good reason for not having a "democratic" and legally binding registered constitution. We

National Socialists had already learned from bitter experience that the Zionists and Freemasons plant long term "moles" into any organization that could become a potential threat to them. These people worm their way up to the committee or board that decides by voting the direction the party will take. They depend on democratic rights in a legally registered constitution, which can be enforced by the courts and Police — the very enemies of Nationalists. Once they have gained a majority on the ruling committee or board they change the direction of the party into a useless one or simply destroy the organization from the top. Obviously if there are no democratic rights in any legally registered constitution, such subversion is impossible.

Symbols are very important. Certain symbols and attitudes strike a deep-seated chord in the soul of a nation, or a certain element among a population. In our case we deliberately aim for the sense of rebellion in the youth, which is largely fired by their revulsion at the bare faced injustice of the system. The youth are not as well encultered in the existing corrupted values of the present plastic society. The youth do seek justice and truth far more earnestly than their parents, who have tended to surrender their sense of morality to a combination of fear and and greed to hang onto what creature comforts they have managed to acquire within the existing system. However, even the parents of the youth and the rest of society do have real concerns. Our slogans would deal with those concerns, but they would be presented with symbols and in a manner to fire up the youth.

Right from the start we made sure that every single piece of propaganda, whether it be stickers, posters, leaflets, booklets, books, etc, had the Celtic Cross and the name Australian Nationalists Movement or ANM clearly visible on them. The constant repetition would firmly establish in the public eye the Celtic Cross with the ANM name and a political idea; all standing totally alone, and defiantly aloof from the system's existing established political parties and lobby groups with their stagnant, worn out anti-Australian ideas and attitudes. We would firmly establish the Celtic Cross as the symbol of hope and promise for the dawning Aussie Nationalism stirring in the youth and other elements of Australian society. In due course the Celtic Cross would become generally known as the ANM symbol whenever or wherever it appeared. We even made it a policy of using it with painted up slogans. The symbol is very simple and easy to draw, anywhere. You can produce any number of them - the more the better. "Crude but effective" — 1 remembered that description of Viet Cong and North Vietnamese mines, booby traps and weapons in the Vietnam War. The "crude but effective" weapons went on to win, because they also never lost the will to triumph.

Our symbols and ultimate goals are radically different to any other political party. So are our methods, and so is our fanaticism. We are total revolutionaries. We are not out to save the old order that has done so much damage to the Australian People, we will destroy that old order, and upon its ruins we will build a new civilization. Our attitude to our struggle is the same as the Ancient Roman's attitude to war. He never surrendered. Even if his army was

destroyed he fought on alone until all his enemies surrendered to him. Through sheer Force of character the Romans civilized the greater part of the Aryan World. In like manner the National Socialist philosophy of the Australian Nationalists Movement will totally transform the Australian People. Regardless of how small and insignificant the ANM appeared to be then, in Australia, from that point onwards the age of total politics had begun. Because we had embarked on the uncompromising path of National Socialism, the old order was doomed. We will never give up the struggle; therefore the old order is doomed.

The first ANM leaflets and stickers went out in May 1985. Fred produced them, the skinheads stuck up most of the stickers while the other activists delivered the leaflets. We were steadily leafleting whole suburbs now. We had discovered that leaflets in mass, all at once, tended to have more effect than the same volume of leaflets distributed over a longer period of time. When delivered all at once the leaflets could sometimes become the talking point of the area. During May we also stickered up the universities in Perth with stickers aimed directly at students. About the only response we received from that was to be officially banned from the campus of the University of Western Australia. It would be quite a long time before we made any headway among university students. However, the direct response from the leaflets was not very good either. Part of the reason was that the leaflets were in general competition to the general amount of "junk mail“; the increasing amount of general advertising material clogging up the letterboxes. The other thing we found out later was that the best response was from leaflets in mass into an area recently well postered up.

In July 1985 we first published the ANM journal, "The Nationalist”. The first edition was not particularly inspiring, but it was a step up from the usual cheap and nasty" type magazine that too many aspiring Nationalist groups seemed to get bogged down into. Both the appearance and content were a definite improvement, and it did steadily improve in appearance, content and circulation. The first actual printing there was only a lousy 60 printed. . . . and we could not even get rid of all of them. It initially came out monthly, and then we cut it back down to bi-monthly Throughout 1985 Dave effectively edited the journal, while Alec and I printed it up on Alec's photocopier. Then in early 1986 Dave effectively edit the journal, while Alec and I printed it up on Alec’s photocopier. Then in early 1986 Dave simple left. After that I had to do the whole lot myself, as Alec‘s sense of the artistic was about as woeful as his spelling of the English language.

This was how and when I learned to type, But then again I seem to have learnt all my various trades and skills when confronted with a task that needs to be done. Until July 1986 we simply did not have a word processor, so to give the impression that we did, thus vastly improving the journal’s appearance, l counted and spaced out every single character I typed out. That took time, Crude but effective."

As well as the 'Nationalist journal, throughout 1985 and 1986 we were also publishing other books, booklets and pamphlets dealing with a lot of other areas of National Socialist

philosophy, history, economics, alternative technology, etc. This tended to divert too much of our meagre resources in money and time away from the all-important high profile campaign on the streets. Unfortunately the booklets outlining the more in-depth answers to the system‘s chaos just had to be done. The numerically small intellectual elite, who can think, do require properly reasoned answers and explanations. Not only that, but the booklets tended to pass around from person to person to be eventually read by whole groups of people. Thus do intellectual arguments spread around intellectual circles.

lt did not take long for the money we got from the Wanneroo local Elections to run out and so towards the end of 1985 we were broke again. To tide us over Dave, Alec, Wally, a few others and l donated to party funds virtually most of our living expenses over a few weeks. lt was unfair, it was drastic, but it worked. Early in 1986 we got paid to do another very interesting job on the political scene. It had an interesting effect on the political scene that would not be realized until early 1990. For now the details must remain secret. What was not secret was the fact that we received money from the exercise. The next lot of money we received was from the Wanneroo Local Elections in May 1986. Wally stood as a candidate again — and lost again. After that, the next lot of money was what l managed to pick up on my trip to the Eastern states in June. We picked up $1.500 that time and got the NSW branch of the ANM started.

However, that $1,500 did not last very long at all. When l returned to Perth we finally bought a word processor, then Alec and l fell out and parted company. So we had to suddenly get a reliable, solid, fast, high volume photocopier, which could also reduce and enlarge. It also had to be capable of printing a reasonably clear sharp finish. It was a daunting task for Wally and I running around Perth looking for something we simply could not afford and did not know all that much about. But somehow we did it. We got hold of a Nashua 4600 liquid toner photocopier. It proved to be the most reliable piece of equipment we had ever bought up until the time of the mass arrests. The only initial problem we had was when the machine somehow put holes in one drum then scratched another: — the first two drums at a time when we were utterly broke and those blasted drums cost $600 each. However, the people who sold us the machine replaced the first drum free and went halves on the cost of the second one. In fact, all along we had very good relations with the people in this firm, they always did the right t.. g by us and helped us a lot. From July I986 until September 1987 "tat Nashua 4600 was vital. It was the only machine we had to print up an increasing amount of propaganda of all sorts.

And the word cost brings me onto the next point.

We only started out with $1,500; however the cost of the word processor and the photocopier did not leave much change out of $3,000. Now you do not need to be a wizard in mathematics to realize that this presented some rude economic problems. Well, I made up the shortfall mostly. I did it with my dole money over the next few months. That winter of I986, proved to be the bleakest most poverty stricken time of the campaign on the streets. I hocked

my mandolin and most of my coin collection and somehow lived off little more than bread and Water. . . and it worked. We now had the means of producing a lot of propaganda. In due course we would produce vast amounts of propaganda with this equipment that had cost us so dearly. This propaganda and the way it was plastered up on the streets would in due course radically change the face of politics in Perth.

Somehow we always managed to achieve impossible goals. Time and again we simply did not have enough money to do what needed to be done, but somehow we always did it, regardless. Each phase of the campaign would be more hard hitting and effective than the last. Pure logic based on material values considered this to be impossible. As a result our enemies underestimated us. Time after time they thought that our ending of a particular poster campaign was a result of us exhausting ourselves from the extra effort. Then, just when they thought we had finally been beaten we hit them again, harder and more effective than before. As we began to gain inside information on the enemy we deliberately started our new campaigns in a manner and at a time to cause him the most demoralization. It stretched our resources to the limit; I lost count of the number of times we were in debt. Time after time our activists postered up all night then went off to do their normal full day's work during the day. It hurt, it was painful, it could be disheartening, it always kept us personally broke; but in due course we gained control of the streets. The streets became our media, and via our newly won media we would broadcast our message to the masses.

Back to the winter of 1986.

Throughout the latter part of 1985 and early 1986 we made up the artwork for about 30 different posters. Relatively few were actually printed and postered up. The method we used to stick them up was primitive, not only that, but we were sticking them up in broad daylight. We used a paintbrush and a food container full of glue, which was wallpaper glue. We thought we were doing okay if we managed to get a lousy 50 posters up at a time. When we first started printing we only printed one size poster, A3 size. The problem of this was that it was too big to plaster up in a hell of a lot of ideal places. So we started to make up posters in different sizes, A4 and A5. We also made some in double A3 size. We also worked out what sort of slogans on what size posters could be seen from moving cars and what was better off a a readable poster on the inside of bus stands or the inside of rubbish bins.

NEW POSTERING TACTICS

In the winter of 1986 John and Wayne van Blitterswyk teamed up with us. Wayne changed the method of putting up posters. We began to use rollers and carry the glue in rectangular buckets hidden in shoulder bags. We made special carry bags for the posters ready to go in their various sizes in the various sections of the bag. With this equipment even a 2-man

team could plaster up 250 posters in a few hours, when we used Bondcrete for glue later on. Wallpaper glue did not go as far. One night Wayne and his mate Pete did a poster-up on a motorbike putting A3 size posters onto the grey traffic light control boxes. They managed to get 85 posters up on control boxes on quite a lot of roads. That was a first. Traffic light control boxes are very high profile places for posters; a lot of people in cars see them. That was the first real attempt to get a lot of people to see our posters at once. The second attempt was the first “bus job".

This operation did not really go off as well as we hoped for. There were two main reasons. The advertising billboards on the backs of the buses were dusty, as such the glue did not stick too well and many of the posters peeled off after only an hour or so of driving. The second reason was this. There were too many different poster slogans. No one single slogan among them had all that much impact. As we found out later, to have a telling impact you have to endlessly hammer home the one simple slogan until it is well and truly known. However, despite this it was a qualified success. A lot of people did see the posters and the media reacted as well. The Police carried out a half-hearted investigation as well, and security in the Kelmscott MTT bus depot was tightened up for a while, meanwhile there were lots of buses driving around Perth with ANM posters on their billboards. By mid-afternoon on that first day the Metropolitan Transport Trust had managed to remove most of the posters.

Five of us carried out the operation. We did one final drive past to check out of the bus depot to make sure everything was normal, and then we parked the car a long way away from the target. This way we avoided vehicle detection. To avoid being detected ourselves as we walked in. we split up, each man carrying a share of the equipment. We gathered together as a group again at a rendezvous point just outside the cyclone wire fence of the bus depot. From there we dug under the fence and crawled inside the compound. There were still people working there, one of whom was walking among the lines of parked buses. We had to wait till he went back inside the building, and then we went to work. We split up into our two teams and plastered up the bus billboards of most of the parked buses. There was one line of buses lined up in the light on their own. in a position far too exposed to get to without risking the whole operation. So we had to leave that line of buses. One unforeseen hindrance was that the two teams lost contact with each other. So we had to wander around plastering up every bus until we picked up the other team's own trail of posted up buses. They had to do the same with us. By the time we made contact again we had pretty well done all the buses we were able to get to. We finished up the unposted buses and gathered together again at the hole under the cyclone wire fence. There we checked all our equipment to make sure we had left nothing behind, and then we crawled outside the compound and filled the hole in partly. We split up again, and then walked back to the car, from where we gathered together again then left in the car, undetected. All in all, it was not a bad first operation. In future operations we had to make sure the teams did not lose contact with each other.

It was during the latter part of 1986 we began getting confirmation that our posters were getting seen more and more. At that point in time we were sticking our posters pretty well anywhere, however, we had already decided not to stick them on the red mail posting boxes. The other places we decided not to stick them anymore was onto the Red Shield and Good Samaritan Industries clothes collection bins. They were very good high profile targets seen by a hell of a lot of people; however the public relations consideration said it was unwise, so we stopped plastering up those. It was also strictly forbidden to interfere with the front of public road signs and safety signs. Later on an interesting unwritten agreement developed with Telecom. At first we plastered posters up onto the glass and the aluminium backs of Telecom public phone booths, Telecom complained about the glass and the aluminium of the phone booths being postered up. They complained more about the glass than the aluminium backs. So we left the glass alone and plastered up the aluminium backs only. Telecom never complained again. Another rule we strictly adhered to was never postering up private businesses, unless they were Asian owned — then they were fair game, just like government offices and utilities. as well as multinational corporations and large chain stores etc. Everything was done for maximum effect, public relations as well as visible high profile volume of propaganda.

Roughly 5,000 posters of varying sizes were printed and posted up in the latter part of 1986. There were a lot more stickers and leaflets put out as well during this time. but it would be the posters that would have the most telling effect. l knew that from seeing the effects of posters in Paris and Melbourne in i983 1984. Mark Ferguson, who was with us at the time, pointed out that to kick off the 1987 campaign in a telling manner we would have to stick to the one poster and literally plaster up thousands upon thousands everywhere where they would be seen by the maximum number of people. From the summer of l987 we would do just that. We would also put a phone number as well as an address on them.

In October 1986 another incident occurred that was to also, have a profound influence on the nature of the political campaign on the streets. John and Wayne donated well over $600 from a roofing job they were doing. It was enough to get a fair sized advertisement into the majority of the local newspapers that were delivered to every house in Perth. The areas covered by the local newspapers we placed the advertisement in were the areas that had already had some sort of ANM propaganda delivered into them.

I personally dealt with the advertising manager for the entire local newspaper network; the advertisement was approved and paid for in cash, and a receipt was given. Sometime after 8pm that night that same advertising manager rang me up to tell me that his boss, the owner of that local newspaper network, had just contacted him and ordered him to remove our advertisement, refund the money, and never have any ANM advertisement in that newspaper network again. The normal purely legal access to the media was thus denied. We had been refused advertisements by the media before, but this time we had a receipt along with a copy

of the actual advertisement that had been refused. The advertisement we actually placed was simply the standard letterbox leaflet.

Time and again we would get this pathetic dribble from so many well-meaning but ill-informed people: “I agree with you, but why do you have to do things illegally? Why can’t you simply advertise in the media the normal way? Oh, you are going about it the wrong way.”

Now we could show those people that there was no "legal" way through normal channels. There simply was no "right" or “’wrong" way; we would do what works.

By the end of 1986 we now had the means of producing enough posters to flood the city of Perth like it had never been done before. We also knew what size posters to use and what technique to employ. Right from the first street campaigns of l984 an accurate record was kept of all propaganda produced. Every publication, whether it be book, booklet, pamphlet, leaflet, sticker or poster had a catalogue number and the amount of each produced was recorded. From the Feedback from people who made contact with us, we could work out what particular line of propaganda, employed in which particular method, was the most effective. We could also tell what appealed to what sort of people. Also produced in late 1986 was a large quantity of the American publication, the book "The Turner Diaries". In due course this book was distributed, one way or the other, to nearly every radical Nationalist activist throughout Australia. Once again, the effect of this book would be quite profound. It encouraged a far more radical approach to Nationalist politics. The radical approach to Nationalist politics was vital.

And so l986 came to an end. In the eyes of the general public not all that much had happened. However, within our small group of dedicated National Socialists a hell of a lot had been achieved. We had tested and experimented and acquired what we needed for the next big stage. It was the quiet stirring before the storm. The next year would be the "Year of Propaganda" when the ANM would suddenly burst onto the political scene.

There is a magnificent area of bush land in the hills surrounding Perth. On a number of occasions l had wandered around that unspoiled bush land, philosophizing in depth with a very intelligent chap called Brian. He was a very intelligent, well- educated, artistic chap with an insight into the realm of the psychic and esoteric. We had many enjoyable in-depth discussions on philosophy, history, art, and the realm of the esoteric, sitting around the fireside and listening to his excellent collection of music. I learned a fair bit from him. However, he lacked one vital quality – GUTS! It was his undoing.

1987 – STAGE 1

So in the last few days of 1986 Peter Coleman and my brother, Tony, came over from the East. Brian and Wayne made up a Celtic Cross banner and together a small group of us went off into the bush on the last day of I986. In the crisp clear air of the hilltop overlooking the

unspoiled beauty of the Australian bush we waited in the growing light for the sunrise of the dawn of the first day of l987CE 2753AUC. In the campaign to power, the realm of the esoteric and symbolism have a great influence. We started this important year correctly. As the brilliant fiery golden white orb of the sun began to peep over the crimson horizon in the east we unfurled the Celtic Cross banner for the first time and gave the Roman Salute. THE YEAR OF PROPAGANDA HAD BEGUN! THIS YEAR THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONALISTS MOVEMENT WOULD BURST ONTO THE POLITICAL SCENE!

From the hilltop we could see and sense the Australian bush stirring into life as the shadows of black and grey trans- formed into green trees and stark red soil. We could hear the kookaburras, magpies, and parrots laughing, calling and screeching in the dawning light. The first flickers of weak golden light beamed out over the bush and stabbed through the trees and scrub of the unspoiled Australian bush we knew and loved so well. Here, where the Natural Order held sway, was our land that we would fight so hard for. A lot was stirring and a lot was dawning.

Back to the practical side of things — the "nuts and bolts" of it all. I told Peter Coleman and Tony the overall plan ahead for 1987. We also printed up thousands of stickers for Peter Coleman to take back to Sydney with him. These stickers had to be cut by hand, a very long and boring job. While we were cutting them Peter and Tony had a long argument; well a discussion actually, but a discussion, the way that Nationalists often conduct them, frankly and honestly, with all garbage stripped away. Peter argued that in all forms of struggle hatred and aggression are quite legitimate. Tony questioned that, the way he questions just about everything. The next day Tony decided that Peter was correct. The argument formed the basis of an important article in the "Nationalist" called "Love and Hate". Later on in the year a quote from that article would become very famous.

It was to be the same slogan on all posters of all sizes, and we would rigidly hammer that for 3 months. Because it would actually be the first slogan most people would notice in a big way, it had to hit the right spot straight away, and in a very simple manner. The slogan was: "700,000 UNEMPLOYED 700,000 ASIANS, WHY MORE?" Mark Ferguson made the poster-up, and in due course, that poster landed him in jail. That's how it goes in radical politics.

The big effort was now directed into posters; stickers were secondary, while we stopped putting leaflets out altogether. John van Blitterswyk made up an area map of Perth metropolitan area. The main arterial roads in and out of the city and elsewhere were now the main targets. Major shopping centres and other places where people gathered were secondary targets. Each poster-up operation was marked down on the map. Each poster-up operation was planned for maximum effect on passengers on those major roads. We knew that a message flashed past your eyes l3 times would sink in, even though you did not consciously read it. The various sections of major roads were targeted to achieve just this. John organized this. He rose to the occasion like few people l know. He planned and executed the whole campaign from the

practical realist, "nuts and bolts" point of view. On the big campaign map in his house in Dianella, the major roads were steadily "filled in," as the various poster-up teams plastered up thousands and thousands of posters on the backs of traffic signs, control boxes, phone booths and anywhere else those posters would be seen.

I can honestly say that it was having John as my right hand man that put the ANM on the map in 1987. As well as planning the operations he also went out plastering up as well. The teams would plaster up till late at night, then most of them would have to go off to do their normal day's work next day. ln John's case he would have to start very early in the morning and do a full day‘s very hard work as a carpenter. He was indeed a strong man in every sense of the word. A selfless idealist with a practical grasp of reality, an Aussie Patriot through and through in the tradition of the pioneers, open and honest with that rare touch of genuine humanity. I was often teamed up with John while plastering up. He was practical and thorough every step of the way. This thoroughness became instilled in the plaster up teams; wherever they had been you simply could not walk or drive through that area without seeing the ANM slogan: "700.000 UNEMPLOYED 700.000 ASIANS, WHY MORE?" At the end of each night's plastering up he would carefully count the various teams remaining posters, thus accurately recording how many actually went into each target area. It was all information that could prove useful. It was also John who effectively organized the Skinheads into an effective propaganda force. In 1987 the effect of the Skinheads in Perth, would be dramatic.

In February 1987 Jim King and Simon Peace, two Skinheads, made contact with us because of the increasing number of posters they noticed going up around Perth. They told us they also wanted to be part of the action, and so did a few of their mates. Jim King invited me around to their house to see him and a few of his mates; as it turned out about 30 of them. Now that was a very welcome pleasant surprise. In all those years of spreading the National Socialist message, it was always only one or a few at a time that l was able to win over. True, Jim King had been one of the Skinheads sticking up stickers during the 1984 Federal Election, but now they were all collected together as a unit, not only that, but they had the Eureka Flag proudly displayed on the wall and fully understood its significance as the true Australian Flag. This was something that l learned very early that night. I also learned a lot more about Skinheads, and they learned a lot about Aussie National Socialism. Not all of them were Skinheads, but most were. As l was speaking to them in that old, run down house in East Perth l could feel and sense that we had made a significant breakthrough. It was the first positive result of the poster campaign; the first reward for a lot of hard work on the streets. . . And yes, most of them were quite willing and able to go sticking up posters. At one dramatic stroke our ability to put out propaganda was vastly increased.

Once again it was John who effectively organized them into plastering up teams, explained the basics of what had to be done, and assigned the teams their target areas. Right from the first plastering up night with them, he was able to simply explain the overall long term

aim of the poster campaign. The Skinheads took to him and followed him far better than they followed me. John had that quality. I remember the first briefing before the first operation. He had shown them on the map the progress of the campaign so far, then he said to everybody gathered there; "The whole purpose of this poster campaign is so that eventually nobody can travel anywhere around Perth without seeing ANM posters."

In due course we did achieve just that, and laughed in the faces of all those timid souls who adamantly stated that unless you had millions of dollars you would never even get to be known. But then again, timid souls never change anything; that is the task of the strong and the daring, the rebel.

Well that first night with the Skinhead teams we managed to plaster up the largest number of posters and stickers ever done before. I also know that we had long since exceeded the rate at which posters had gone up in Melbourne in 1983 — l984. We were now breaking new ground in the public eye. This was good news. All we had to do was maintain the momentum.

And how they plastered! They fair ripped into it with a passion. The West Perth area had been virtually untouched until then. When the dawn broke it was plastered; you could not drive along the roads or walk the streets without seeing ANM posters. There they were — on street signs, parking signs, bus stands, control boxes, phone booths, steel poles, you name it. Parts of Subiaco had been plastered up; part of East Perth had been plastered up, along with many of the major roads. We had achieved something we had never achieved before and we knew it. That winning feeling fired all of us up. Two nights later we hooked in again. This time we sent some teams south of the Swan River, along with teams north of the river. To the general public it appeared as something new, and to our activists it was something new, we were making obvious visible progress. The morale was good and it pushed us on, gaining more and more on an enemy that did not know how to react to something they had never encountered before.

Well bullies are not very smart; they are simply bullies who have always had their own way. The system‘s reaction was very slow and sluggish; it was also ridiculously conventional and ineffective. They tried to bully us. An official from the Perth City Council came around to the Headquarters complaining about "the explosion of posters in the Perth City area." When it became obvious that l had no intention whatsoever of stopping the posters being plastered up, he basically threatened to fine me because l was the person responsible for the posters being produced and plastered up in the first place. This all reminded us of the earlier attempt by the South Perth City Council to fine me back in l985.

The first thing we did was plaster up parts of Perth City that the council officials could not but fail to see. They also knew that this was our defiant answer to their threat. But just to rub it home further, Mark Ferguson and I visited the head office of the Perth City Council and demanded to see the official who had threatened to fine me. When he came out Mark

Ferguson then told him in a voice loud enough for the rest of the office workers to hear, that he was the one who stuck all the posters up. Well that stunned him for a while, then in an effort to regain a certain amount of his wounded prestige he took out his note book and bombastically replied; "Right, that's where it all ends: what's your name and address?"

"Mark Joseph Ferguson, I3 Astinal Drive, Gosnells", Mark arrogantly replied. "And I fully intend to carry on putting up posters, regardless of what traitors like you try to do." He shouted out in a voice that could be heard all around the office.

By this point in time the commotion in the front of the office had become the center of attention. The council official's bluff and bluster was obviously having no effect, he had never encountered this situation before, and his prestige was suffering. To further rub salt into the wound, as we were leaving the office Mark shouted out to the council official and the office workers, "Right, $25 fine per poster, well I am going out to stick up another 3,000 posters. Let's see now that's gonna be a $75.000 fine. You beauty!"

Then we stormed out the door, leaving a dazed and angry council official holding his silly useless notebook, while pondering what his next move would be.

If he had been smart, he would have let the matter rest there and gone no further. But he was not smart. He was an angry bully who had just had his pride sorely wounded. He wrote out l0 Litter Infringement fines, addressed to Mark Ferguson. Mark sent them back to him, unpaid of course. He added this note to them: "Find enclosed your Litter Infringement notices. You will notice they are unpaid. Seeing how I don't intend to pay one red cent of any fine, could you please reserve a cell with a view." (Signed) Mark Ferguson. In due course, Mark did end up in a jail cell, unfortunately, not one with a view. Needless to say, not one red cent of all those fines for the posters was paid. In fact it turned out to be a very costly exercise for the system. Many months later Mark was on TV tearing up the fines outside the court that had just imposed the fines. We gained a lot of very good publicity out of that. Of course jail is no fun, but people who are fired up by an ideal are prepared to suffer for their ideal. Those who simply work for creature comforts can never understand that. Their entire tiny little world revolves around the reward and punishment scenario devised by their taskmasters.

In another incident much later, the Victoria Park Council told us to remove 6 posters from a certain car park within 48 hours—"Or else!" A council official would be checking that car park after 48 hours to make sure that all the posters were removed. Well, we sent a team into that car park before the 48 hour deadline expired, however, they did not remove any of the 6 posters already there, instead, they plastered up that car park like it had never been plastered up before. They stuck posters onto just about every conceivable surface they could stick them onto. I do not know what was the reaction of the council ranger or inspector who checked that car park after 48 hours, however this l do know ~ the new posters stayed up a long, long time, and the Victoria Park Council never complained about our posters to us again. They just shut up.

In the early stage of the poster campaign the Police seemed to be quite sympathetic, although we wondered just how long this would last. I remembered Alec‘s warning that the Police are the Zionists’ main weapon against Nationalists on the street. He pointed out how the various Police Forces are heavily infiltrated by Freemasons, and if the Police were ever given the order to crush Nationalists, they would try to carry out that order, without any conscience trouble whatsoever. The action of the Police in July and August l989 would prove him to be correct again. John had already seen the very bad side of the Police, so had a number of other people, and they were very careful with them. They tried to keep a safe distance away from them, the same way you keep your distance from a potentially savage beast of unpredictable temper. They also were correct. As for myself, I was always prepared to give them the benefit of the doubt; once again l lived to bitterly regret that after July and August 1989 when the Police moved against the ANM with all the savagery worthy of the Soviet KGB.

However, in the summer of 1987 the Police pretty well left us alone. In some cases they actually encouraged our plastering up teams in action, even the Skinhead teams — and Skinheads and Police rarely get on well together. Many Police vehicle patrols must have seen our teams in action, but let us carry on. This was a very positive factor and we exploited it to the fullest. Our teams plastered up on foot then, and as such it was hard for them to hide. Our pattern of operation became well known to any keen observer". We knew this, however, while our teams walked we could plaster up vast amounts of posters in the shortest possible time. The more of the Perth metropolitan area we could cover the easy way the better, particularly as there was almost no reaction from the enemy. The odd few posters torn down while the glue was still wet had no effect on the overall campaign. The first kind of organized reaction took many months and even that was spotty and limited to certain areas only. The enemy seemed to be hoping like mad that we would run out of steam. So far every other Nationalist group had ended up doing just that. If they were thinking that, then all well and good, for while they were inactive we plastered-up like mad.

There was another thing we did very early in the campaign. John used a pair of scales to carefully weigh the amount of wallpaper glue and thoroughly mixed it into the water. By using this method he was able to add extra glue to the mixture, thus making the glue that much stronger and that much harder to tear the poster off, even if a corner of the poster was exposed. John was thorough. We would not use Bondcrete until the second stage of the poster campaign. We would let the enemy try and cope with wallpaper glue only, till they got used to handling that . . . then we would hit them with something far better and far stronger, and unexpected.

So the long hot summer of 1987 wore on. The warm dry nights were excellent weather for plastering up posters. The Police left us alone, there was virtually no other opposition, the weather was good and morale was high. The primary targets were steadily plastered up, one highway or major road after another was postered. Many of the secondary targets were then

plastered up, the shopping centres and where large numbers of people gather. Larger and larger numbers of people were seeing the slogan, and seeing it all over the place. While the opportunity presented itself we worked like mad. Jim King and Simon Peace, two of the leading Skinheads, started to organize a number of Skinhead teams; they permanently had their own buckets, rollers and poster bags, while John supplied them the posters and assigned them the target areas.

It was a case of "go for broke". All effort, time and money was pushed into developing and maintaining the momentum of that first stage of the campaign. We would hit the political scene with a sudden dramatic impact that would make an impression on the public, particularly the rebellious element of society. We discovered that IN ANY ENDEAVOUR, THE FIRST TIME ROUND YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH A HELL OF A LOT. BECAUSE WHAT YOU DO IS ALWAYS NEW. UNEXPECTED, AND INITIALLY THE ENEMY DO NOT KNOW HOW TO COUNTER YOUR ACTIONS. IN THIS WAY A VERY SMALL FORCE CAN TAKE AND MAINTAIN THE INITIATIVE AGAINST A VASTLY LARGER ENEMY. WHILE IT CANNOT CATCH IT, A LARGE BEAST WILL BACK AWAY PROM A TINY BEE WITH ONLY ONE STING.

There was another aspect of the poster campaign that was most important to the future course of the struggle to gain power. That is this. The big criminals, the Zionist run banks, multi- nationals, etc, make the laws, via their corrupt parliamentarians, to ensure that their wholesale stealing and evil designs are not interfered with by Aussie Patriots who want a fair deal for Aussies. The big fear of jail and the enemy‘s label for them of "lawbreaker", Frightened Aussie Patriots into effectively doing nothing that would really hurt the system. Not only that, but also the corrupt Police and courts simply break their own laws whenever they feel like it or need to. You cannot out manoeuvre an enemy who can do what he likes, while you restrict yourself to a set of rules made by your enemy. He then knows what you can do, or are most likely to do, or be incapable of doing, while he retains the initiative and can counter every move you make. TO BEAT THE SYSTEM YOU MUST BREAK THE LAW; THE ENEMY‘S RULES MUST BE CAST ASIDE IN ORDER FOR AUSSIE NATIONAL SOCIALISTS TO BE ABLE TO DO WHAT IS MORALLY AND ETHICALLY CORRECT. THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A LEGAL REVOLUTION.

And there is another very important issue that all thinking Australians must understand. When the Legal System is oppressive and corrupt, as it is in Australia today, there is a vast difference between "Lawbreaker" and "Criminal". A CRIMINAL IS SOMEONE WHO INTERFERES IN THE LIVES OF OTHERS FOR PURE PERSONAL GAIN. WHEN THE LAW ITSELF IS BAD YOU CAN BE LAW-ABIDING YET BE A CRIMINAL. YOU CAN BE A LAWBREAKER YET BE A PATRIOT.

Right from the start, the success of the poster campaign depended upon breaking the Law. At all stages of the campaign, we did what was necessary, regardless of what the Law said. Our actions were, and always are, guided by AUSTRALIAN MORAL LORE, what is right for the Australian People.

It was sometime in March when we started to get the first positive proof that the first stage of the poster campaign was getting through to the man and woman on the street. When asked if they knew about the ANM people often replied, "700,000 Unemployed, 700,000 Asians. Why more?"

Obviously the slogan was getting through. We were capturing the attention of the masses. That was the general purpose of the first stage of the campaign. The next stage was to provoke a reaction. Just on volume of posters plastered up we had, by this stage, already well and truly achieved our original objectives for the first stage of the campaign. In order to take maximum advantage of the dry summer weather we intended to continue the campaign until the first week of April. This is exactly what we did. We were now plastering up further and further away from the center of the metropolitan area. We were right out in the suburbs now, however. in the first stage we never actually reached the outer edges of the metropolitan area. That came in later stages.

1987 – STAGE 2

Then in the first week of April we finished up. If the enemy had been observant, they would have noticed that the poster campaign did not dwindle down to nothing, then simply conk out due to lack of resources and lack of response. The media had not reacted to the campaign; we expected this. They should have noticed that everything stopped dead on command. They did not. The enemy seemed to think we had finally run out of steam. They breathed a sigh of relief, and then some of the councils started to remove some of the posters. They were in no great hurry.

And while they wasted their time we took a well-earned rest and prepared for the next stage of the campaign. On the practical side of things our money had run out - AGAIN! Every single poster of the first stage of the campaign had been printed up on the Nashua 4600. That was too expensive. Not only that, but the next stage we had to put up I l/2 times as many posters as in the last stag, and they had to be put up in less time. The first stage took 3 months. The next stage posters ‘slogan had to be more provocative still.

Well booze or no booze, Fred solved the problem of printing the required number of posters, and for only a fraction of the normal cost. He would print up the A3. A4. and A5 size posters; the large double A3 size posters would be printed up on the Nashua 4600 photocopier and assembled by hand » a slow process, but it could be done. Okay, so what was going to be the provocative slogan? When and how would we start? These and many other problems we sorted out in the best possible place under the best possible conditions. We retired to "Radical Ranch" at Bindoon.

Radical Ranch was not called that back in I987. It is the home of John van Blitterswyk and his wife Judi Lyons and their two children. It is roughly 40 hectares of virgin bush. At this point in time there was nothing more than a rather large roof shelter. Over the years it was steadily built up to a half finished house. In an unwarranted deliberate act of bloody-minded vindictiveness the Police set out to steal that property when we were arrested.

However, during the years of street campaigns before the mass arrests, Radical Ranch was a welcome retreat in the quiet solitude of the Australian Bush. The eucalypts grew free, the cycles of the seasons came and went, in the clear air of the night the stars fairly blazed in their sparkling glory, the eagles soared high in majesty and splendour, kangaroos thumped through the blackboys, and the kookaburras called in the morning. All in all it was an ideal spot; the Eternal Order reigned supreme, free and unfettered. The whole karma of the bush is positive and flowing from this positive karma comes positive ideas. Upon these positive ideas we based our plans for each stage of the campaign.

Wally came up with the next slogan, or to be more exact, the next two slogans. He was one of a number of us sitting around the campfire on a clear dry night in April. The night was already chilly, the children were already asleep on the makeshift mattress bed under the roof shelter, and the campfire was warm and reassuring, it‘s flickering light and shadows playing upon the nearby eucalypts and scrub. Now Wally had thought up a lot of slogans, sayings, ideas and inventions, some of which were also used by us; but he was seldom very forceful in suggesting these ideas. So we took a lot of notice when he looked up from the campfire and forcefully stated. "Asians Out or Racial War"..."That slogan will provoke a reaction." Indeed it did, but only after a lot of hard campaigning in the cold and rain, and after some of the Skinheads were arrested and fined for postering.

This next stage we decided to employ a readable poster for the smallest A5 size. Its theme was to do with the betrayal of the Anzac ideals by the system. This was partly because we also decided to begin the campaign the night before Anzac Day, in the centre of the city itself, following the route of the Anzac Day march.

We made up the artwork for the posters and gave it to Fred. He produced the posters on time - the biggest pile we had ever seen so far—then he went back on the booze, although somewhere in among his boozing he also produced another batch of stickers. Fred was simply becoming more and more unreliable, it was a worry.

Another worry was how we were going to poster-up in wet weather. We did not know how long it would take for the posters to dry in the rain. Also there is a natural dislike of doing any sort of work in wet weather. It would limit the number of times to poster-up. The other problem, which would be encountered in this next stage of the campaign, would be the distances involved in the much larger target areas. This stage would begin to take us to the edge of the metropolitan area. In these larger target areas walking was out, we had to drive, and that would present other problems. Now that the enemy had got used to us using normal

wallpaper glue, we would use bondcrete in this next stage of the campaign. This would come as a nasty shock to them. We always managed to cook up more surprises for them.

We thought out the solutions to these problems at Radical Ranch. It was indeed a place where prophets, predictors and rebels gathered. It is a fact that civilization cannot do without the prophets, the predictors and the rebels. We need them as we need the air we breathe; for they offer the only means by which individuals and nations can find their directions in a changing world. Bear in mind that the measure of any given moment in history is the ideals of its great men, its philosophers, its prophets, its poets, its scientists, and its explorers — in a word, those who create, as cosmic energy creates, new high points of excellences.

In mid-April we were paid for another interesting little job on the political scene. Now we had money again, but only enough to tide us over for the next few months. I would have to go to the East and pick up more money within that time. Meanwhile by 20 April W87 we were ready to roll for Stage 2 of the poster campaign. Over the next few days we carried out a thorough reconnaissance of the Anzac Day March route. The second stage of the poster campaign would start with an, unexpected, well executed, high public profile stunt.

THE CLEVER COMBATANT IMPOSES HIS WILL ON THE ENEMY, BUT DOES NOT ALLOW THE ENEMY‘S WILL TO BE IMPOSED ON HIM.“ SUN TZU

Such was the spirit of the second stage of the poster campaign.

Along came the afternoon of the 24 April; everything was ready, and then along came the rain. It poured down by the bucketful, faithfully following the spirit of Murphy's Law; "lf something can go wrong, it will go wrong; and it will go wrong at the worst possible time."

Oh hell! This was the first time we were going to use bondcrete. Because it was mixed with water we had to have ideal conditions, (like a dry night) to test it. How an unknown mixture of glue was going to function in the pouring rain we just did not know. However, regardless of the rain, and the fact that some of the plastering up team members dropped out because of the rain, we did find out that night. By the end of Anzac Day we had also found out that posters stuck on with bondcrete were extremely hard to remove and were likely to stay up for a long time.

Rain or no rain, we plastered up as per our plan. l will never forget that first poster we stuck up with bondcrete. John took out his roller and went "splat" onto the wall; the sloppy white bondcrete went all over the place. What a mess! Then when we slapped the poster onto the glued surface, it slowly slid down the wall onto the ground. This just did not look like a good start. We then picked up the poster, wiped some of the excess glue off the surface, and clapped it back. It stayed there.

In due course, while the rain pelted down, we mastered the art of plastering up posters with bondcrete. It also came as a pleasant surprise to discover that you only required half the volume of bondcrete glue than normal wallpaper glue to stick up the same number of posters; This vastly improved the efficiency of our plastering up teams. Even a two man team could

plaster up to 250 posters in a few hours, without needing to be resupplied. Another thing we discovered about bondcrete was that it dries a lot quicker than normal wallpaper glue, and once it dries those posters are extremely hard to get off, also, unlike wallpaper glue, posters‘ stuck on with bondcrete will not "weather off‘ within a year or so, they will stay there for good. That night before Anzac Day we plastered up all except two of the bus stands along the Anzac Day March route with the extra-large double A3 size posters, along with plastering up hundreds of smaller ones along the way as well. The only two bus stands we missed plastering up was one that we could not get to and another one had the poster torn off while it" was still wet. Despite the foul weather, we succeeded in starting off the Second Stage with a dramatic high public profile stunt.

It was a fitting beginning, for we pulled a few more stunts during this second stage. When the crowd gathered in the city that Anzac Day l987 they could not miss seeing the new ANM slogan: "Asians Out or Racial War!"

The Second Stage had begun! lt would continue until we had provoked a reaction, a reaction on our terms. This Second Stage would end with a blaze of media publicity in July and August, when the enemy tried to use the media to blow the issue out.

So away we went again. As we expected some of the plastering up people lost interest in the wet weather or the novelty of plastering up posters had worn off in the first stage. However, because we were now using bondcrete and started using rolling runs driving around in cars, the actual amount of posters plastered up by less people increased. The dedicated hard core activists carried the burden of the entire campaign.

And there hangs a tale — the background of John van Blitterswyk.

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The reason I am interrupting the story of Stage 2 is to give some background to the key man in the whole radical campaign, and more importantly, the sort of conditions that nurtured the all-important PASSION TO REBEL. That subtle fire deep within the souls of so few, but that which is so vital.

You see, Aussie Nationalism has been clubbed down time and again since l854, savagely and brutally, or in totally subtle evil manner. It has often been bashed into insensibility, generally by the Police, but each time on returning to consciousness it has taken up the fight anew — always against staggering odds. For this is the spirit of the Bushrangers, the Anzacs, the Aussie battlers and this spirit will always continue to linger in some form or other while the outback and Aussies still survive somewhere. The old Australia of the Pioneers is indeed dead; the Police finally killed it, but the AUSSIE SPIRIT OF REBELLION SUFFERS BUT DOES NOT DIE! IT

SULLENLY SMOULDERS IN GROWING ANGER, WAITING FOR THE MOMENT TO EXPLODE INTO: VIOLENT REVOLUTION!

Somewhere deep within, we Nationalists are fired up and driven on by the ideal, the essence, the very soul of the Australian Nation. What we bitterly struggle for with our whole being, against all odds, THAT is what the Aussie Nation does want; we are the fighting vanguard. We will physically destroy the enemy that stands in the way of Australian self-determination. Then we can establish the Australian State to embody the Australian Ethos.

From out of the Australian bush came the ability to fight, the ability to fight with the devil-may-care daring and single minded fanaticism born from hard struggle in the great lone land; of magnificent distances and bright heat; the land of reliance and never give in, and help your mate. Fighting means this in the pre-revolutionary stage of the campaign. We force the system to waste its credibility to simply survive a bit longer. Force the enemy to lie, force them to be brutal, force them to destroy Civil Liberties, force them to ruin the credibility of the media, force them to force the Australian People to hate them as well as the invaders, force them to openly support the invaders while suppressing Australians; force them totally on the defensive, regardless of their size. ALL REVOLUTIONARY ELITES START WITH ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BUT THE WILL TO WIN! Ultimately, we force them to even throw away their own will to win for nothing better than a bit of peace and creature comforts when they are simply sick of fighting and constantly looking over their shoulders. No city bred pen-pushing jerk in his “wigs and robes" or heavy fisted Police bully boy is any match for the Aussie Bushman when he sets his mind to it. John van Blitterswyk is one such Aussie Bushman.

And there is one more point to remember that is highly relevant to this long saga of Aussie Nationalism struggling to reassert itself. The minority of revolutionaries must act long before any majority verdict — otherwise there never will be a revolution. Majorities simply never act; they only complain, and then follow.

So I will now let John tell his own tale:

“I was born in Wyalkatchem on I8 May I951 (2704 AUC). The first two years of my life I lived there, then I moved to Benjaberring. I lived there till I was 17, when I started wandering off from time to time.

“So far everything seems to be pretty mundane: however, that is not the way it really was. Lucky for me, my father simply never totally swallowed Christianity and always had his doubts about established conventional versions of history. He had seen a fair bit of real history unfold, in particular in the Fall of the Dutch East Indies. He was always politically minded, sending many letters to the newspapers over the years. He always knew that the existing system was basically flawed and would one day fail. He often tried to warn the local farmers about the system, but with very little success for the simple reason that economic conditions said everything was going along fine. My mother was a 5th generation Australian farm girl, healthy and strong, with a basic faith in the existing system.

“It was my father's doubts about Christianity that led to my first chance to begin to rebel against the system in general. I was always a shy little boy, hiding behind my mother‘s skirts; however, when they tried to put me into the local Catholic school my inner personality started to assert itself with a strength that startled everyone around the area. In fact I became notorious for it. Once that nun opened the concertina doors so that the whole two classes could say the Rosary, I got a burning sensation that overtook my whole being. It just repulsed me. Everything within me yelled "NO!" It just struck me as ridiculous that grown people could be so docile and stupid and grovel and kneel and swallow all that jargon from a book. lt just seemed ridiculous that big strong men could come into a church and then meekly cop all this grovelling to a statue on the wall, and all of this from a man, the priest, who in reality was a beggar and a pervert, as I discovered some years later. When I was 7 and 8 years old I just constantly rebelled all the time I was subjected to Christianity in its various forms. However, when I returned home I was a shy little boy again. In the end my father realized that I was not being educated properly and took me out of the Catholic school. His own doubts about Christianity led to this action.

“There was another thing I remember well. All of us jacked up about being forced to sing ‘God save the Queen,’ and stand up when it was played in the picture theatre. We utterly hated, AND I MEAN HATED ALL THAT POMMY LOVING GARBAGE! We were Aussie kids, not Pommies, so we did not see why we should have to pay homage to this foreign monarch, especially after so many of our Aussie People had fought in Pommy wars for Pommy interests only. We deeply resented being treated as mere ‘colonials,’ especially in our family who were not of British descent. Our people came from the best of Europe, people who worked hard and built the Nation, not like the Pommies who came out and tried to lord it over the hard working Aussies. Not only that, but we had British history jammed down our throats as if Britain was the only country on Earth, and any country that was not British was the scum of the Earth. Hardly anything was taught to us about our own Nation of Australia. We were also told in the British orientated education system that the "English Lady" was the paragon of virtue with high moral standards, while Aussie girls were uncouth, uneducated rough women of easy virtue. As we later found out as young men the opposite was the case. It seemed us if the whole system was pro-British and anti-Australian. We had a gutful of it, and we hated it. In a word, authority was British, while rebellion was Australian, so we kids rebelled. I guess you could say I liked being an Aussie, and even way back then I refused to be anything else.

“Because of this, I was not poisoned by the weakness of Jewish mind manipulation. As it turned out many years later, all those feelings I had were dead right. Anyway, this led to a pretty good lifestyle in a small rural society. The town, if you can call it that, consisted of one farmers’ co-operative store, with a house, one RSL hall, with one house which used to be a part of the school, the telephone box, the large wheat bin, a small railway shed, a gravel football oval and hockey field and an old tin shed. This was all set in about 400 hectares of bushland.

The climate was mainly dry and hot. We lived a very healthy lifestyle out in the open air, we ate well and we had none of the modern household appliances. My mother cooked on an old wood stove, washed on the old wasliboard, ironed on the fire heated iron, and we only had the old 32 volt lighting plant, its old Lister diesel motor chugged away through many a night while we played cards and listened to 'Dad and Dave' on the radio. We just grew up as Aussie outback kids, free to explore and play at will, like few urban children could ever imagine. We were introduced to firearms at an early age. We used the guns to try to keep down the rabbit plagues that ravaged the countryside. All country folk had firearms; there was never any drama about getting guns, as there is in the cities today. Rural children were taught firearm safety at an early age. As it is my right to own a firearm, I deeply resent not being able to own firearms today.

"Until the first year of high school, when the girls were taken away to boarding school, life for us children was great. We were all mates; the bonds of mateship were very strong. Life was one great big adventure, in the great outdoors. There were no sick characters or Police to harass us, like there are in the cities today. Strong healthy lifestyles produce strong healthy people, in harmony with the Natural Order. We lived with Nature.

"Curiously, though I did not know it at the time, I was part of the last generation to enjoy that clean healthy rural upbringing, with a strong sense of Aussie Nationalism, where all the values were strong and positive.

"From the 1960s onwards the plastic values of the city began to poison the rural society to death. Too many people became more and more worried about 'keeping up with the Joneses.' At the small country dances the traditional Aussie bush bands were being replaced by some of the locals playing the Beatles type music with its insidious messages of multiracialism and weakness and drugs and Yankee 'flower power' garbage. All the things my father had been saying about the system's economy going wrong began to happen. This was the beginning of the move in rural areas to "get big or get out", and more and more were getting out, and moving to the cities. This trend is still continuing today at a faster rate.

"The other big thing was this, there were no girls. They were taken away to those damn boarding schools, most of them never to return, for one reason or another. At every party there was always a keg of beer, about 60 blokes to drink it, and another 60 blokes hanging around the few women that were there. There was nothing much else to do but get drunk, drop wheelies in cars, shoot guns and carry out any other wild thing that came into mind. These wild activities ranged from taking all the sign posts from Koorda to Dowrin and the sign posts from Dowrin to Wyalkatchem. This was always done driving drunk at two speeds: Flat out and full stop. This sort of thing was usually done on Sunday night so that people travelling around just ended up all over the district. Another stunt was to zip down to Dowrin and start all the motors up on the diesel wheat elevators at about two o'clock in the morning, and then shoot through. All the locals would wake up to the racket of the machines chugging away.

"During the weeks there was footy training and more often than not there was a booze up afterwards. This of course led to a bunch of wild young lads and older blokes being hungry. This led to commando raids on chook pens for a feed. Nearly always, for the simple reason that everyone was too drunk, the chooks were never gutted or plucked but flung onto the barbecue in full marching order. This still did not deter some of the blokes from trying to eat them, feathers, gizzards and all. Quite often while the chooks were still cooking some blokes would try to do wheelies through the goalposts sideways. Cars simply did not last too long in the country. Another common sport was to go walloping rabbits and turkeys with hockey sticks from speeding cars bouncing around the paddocks. There was one particular property where the turkeys could be got at.

"The sense of mateship was fierce and strong. The antics were subtly encouraged by the older folk, as they too had been wild lads in their younger days. It was indeed a tradition, a local Aussie tradition. The Police attempted to impose the values of the city onto our local community, and we rebelled. One particular walloper we drove mad by continual harassment. We let his tyres down regularly, and continually outsmarted him with his amphometer, and generally drove him mad by deliberately pulling off stunts right under his nose.

"All the towns were the same. We were all wild and rebellious. True Aussies through and through, and bloody well proud of it. Unlike city people we had the liberty of a free people. The heavy handed pressure of the Police was largely absent. Instead of enforcing ridiculous laws, from the convict era, if we did go overboard we got a smack on the head from the old man and had to go fix up the damage ourselves. Whoever the policeman in the town was, he simply had to conform to the freer accepted norms of our society.

"It was here out in the Wheatbelt that my deep seated love of liberty, and true moral values was fired up. Because of our strong bonds of mateship a man's word of honour was law. When you gave your word and shook hands on a deal, then the deal was kept. It was the old sense of honour of the tribe of ancient times.

"It was when I drifted into the city that I began to see the opposite of this. The city with all its anti-Australian values was all so sick. You simply could not trust anyone anymore. Many times I was taken for a ride when I took a man for his word. Not only that, but I was ridiculed when I did trust someone who broke his word. I was expected to lower myself into the gutter with them to survive the 'Dog eats dog' jungle of the sick society devoid of ethical standards. I refused to lower myself then, and I refuse to myself today. I rebelled. For I am an Aussie. I am a White Australian who is proud of his White nobility. I am not a plastic Yank or a pompous Pommy.

"I remember my mother telling me about forefathers, how they worked so hard and banded together to help each other, how the family unity was so strong. I knew then and know now that this attitude is what'built Australia, and still can make Australia a truly great Nation. All my family told me how I was the living image of my grandfather, who was at great man, who

physically cleared all his land and carved from the Aussie wilderness a dairy farm. I heard about our relations in the past who had met, knew, and supported the Ned Kelly clan. All our family were that type of strong, independent Aussie Bushmen. Always since I was a little boy I have wanted to be back in that sort of Australia, where hard work and honesty won for you the reward of a full and meaningful life.

"I have wandered far and wide around Australia. Most of it was in the outback. There is nothing quite like the feel of the hot desert wind in your face, and to look over your shoulder and see the good old faithful .303 sitting on the back seat with the blue heeler dog. There is nothing quite like waking up in the morning on the side of some dusty road firing off a few shots at the noisy crows, for under the clear blue Aussie sky there is not a soul for as far as the eye can see. I also wandered far and wide around Europe, but whatever the charms of Europe I still call Australia my home, for I missed my .303 and dog. Where else can you disappear into the bush and not see anyone for months on end.

"One of the main reasons for the strong bond of mateship was also one of the main reasons for the decline of the wonderful Aussie rural life. This was the simple fact that the girls were taken away at the beginning of high school, to go to boarding schools in the city. Most of them never returned to permanently live in the country again. In those important teenage years the girls were subtly told that country life was inferior, as were the country folk, particularly the young men. The tinsel and glitter of the plastic city appealed to the girls, and later the young men followed the young women into the city as well. Added to this, once the young folk had left for the city, the old folks packed up and moved to retirement towns like Mandurah. The country towns steadily died, and still are dying, like it is a deliberate plan by the system to kill off Aussie Nationalism in the very place where Aussie Nationalism is strongest — the country. I always remember how Poles, Slavs, Germans, etc, all became damn good Aussies. They were hard workers; we respected that, and once their kids, who looked and talked like us, went to school with us they were accepted as Aussies. In fact most of them turned out to be a damn sight more patriotic than the old Anglo/Celtic Australians.

"I have always considered what is uniquely Australian is what is rural Australia. I have always felt the city to be unnatural and un-Australian. I just knew deep within, that the Aussie character was forged in the country fresh air and hard toil. It made me angry to see Aussie mateship, Aussie honour, and that togetherness that everyone had while they were carving out a new land, disappear under the effect of millions of the wrong kind of immigrants who brought their big city crime and sick values with them. Most of these people did not come with the consent of the Australian People that is why they were resented. There were times in the city when I began to wonder whether I was in the land of the Pommies. What the hell had happened to Australia! There is another point that is very important. Right from the time when I first learned how to read and write, I felt that the Germans in WW2 were right and their enemies were wrong. I always felt bad about seeing Germans being killed in war movies. A lot

of my friends thought this was strange and called me “German lover”, but somehow I always knew deep down that what looked good WAS good. After seeing more and more of these Holocaust movies at the Dowrin drive in this feeling became stronger. I always remember asking myself why thousands of people would meekly line up to be killed, stark naked: hanging onto genitals. No Aussie would cop that! Something was not right. My instincts rebelled. Much later I learned that my instincts were right. If only more people would follow their inner instincts, the Earth would be a lot better place today. Once I learned the truth it made me fanatical against the Jews. THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF MY POLITICAL CAREER!”

BONDCRETE GALORE!

Back in the autumn of 1987 and Stage 2 of the poster campaign.

It was some blustering cold night, and yet another part of town was getting plastered up with provocative anti-Asian posters, when John made the classic remark as he leaped back into the yellow Bongo van. “I dunno who invented this bloody good bondcrete, but I sure would like to shake his hand. This stuff has got to be one of the secret weapons of Revolution!’

Indeed it was. To put it bluntly, the enemy simply did not know how to cope with it. The posters went up in larger numbers than ever before -. AND THEY STAYED UP! It was a right and proper devil of a job to even get one single lousy poster off, by scraping. It literally took only a few seconds to slap a poster up, while it took nearly an hour to scrape it off. We were now able to plaster up one target area after another knowing that the posters would stay up for a long time, even in the face of determined efforts to scrape them off. In the early stages steam cleaning units were not being used to clean off the posters. They were far too expensive to use, and in the early stage the enemy simply did not realize we were using bondcrete. Once again, in the face of unexpected new tactics the enemy’s reaction was sluggish.

About the only concerted action by the enemy to try to stop our posters was the incident that became known to us as the "Battle of Berwick Street". For us the whole exercise took 600 posters and some glue, along with the time spent plastering up. Early in the campaign a team plastered up Berwick St. thoroughly, from one end to the other, because it was one of the main busy roads, as per the overall grand plan. However, unlike other target areas that had been plastered up and stayed plastered up, we noticed that each day over a period of 2 weeks the posters were getting scraped off, a few at a time each night. We carefully followed their progress, day by day and estimated when they would finally get the last of them off, for we had a team with 300 posters standing by ready to plaster up the whole target area of Berwick St. again. At the end of 2 weeks the last of the posters was finally scraped off. That same night we

plastered up the whole of Berwick St. again. All the enemy's hard work was for nothing. The posters were back up again, this time the enemy simply left them there. They gave up then, and all that was done was the odd few at a time being scraped off here and there. It was just impossible for them to cope with the massive volume of posters constantly going up, and going up according to an exact plan steadily covering the main part of the city's population. lt was the fanaticism of our dedicated activists against the half-hearted reaction of an enemy used to having everything easy.

Just as in the first stage of the poster campaign, we had taken the initiative and thoroughly exploited it to the fullest. Remorselessly, step by logical step, we hammered home the second stage of the poster campaign, regardless of the cost in personal hardship and risk. Tenacity and the unbeatable will to win drove us on, and despite the rain and cold, and physical fatigue of working during the days after staying up the greater part of the nights plastering up, the morale was high. We were actually physically doing something that had never been done before, and we were doing it well, and it was becoming more and more collective. We were beginning to hit back at the stinking rotten system, as well as upsetting the Asian invaders who were stealing our land. After so many years of being pushed around and bullied by the system, we were finally starting to get a bit of revenge, and it felt good. We could physically see our handiwork out on the streets, and it sure looked good.

Once again it was John van Blitterswyk who pretty well ran and organized the main part of the campaign. For 6 weeks in May and June I was in the East again. He ran this campaign in his usual efficient thorough style. For 2 weeks it simply poured rain, so nothing was done then, then for the next 4 weeks they plastered up with a vengeance.

Once again John organized the teams, allocated the target areas, and kept the equipment ready. The major arterial roads were thoroughly plastered up, and when I say thoroughly, I mean THOROUGHLY! After each of these targets had been plastered nobody walking or driving could fail to see them. Teams walking or driving in rolling runs covered the arterial roads right up to the edge of the metropolitan area. The campaign map was filled in sector by sector. Perth was looking better and better. We also plastered up part of the metropolitan railway station network, but only part of it, it would only be totally plastered in another special campaign much later, in another stage when we opened up full blast with the anti-Holocaust and anti-Zionist campaign.

There was another thing that John did during this time that was to prove very important in the ongoing propaganda campaign. He was the first to get a poster slogan straight out onto the streets while the issue was a public controversy. Tied in with this was another tactic that was also important in the long term, in the public mind. During April and May 1987 the Federal Election was in swing. Needless to say, the main issue of asianisation was never even mentioned by the major political parties. Basically, because of a phone call from Wally who complained to Judi about how the election issue should really be about immigration and not

taxation. Judi worked out the slogan: "Immigration is the Issue — Not Taxation“. That same night John actually made up the artwork for the poster and then started printing them up on the photocopier. They made up about 150 extra-large double A3 size posters, which all went up on control boxes 4 then the photocopier played up. However, there were enough up to be noticed. ‘

The other important thing that was noticed was this: From this poster onwards John began to use the expression "ANM" instead of the words "Australian Nationalists Movement." Also the Celtic Cross symbol we used with the name ANM was a lot larger. From this point onwards the public would see the much simpler ANM and the Celtic Cross bold defiant and eye catching. The simpler the slogan and bolder the symbol, the easier for a larger section of the masses to see and understand. In due course the ANM and the Celtic Cross symbol would become household words. With all propaganda for the masses, the simpler the slogan and the bolder the symbol the better. The whole overall aim of Stage 2 of the poster campaign was to provoke a reaction, make an impact. This change of tactics added to this. So in the winter of l987 it was bondcrete galore, while I was in the East picking up some more money. as well as arranging a few other things. I explained to the people over they could expect to happen in the West.

Compared to the first stage of the propaganda campaign, the actual numbers of activists plastering up in the second stage were less; however, the activists now were far more dedicated and better organized than ever before. We were also using bondcrete now. The other factor was the simple fact that we were all becoming very good at the plastering up business through constant practice. One of the teams was so efficient that they actually broke tlll the records up to that time by jogging while they plastered up. In just 2 l/4 hours they stuck up 264 posters along Charles St. all the way from Dog Swamp to Newcastle St. and back » both sides of the road thoroughly plastered. every single bus_ stand and whatever else available postered up. That was Captain America (nickname) and Simon Peace.

Whenever the teams set out onto a target area they thoroughly plastered it up. there were just no half measures. The Police were still leaving us alone for the most part, so we could devote most of our energy to the business of sticking posters up where they would be seen by the largest number of people. There was John and Judi. Captain America, Mary, Leanne, Owen. Daryl and Pom, Simon Peace, Jim King and Jo, Frosty and some of the Skinheads and some others. Their actions effectively transformed the radical political scene in Perth. The overall campaign was carried out on time and in such a manner that the system could not do anything but react the way we wanted it to react. It would be wrong to think that all was clockwork precision and planning that all went ahead as expected.

It would also be wrong to think that postering up was all a serious do or die bitter struggle without its light-hearted or humorous moments or ridiculous incidents. I remember an incident when I was out plastering up some part of the quieter suburbs in the northern part of

town with Fergy. This incident stuck in my memory mainly because when Fergy showed up in the Canningvale Remand Centre about a week after the mass arrests. it was one of the first things we talked about. After the torturing and general trauma from being at the receiving end of the Police brutality directed at us and the women and particularly the children — yes it is amazing just how "tough" policemen can get when it comes to brutalizing defenceless women and children — a bit of light-hearted small talk about something amusing for a change seemed almost like a welcome change.

lt was not actually in stage 2, it was a lot later. Fergy had his usual hired car, which was vastly more comfortable than the old Bongo van or the Renegade. In the small quiet hours of the morning we could plaster up in air-conditioned comfort, not only that but the beautiful music of 6KY was playing as well. It was in Bondcrele Galore this curiously unreal atmosphere that I accidentally lost my grip on the roller and flung it into the air when I was only half finished plastering the large poster on. However, somehow I managed to catch that roller by the handle as it came down and simply then finished up the rest of the poster plastering. What I did not know was that there was an unmarked Police car hiding in the shadows watching the whole performance. They were quite impressed with what seemed to be juggling skill. It was a month or two later that we found out about the Police watching us. Meanwhile Fergy and I had a bloody good laugh about it and carried on plastering up while the soft music played on, clear and inspiring and still somehow unreal.

In another incident a Police van was following us around with every intention of arresting us. However, John Bain and myself in the yellow Bongo van eluded them in the back streets of Swanbourne While we thoroughly plastered up the place — BECAUSE WE WERE LOST. HOPELESSLY LOST; and about the only way we could find our way out of the area was to just plaster up every damn sign so we knew when we were back in the same area. We had no idea the Police were trying to catch us; we only found this out later. Unfortunately for the Police they assumed we were following a logical set pattern, as we normally did. They were trying to make sense of freshly plastered up signs on one intersection while at the next one the signs were hard and dry, while at the very next one they were fresh and wet again. We were literally just under their noses plastering up with impunity, and it drove them mad that they could not catch us.

In yet another incident, actually in Stage 1, John and I were plastering up one of the main arterial roads, Alexander Drive. We were plastering up extra-large posters onto the large steel overhead power poles when we came to the roundabout intersection at the corner of Morley Drive. a very important intersection with a very well placed traffic control box. Unfortunately there was still too much traffic on the road to plaster up without being seen. We were looking for some sort of break in the traffic or some sort of distraction. We got the distraction instead; the best distraction you could have asked for. Two cars ploughed into each other at the intersection, and when I say ploughed into each other I mean PLOUGHED INTO

EACH OTHER! All eyes were on the bad traffic accident. John yelled out. "Let's go!" Then we leapt out of the bushes and plastered up the control box. We also managed to plaster up the next two large power poles because all eyes were on the confusion around the bad traffic accident at the intersection. Then we carried on to finish up the rest of Alexander Drive.

Then there was the incident with the black "limo", otherwise known as the Al Capone car. John's car was a 1974 Chevrolet Caprice, known as the "Black Limo". Now, when you are sneaking around the darkened streets with your lights out in this sort of machine, you look suspicious enough.

However, when you are sneaking around the darkened back alleys near the office of the Minister of Defence in this sort of huge car, and some shadowy characters are sneaking around the shadows trying to not be seen, then one looks suspicious indeed. What we were doing was, in fact, plastering up the very office of the Minister of Defence. To the curious bystanders watching on from over the road the whole scene looked like something out of the story of Al Capone in the back streets of Chicago. The black limo also became known as the Al Capone car after that.

I will always remember the sight of young John McGuaig, who was also known as Toy Toy because of the funny way he pronounced the word tortoise with his Scottish accent. When we first went out postering with him he was very young and he had a lot of fat on him. He looked quite comical with his blubbering fat bouncing around as he ran like mad from the Bongo van to the control boxes and back on the all night poster runs. He and Dave Locke made quite a pair together on the plastering up teams in the Bongo van. On one of the first plaster ups he did, when he went out with John Van in the black limo. he thought the Police had seen him and he panicked. The only thing was, as John Van observed. in his fright he tossed the roller somewhere with such force it was almost as if he threw it into orbit. Lord knows where that roller landed. In due course young John McGuaig gained a lot of natural calm and courage and his dedication to the National Socialist cause grew. He became a valuable political soldier on the streets as the campaign grew more effective and more tenacious and bitter. In so many ways this young man is typical of the first of the militant youth whose actions will ultimately save our People from the certain destruction it now faces. In his innermost soul he knows this, and that is why he fights, and when I say fights I mean physically fights. He is part of that minority of the youth who know that talk is cheap, but actions are what make revolutions.

Another political soldier started off in a most unconventional manner. Shakey, more conventionally known as Pauljay Spatt. lie was called Shakey because his nerves were ruined from too many pep pills and whatever else it takes to put in long hours on long haul truck driving. in this dog-eats-dog world. And shake he did on the first time John Van took him out plastering up. He shook so much that John could hardly glue on the posters that were jumping all over the place. But somehow they did get stuck on, just like the way that control box got plastered up after I got drenched in sloppy bondcrete, standing next to that busy city

intersection. What happened was that the roller fell into the glue and filled up with the sloppy white glue while we waited for the opportunity to plaster-up the control box. When the opportunity did come one had to be very quick about it, it had to be all over in a matter of seconds. When the break in the traffic did come I yelled out to John, "Let‘s go". Only this time when he ripped out the roller from the bucket all the glue inside the hollow of the roller went "Splatl!" all over me. My grey work clothes were immediately changed into sloppy white. What a mess! John, of course laughed his head off, while he plastered up the poster I was holding in position. I was standing there like a goggled eyed snow-man, trying to figure out how to get all that damn glue off.

Then there was the incident of the restaurant floor show — John and I were the main act. It was in Oxford St. once again at an intersection in a pretty busy part of town, in Leederville. The road intersection there was lined with shops, which we assumed were closed; well they all were, that is except for the restaurant on the very comer where the control box was. Needless to say that control box was the target, and once again we were waiting for the break in the traffic on the road and the people on the footpath as well. We closely watched for the break in both lots of traffic, but that was all we watched for, while we tried not to look suspicious with our roller, and posters at the ready. I am not quite sure of how long we hung around there, or how many attempts we had to stick the posters on; it was some time, plenty of time to become the centre of attraction. It was only after we had finally leapt out to the control box and plastered it up that we turned our backs to the now plastered-up control box and saw our audience - the whole restaurant full of them looking on at our antics through the large double windows looking out onto the intersection, as you normally find with restaurants and cafes. About all we could do then was to give them a bit of a silly grin and a wave, then move on. Well they say that impromptu performances are the best, but to be quite honest we didn‘t hang around to assess the effect of our unscheduled floor show. We just felt like a pair of prize geese for not seeing those huge double windows and people.

There was another thing that was a constant right and proper pain in the neck. Murphy's Laws have many variations. There is one that must have been specially made to hinder Nationalists out trying to plaster up posters, and carry out other illegal activities in the Nationalist cause. So often at the weirdest hour of the still morning THERE WOULD BE SOME STICKYBEAK OUT THERE ON THE STREET TO SEE WHAT YOU WERE DOING. Picture the scene. It is 3:15 AM and all is still. Your target is there, the big control box right in the middle of the traffic island, which during the day will be seen by thousands. You watch carefully and the last car drives past; the coast is clear so away you go—and while you are madly plastering up the extra-large poster, you notice the audience over the road, which according to all known laws of logic should not be there, but they are there — Joe Blow and his dog, Rover. While there was not a soul as far as the eye could see, he just had to be out walking his dog at 3. I 5 AM in the morning!

Another classic application of Murphy‘s Law was one night when I was plastering up with John. After waiting too damn long for the traffic to clear, we decided to go ahead and plaster up the posters anyway despite the fact that there was only one lousy car on the road. We finished plastering up the posters, then looked back at the approaching car — that one and only car on the road was a police car!

Mind you, having people looking at you at the wrong time was not always negative. There was the time we simply had to plaster up a very high profile control box. The only, trouble was there was a mobile hamburger stand just next door to it. They were looking at us and we were looking at them. It was impossible to plaster up without being seen by them. John said, "Stuff it, let’s do it!" So away we went, plastering up in front of the surprised hamburger stand people. As we finished up John turned and said, “Now make sure you leave those posters up.” They did. They stayed up for weeks. Actually this sort of thing happened a number of times.

There was another incident l remember so well, because it could have easily got us into a big heap of trouble far too early in the campaign. Once again, this was not in Stage 2, it was a lot later, but before the two coloured posters came on the scene.

We were opening up with the poster campaign against the Referendum in 1988. Just for the hell of it we also decided to plaster up and paint slogans onto the office for multiculturalism. I was with Fergy at the time. Rather than taking extra care to make sure that we were not caught in the city that night with all our posters, glue and rollers. Fergy suddenly decided to have a hot dog, because he saw his mate's hot dog stand doing business at the end of Murray St. Rather than taking care to park his car inconspicuously in a correct and legal parking area. Fergy simply pulled up slap bang right in the middle of a "N0 Standing Anytime ' part of the busy street, assuming that because it was late at night then nobody would bother.

Well, while we were talking to his mate, and chomping on hot dogs, someone did bother-the Police! Suddenly there was a patrol car and a foot patrol hanging around the car, and inevitably noticing the posters, glue and rollers. Then they saw us, or to be more exact, we saw them as we tried to figure out a way out of this sticky looking situation. l decided then to verbally abuse Fergy for stupidly parking, in the wrong place, as if that was all that we were worried about, in order to divert the policemen's attention away from the fact that we had just been plastering up the town. l remember thinking as we approached the car surrounded by policemen. "Oh, here we go again, another arrest and session in the, slammer!" However, somehow or other we did not end up getting arrested. We told the policemen that we were on the way to drop off some propaganda material to some of our supporters, and for some reason they decided not to arrest us. We did not argue; in a most relived state of mind we grabbed the remainder of our dogs and left.

The next day the media cut loose about the posters, all over the Office of Multiculturalism. That was a close call!

lt was in Stage 2 that we also introduced the poster, "Tax Card Is ID Card in Disguise." This poster was used steadily over the next few years in with the other posters. It was more of a simple message type poster rather than an overt reaction provoking poster, like the main one in Stage 2. "Asians Out, or Racial War!"

So during the winter of l987 we plastered up like nothing ever seen before in Perth, or anywhere else in Australia for that matter. We plastered up the major arterial roads, most of the lesser arterial roads, most of the major traffic bottlenecks, all the way to the edge of the metropolitan area. Up into the hills we went, spreading the slogan everywhere — in the Northern suburbs, on the beach front and often in the pouring rain. We plastered up some of the shopping centres, though most of the shopping centres were done at a later stage when we were better known and delivering a more readable message, rather than a provocative one. We plastered up the bridges, and plastered up the city of Perth business district as well. When we plastered up the city area we did a thorough job of it. We had teams working it over for most of a weekend. We even plastered up Parliament House for good measure.

They were an odd collection of teams to look at. A number of the teams were husband and wife teams, like John and Judi and Daryl and Pom, along with the Skinhead teams and others.

While l was away in the East the campaign map was tilled in, road by road, and sector by sector. John organized this and kept the momentum up, and still had to go to work each day doing heavy work in the building trade. Often there would be a lot of children at John’s house being looked after by one of the women, while their parents were out plastering up the town. Mum and dad were out with posters, glue and rollers.

John and Judi plastered up Newcastle St. all the way to Beatty Park Swimming Pool and around that part of the city. Simon Peace and Captain America became a very formidable team. They plastered up on foot mainly, the main roads were their targets. One night after they had plastered up Berwich St. some Chinaman saw who they were and what they had plastered up, then called out to them in his Oriental sing-song voice, “Why you hade us, why you hade us?” That became a standard expression for a lot of our activists after that. Victoria Park was heavily plastered up. Not just the main roads, but we plastered up all through the general area of the suburb itself. That was the first suburb to be saturated; in later stages that would become standard procedure for the greater part of the Perth Metropolitan area.

Jim King kept the Skinhead teams going throughout Stage 2. John kept him supplied with posters and glue. These Skinhead teams also did rolling runs while driving around in cars. They were the first to start ranging far and wide around the outer Perth metropolitan area. As well as parking somewhere then walking for a while and plastering up an area, then driving to another area, they also began to carry out the stop and start technique of plastering up opportunity targets along the way to another area. In due course, we developed the technique of having a three man team in a car. The driver, the plaster-upper with the roller and poster,

and the third man passing out the posters to him. What happened was this; the car pulled up alongside the target, the control box, bus stand, or whatever, the plaster-upper leaped out and plastered it up then jumped back into the car, and the third man passed him the next posters to plaster up. This proved very effective in the very long poster runs, following the major arterial roads all the way to the edge of the built up area. We could also follow this technique while winding around the suburbs and saturating them.

It was the next logical stop to continue doing rolling runs all through the night till the dawn. We also found out that Sunday morning was the best time of the lot to plaster up areas that are normally busy during the day. There was nobody around and you could see anyone who might be hanging around. Something we would specially get up at about 4 AM on Sunday morning just to plaster up a busy part of town. Picture the scene. While the weak winter sun of the morning rose, its growing light shone down on an unconventional bunch of activists plastering up posters, working like the demons had possessed them.

It was during Stage 2 that Dave Locke joined up with us. He was to prove to be a staunch valuable activist in the campaign ahead. After I returned from the East l would have a lot to do with him.

Road by road, sector by sector, and suburb by suburb the appearance of Perth was steadily altered, and altered within a time span the enemy simply could not match to react to. lt was just too sudden, too savage, too hard hitting, and too damn unconventional. lt could not be countered. The initiative was, ours to exploit precisely as we saw fit. And exploit it we did, regardless of personal hardship or growing fatigue, or foul weather. We plastered up Stirling Highway, all the way from Perth to Fremantle. We plastered up whole areas of Fremantle. We plastered up the areas around Fremantle. We thoroughly plastered up all the way to the Airport, and beyond that to Midland, and part of Midland as well.

How much sleep our activists lost, how many buckets of bondcrete we splashed up, how many piles of posters we went through, or how much petrol we burned up we will never know for sure. What we do know in that we sure did make our presence felt in Perth. They ware dramatic days, but it was quite tame compared to what was to unfold in later stages of the campaign. It was "Bondcrete galore! and Go for broke!"

In July Norgs and l returned from the East. The trip in his car on the trip over the Nullarbor was a story in itself. The con- founded car ground to a sudden halt somewhere north of the Eyre Peninsula because the timing wheel broke. This was just after we had a blowout earlier on. We got towed back to the nearest town to get the car repaired. Great! Only one problem — after they repaired the timing device, they left one of the engine seals in a leaking condition. We literally squirted oil out all the rest of the way to Perth. Each stop we would fill up with petrol and a pile of oil as well. What a mess! There was engine oil all over the car.

What we saw when we arrived in Midland was impressive indeed — an obvious profusion of posters. lt was obvious that our people had done their job well. We physically saw

posters from Midland to the Airport, then from the Airport to the city there were a lot more still, and of course here, there and everywhere to John's place from the city there were more posters. Perth was now obviously different from any other city in Australia so far as radical politics was concerned. This had all happened in these six short weeks.

So when you are on a good thing, stick to it. Now that l was back in town as well, and Norgs threw in some more money to buy a heap of bondcrete, toner for the printing machines, and some more rollers, we cranked up the campaign to an even greater output. As well as the other teams we now had me and the yellow Bongo van working pretty well every second night. This was where Dave Locke joined up with me in a big way. From the campaign map we worked out which areas had not yet been plastered up. These areas were worked over by the yellow Bongo Bondcrete Galore van team. In fact that Bongo van team worked over a hell of a lot of areas of Perth for a long time. Lord knows how many times that Bongo van has driven around Perth all night long, till the dawn broke through, and shone down on yet another display of posters blanketing some suburb or highway. I remember well Dave and I and some other chap in the back of the van passing out the posters and we rolled around Perth through the night in July in the winter of 1987. It was almost as if we were making up for lost time ~ which in a way we were.

There, was one other thing that Norgs did with me before he returned to the East. We decided to do the first media interview since early 1985. We had deliberately refused to talk to the media until we were ready to do those interviews more on our terms than theirs. That media interview was with The West Australian newspaper. Only this time our words had a lot more clout for the simple reason that we were now an obvious presence on the streets. However, we also had something extra to add to all of this, before the media could sense it was coming.

lt was about this time that Chris Battle joined up with us. He was from Rockingham, which had yet to be plastered up. So his first assignment with us was to join the teams plastering up that part of town. We did this, thoroughly. Another man who joined up with us then was Laurie, and he took part in the last "all weekend special ", that turned out to be the icing on the cake.

That last weekend operation consisted of an all-out plaster up of the Perth city business district. Starting on Friday evening and not finishing up until Sunday morning. There was a constant presence of plastering up teams in the city all weekend. We stuck at it until the whole damn city was saturated from one end to the other. We even stuck them up on Parliament House for good measure, just to rub it in. When the media arrived for work in the city on Monday they had plenty to talk about. Plus there was one other factor at work, working on the media to our advantage, which must remain secret for now. As well as this, everybody else arriving in the city for work that Monday also had something interesting to talk about.

After the city part of the operation was finished, John, Laurie and I removed the roof from John's Renegade jeep, loaded it up with posters and glue and set out as the sun was setting on that Sunday. Because there was no roof on the jeep we did not have to jump out to plaster posters up. We just reached out and did it. Not only that but we could reach more places higher up because of the extra height from standing in the jeep. It also happened to be the coldest night of the year and John, who was driving, was only wearing thongs. And yes, his feet got very very cold by the time the sun rose. Well that night we broke all the previous records for any single postering team, and we plastered them up far and wide, here there and everywhere around the metropolitan area. I personally did so much work with the roller that I damn near got a cramp in my arm and shoulders. It was nonstop, all night. We went through bucket after bucket of bondcrete as the stack of posters was; steadily plastered up on bus stands, control boxes, stop signs, give way signs, concrete poles, telephone booths, steel poles, not to mention the odd Chinese Restaurant that was easy to cruise up to and plaster up. Once again it was bondcrete galore! Finally, just before the dawn did actually break, we somehow tipped over the last bucket of bondcrete in the jeep as John swung around to do a U turn. What a mess that was! And as if that was not enough, just as we were trying to clean up the mess in the jeep while we were parked right next to the bus stand we had just done, the Police pulled up beside us to ask us what we were doing. If they had looked carefully at the bus stand with its dripping wet poster stuck on it, then they would have known. Somehow John managed to convincingly talk his way out of it and the Police left us and moved on.

That was effectively it for the night. That was also the end of Stage 2 of the propaganda campaign. We had all just achieved a feat in radical politics never seen before in Australia's history, and somehow we all sensed it. The activists could all take a very well earned rest now. Those who can hold their head high and say they took part in that part of the campaign are: John and Judi. Captain America, Mary, Leanne, Gwen, Daryl and Pom, Simon Peace, Jim and Jo, Frosty and some of the Skinheads, Dave, Laurie, Chris and some others. History is the actions of the few leading the many — the strong and determined etching their mark into the story of our Nation.

As we were driving home I mentioned to John and Laurie that I now expected the media to cut loose and thus spread the work of Stage 2 a lot further than the actual posters in Perth could ever do on their own. The enemy had been manoeuvred into a position where the media just had no choice but to react pretty much the way we wanted them to. While the activists rested. I would carry out the next Stage on my own. For the next crucial month l would be pretty well matching wits with the best in the media scene that the system could throw against us, and beat them. From that point in time the face of radical politics in Australia would be permanently altered, thus paving the way ahead for other stages of the struggle to gain power. Like every stage and every action it was a calculated risk, but its success meant that we had that

achieved a recognition that would normally cost at least a million dollars in advertising. Instead our activists did it with little more than a lot of determination, nerve, and devotion to an ideal.

STAGE 3 – THE MEDIA HYPE

Very early on Monday morning after the last weekend plaster up. l received the special phone call I had been expecting for quite some time. lt was the special well placed contact who knew what was stirring up behind the scenes in media circles. He passed on the word that all was ready to go, there were certain things they simply had to do and could not wriggle out of when attacked the right way. The various people in the media did not know how l functioned, or what abilities I had on what particular subjects. or how l would react in the various situations they generally put their enemies in when they wanted to make tools of them. Ever since my first years in politics l had carefully studied the way the media worked. My absence from the media scene while l refused interviews as the poster campaign went ahead, was not because l was scared of lacing them. it was a purely tactical manoeuvre to enable us to use the media to our advantage rather than to the system‘s.

Over the years l had seen so many aspiring Patriots torn to bits in their first media interviews. They innocently blundered into situations way out of their depth. However, as the various media people were doing this. l was carefully observing them. l DISCOVERED THAT THE MEDIA HAVE CERTAIN SET TACTICS THAT THEY SELDOM EVER VARY WHEN THEY SET OUT TO DESTROY SOMEONE THEY DO NOT APPROVE OF. THEY COUNT ON THE INDIVIDUALS THEY DESTROY NEVER RETURNING TO TACKLE THEM AGAIN. So far this had always happened. I remember well the experience of dealing with the media back in 1984 and 1985. The mistakes l made then would never be repeated again. Also, since then a lot of the reporters and journalists had changed. To further add to this, a certain amount of deliberate misinformation was fed to the various media people, concerning the ANM and me personally. In a word, l knew the media, but the media did not know me. We also had a pretty good general line they would have to follow because of our posters everywhere.

There is another point you must remember about the whole business of utilizing the media. Australians rarely ever attend rallies about political issues - too rarely to ever be able to plan a political campaign around. The main reason is the simple fact that they are glued to their television sets. The rest of their information tends to come from the newspapers, whether they fully believe what they read or not. It is foolish to compete with this. If, however, you can use this medium to spread your own message around you do not have to compete. However, you must be able to do this more on your own terms than the media’s. In our case this media publicity would be on top of the massive poster campaign. When played the right way the media publicity would spread the message of the posters far and wide beyond Perth, and way

beyond Western Australia to the rest of Australia. The overall effect of the media publicity would be to greatly magnify the effect of the posters. We could have a dramatic effect on the masses without any large scale rallies, meetings, or spending millions on conventional advertising, which would be denied to us anyhow. In due course we achieved just that, but the methods we used to achieve that were anything but conventional – but BEING EFFECTIVE RATHER THAN CONVENTIONAL IS THE VERY ESSENCE OF RADICAL POLITICS.

I am pretty sure it was Tuesday morning when I received yet another phone call from the media contact. His message was short and sharp and to the point: “You are on page three of the West Australian. The Howard Sattler Show will be ringing you up shortly, then the TV channels will be jumping in on the bandwagon. You’re on: take it away. Good luck.”

At that point in time I was alone at the Headquarters. This would make things somewhat more difficult. However, what had to be done, had to be done. I got hold of the West Australian, and there it was - the article that Norgs and I did the interview for. There was also a picture of the poster, "Asians Out, or Racial War!“

Before I even had a chance to read it the phone rang again - the Howard Settler Show. Between the time that the phone rang and I actually went on the air, I managed to read the article. I also arranged interviews with both Channel 9 and Channel 7, who rung through within minutes of each other. What I did not know at the time was that Channel 9 had their TV crew actually in the studio with Howard Sattler when he was speaking to me on the air. It was going to be a hectic dramatic day.

There is something about Howard Sattler that I must, for the sake of justice, put on record. As I got to tangle with him on, the airwaves, I did notice that even when he did not agree with you, if you pressed your point home, then he gave you the opportunity to fully state your case, so long as you did not waffle' on too much. In fairness to any radio or television broadcaster, time spent on the air is valuable. Howard Sattler is one of the few who will give you a fair go. On a number of occasions I extended l this courtesy back to him when I could have easily made an utter fool of him. It in fact became my personal policy to reward those journalists who did the fair thing by us, and avoid those who did not. In due course we developed our special media file on who to I work with and who to avoid. The net effect of this was, by trial I and error, to develop more and more effective media publicity.

That first session on GPR with Howard Sattler kicked off Stage 3. We had a number of our own people standing by to immediately phone in on the talk back part of the show. We managed to put a lot of our views on the air that day. One of Howard Sattler’s comments that day stuck in our minds for a long time, “When is the racial war going to start Jack?” It would be quite some time before we could get around to answering that question. However, we did manager to broadcast a lot of our alternatives to the people listening in. we were also now beginning to put faces and characters to posters and slogans. This is very important in swaying the masses and planting the seeds of rebellion deep within the Aussie soul. The net result of the

Howard Sattler Show that day was to start off Stage 3 with yet another dramatic stunt. In much the same way we started off each stage of the propaganda campaign. Now a lot more people knew that the ANM stood for White Australia, a bank interest free and tax free economy, armed neutrality, the abolition of the Family Court and stabilization of the family unit, and the application of alternative technology that is in harmony with the Natural Order.

One of my main tactics was the simple tactic of quickly answering the initial question, then state a few comments of my own about points that I wanted to make that I knew that they did not want to even talk about. Another simple but effective tactic I used was to ask the interviewer questions that I would end up answering myself. This way I would dominate the airtime. This tactic worked well for the simple reason that the average interviewer did not really know too much about the subject that he was talking about. He had a set of questions he had to ask you and really could not comment on anything beyond that on the spur of the moment. WHEN YOU AGGRESSIVELY DOMINATE PROCEEDINGS ON THE AIR YOU ARE NO LONGER AT THE MERCY OF THE RESEARCH TEAM BEHIND THE SCENES. YOU ARE THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION OF A VAST MULTITUDE OF THE MASSES WHO ARE LARGELY SYMPATHETIC TO WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY. YOU ARE PRESENTING YOUR BEST POINTS TO THE MASSES, WHICH IS THE MAIN POINT OF PROPAGANDA IN ALL ITS FORMS.

As soon as the radio interview was over I headed into the Channel 7 studio, then after that was finished, I headed into the Channel 9 studio. I let Channel 2 wait for a couple of days, along with the Daily News newspaper. The main part of the Channel 7 interview was with Mario D'Orazio, who proved to be pretty fair, which is why we did a lot more interviews with him from that point onwards. While at the Channel 9 studio I was asked to do an Interview with Jana Wendt. I put her off for a while, just the same way that I put off other media people. My object was to create a controversy and ride at the height of that controversy for as long as possible. Fire the controversy up to the maximum and drag that controversy out for as long as possible. This was particularly the case of Jana Wendt. She was the system's star player and I would use her after, and only after, I had used the other Perth based media people to the fullest up to that point in time. She would step into a controversy thinking that she could ruin us the way she had ruined so many other Patriots before. Instead she would fire things up even more, this time all over Australia. She thought she could ruin me, but instead, I was using her.

Like each and every stage of our propaganda campaign. Stage 3 was carefully planned and executed. As such it was also very successful, even though it was still a calculated risk.

Laurie joined me at the Headquarters. This made things a lot easier. Together with Laurie I then did the interview with the Daily News. That interview turned out quite well as well. Then we did the Channel 2 interview, and walked into a trap. They set up a number of people to also ask me questions. They told me that there would be only two, however three more joined in the interview in a very obnoxious manner. One of those actually threw a piece of pizza into my face as l was being interviewed. Then the man who threw the pizza in my face tried to start

a fight with Laurie, then me. If we had had a brawl in the street, then the media would have had a field day. Luckily both Laurie and I kept our cool, regardless of the provocations. Whether or not Channel 2 did place those three extra people there at the interview site is something I will never know for certain. What I am certain of 1S that it was mighty convenient for Channel 2' to have those extra three people the? On a number of times during that horrible interview as soon as the TV cameras and microphones were no longer focused on Laurie or me, I quietly told him under my breath, “Whatever you don’t hit him, just don't hit him.“

As soon as that interview was over Laurie and I went off to the funeral of Alec Mladenovich's son, Tony. That was a very tragic affair.

A few days earlier his son was killed in a car accident near Southern Cross. The fact that the media announced his death long before his parents had been notified puts a question mark on the whole affair. There were other strange circumstances as well. Anyway, Tony was a fine strong young man of great potential and now he was dead — brutally cut down in his youth. He was 19 years old. Alec and I had not seen each other since we parted company when we fell out with each other a year earlier. From the time of this tragic event until the time of the mass arrests I would be working with him again. Time and again I have seen how a greater tragedy can reunite people and settle differences that were not all that great in the first place. I guess this is what happened here. However, Alec was never the same after this. The death of his only son was a terrible blow. It was even worse on his wife.

When I saw him at the church as the coffin was being carried out whatever differences l had with him just melted away. I nearly broke down myself. I remembered all his good noble points, and all those times when he was so correct and I was wrong. I remembered his unfailing loyalty and devotion to the National Socialist ideal, his generosity and unfailing patience with me through all those long bitter lonely years of struggle. In so many ways he is a better man than I, and I knew it then and l know it now. Standing there at the cemetery while the haunting sound of the Serbian funeral song drifted around that sombre grey sky in the winter of I987, I felt so sad, yet so proud and so humble at the same time. Alec and his family had suffered so much; they had done so much for the long term survival of our Race, and after all ‘ this they copped this terrible tragedy. It was so unjust, but I guess that justice is something that you must fight for, struggle for, and if necessary, kill and die for. I remember also thinking of how I, would go about reconciling our differences. As it turned out I did, not need to, for Alec is that sort of man who can see into the heart of a man. It only took one deep pain filled look to tell us both that the past was the past, while the future was ours to shape. Besides, there are two things you can never share, guilt and pain.

Somewhere during the funeral I turned to Laurie and said I to him. "Take a good look at what you see; a fitting introduction to radical politics a bloody funeral! “ In the struggle to unfold there would be more funerals, funerals of our own people. While the shallow hedonistic Capitalist world of warped values poisons its way through the froth and bubbles and tinsel and

glitter, so few people ever realize the depths of pain and despair, nonstop suffering and tenacious bitter struggle to triumph through it all that National Socialists endure, hidden away behind the scenes. Our Aryan genius stands paralysed while the evil winter of our enemies blows its destructive path through shattered lives, ruined youth on the streets amid filth and drug filled needles, past once beautiful women defiled by monsters, past deserts where forests once were, past the tension and misery of the slums and the raw terror of the crowded jails. That winter's day at the cemetery was so typical of the winter of our history – the cold blast of winter at the end, just before the spring and the triumph of life over death.

Tragic as things were, this was just not the time to hang around feeling sad. By now the media in general was going full steam ahead about the ANM's radical poster campaign on the streets of Perth. Now there were interviews about interviews. There were articles about the articles already written by people other than myself. I was asked to comment on them, which I did. This created even more controversy. All this time Channel 9 were literally pestering me to appear on an interview with Jana Wendt. I decided to let her wait for a bit longer. Meanwhile I discussed with John and some of the others what dirty tricks she would be likely to pull on me. We worked out the general tactics I would employ. Meanwhile I practiced these tactics on other interviews. One of those interviews was with the Rev K. Dowding, who was thrown out of the old ALP for his anti-White Australia brand of politics. To cut a long story short, the Rev K. Dowding made a fool of himself trying to appear to be better informed than he really was. There were other interviews on various radio stations both in Perth and other states as well now. There were interviews with other newspapers in other states, and of course, there were comments on those interviews.

It was all rolling along nicely and building up as it went along. Unlike most Nationalists who encountered the media, I knew how they operated, and in the case of Perth I also knew they were under a certain amount of pressure because of the posters. They just could not get away with their usual tactics. Besides that the various media interviewers simply could not match my own knowledge of my subjects and the aggressive manner in which I tackled them. Time and again they tried their usual old tricks, and time and again those old tricks backfired. Instead of being negative publicity, it was positive publicity for the Nationalist cause. This was the first time this had happened, and it was spreading all around Australia. Just like in the previous two stages of the propaganda campaign, the initiative was ours and we were exploiting it to the fullest. I was even interviewed by The Asian Times. This was the first indication we had that the effect of the posters was beginning to be felt in Asia. This was significant. The first real telling blow against asianisation was coming home; that was the now magnified effect of the posters. Sometime after the Jana Wendt interview I did another interview with The Asian Times. Interestingly, they were quite polite and genuinely interested in learning about what we were on about. They were not simply trying to win a contest. It was

almost as if certain people in Asia were becoming concerned about events in Perth and were beginning to find out for themselves just what was what.

I was not going to do the interview with Jana Wendt until l had a bit more background information on her from our people in the East. So the word went out to them to find out what they could. This interview had to be done correctly or not at all. Jana Wendt had a very efficient research team who could get all sorts of half-truths, rumours, and vicious gossip, and twist it all into a very devious sort of spicy story, make a fool of you on prime time right around Australia, thus doing a lot of damage. I needed more background information before embarking on what was in reality a calculated risk. As it turned out, Jana Wendt did pull a low down trick, but it backfired, because it was too obvious, plus I was quite able to counter all the other usual interviewer tactics that she employed in an effort to bring me down. Anyway, it took about a week to get this information.

Meanwhile the yellow Bongo van was just about stuffed. The clutch had finally given out after 250,000 kilometres. It was a damn good effort, but the timing was bad news. I had to get a lift to get anywhere. This was also at a time when a lot of people were now contacting us. Our direct support was rapidly growing with each media report. The combination of the posters and the media hype on top was paying off. Consolidating that support was somewhat more difficult. It was made more difficult because I did not have transport now. Somehow or other we had to also organize a meeting to bring together some of the people who had made contact with us. In due course we did manage to have the meeting.

It was also about this time that various people in organizations trying to turn Australia into a multiracial cesspool began to seriously attempt to bring in anti-racist laws. These suggestions were part of what the media were saying. Interestingly too, a number of non-Australians who were prominent in the multicultural scene pointed out that laws do not eradicate deeply felt attitudes. As part of the hostile minority now beginning to feel the backlash of angry Aussies beginning to be fired up by the posters, they fully understood this. This was yet another indication that the campaign was beginning to have an effect on asianisation. It was also an indication that the enemy was beginning to sluggishly react to our campaign. On the overall campaign we could never let up the pace, we would always force the enemy to react to our plans.

In due course our media contacts in the East rang through to give me some information on Jana Wendt. Part of the information was that she was about 4 or 5 months pregnant; that could well take a bit of the nasty sting out of her. The other information was that the interview would be going to air Australia wide on the same day that I did the interview. That meant that the less time they had to edit the whole session they taped, the better it would be. Not only that, the segment of the show on the ANM would be very long. The less they could edit out of what I managed to say the better. What I had to work out was how to arrange that.

What I ended up doing was this. I arranged the interview to start at I PM. which was already cutting it fine as far as the people at the Channel 9 studio were concerned. However, I still deliberately turned up late for that. This cut out at least another 20 minutes of interview time. Then, at the beginning I read out the sheet of objectives of the ANM. As Jana Wendt observed herself that was a lot of valuable time on Australia wide television. Well indeed it was, but my aim was to get as much of our message Australia wide as I could. For 40 minutes in that studio Jana Wendt did all she could to try to make a fool of me and ruin my character, but to no avail. She even pulled a low down stunt by bringing in a certain prominent multiculturalist who had had her car fire bombed. Basically Jana Wendt's tactics were too crude and too obvious, and I managed to aggressively put our own message over too often for too long. I ignored a lot of her questions and threw in my own comments instead. Then at about 2 PM Jana Wendt received the wind up signal. I had won, and I knew that deep down she knew it. In just over 2 hours' time what I said to her would be broadcast around Australia.

The effect was dramatic.

The show went to air in the East first. 2 hours before it went to air in Perth. From the time the show was over there and pretty well for the next 2 l/2 days the phone at the Headquarters just ran hot; it was constantly ringing, all of it supportive. Laurie was at the Headquarters at the time and he took the first lot of calls from the interstate callers. Then the two of us took turns answering the phone. When I finally got to see my own performance on the show I realized then that I actually had done even better than my most optimistic hopes. It was a fitting finale to the first period of media publicity—the fitting finale to a lot of bitter and hard work by our dedicated activists. We had worked hard and long then taken a calculated risk and won. The next stage would follow from here.

However, for the next couple of weeks or so we had to consolidate again, have a meeting, get some more new activists organized into postering teams. We also had to work out what the slogans on the next lot of posters would be, and print up those posters. We also received quite a bit of money from the publicity of the media hype. With this we finally managed to buy our second photocopying machine. For the first time we were no longer totally dependent on the one solitary Priming machine and the increasingly unreliable Fred. That was a load off our minds. We were able to now begin to disperse our printing machinery in case it was attacked and destroyed. Dispersal was safer. We never expected the enemy to play fair.

It was also during this time that I began to work together with Alec Mladenovich again. He suggested some of the plaster slogans that we made up, printed up and then plastered up. Now that we were known on the asianisation issue, we would begin to take the propaganda war on the streets straight to the real enemy behind the scenes: Zionism and Freemasonry.

STAGE 4 – BACK TO POSTERS (AVIATION FUEL)

I remember John's comments about the first time he tasted grappa when he met Alec Mladenovich, also for the first time. Whereas Alec impressed him a lot, the grappa he considered quite strong; he referred to it afterwards as "aviation fuel.“ Actually Alec was very impressed with John. He saw in John that old Australian nobility, rough, honest and true, and physically tough to boot. They both got on very well. We all got on well after this and in due course, we achieved a hell of a lot.

A number of our activists were somewhat apprehensive about conducting an openly, all out, full on, anti-Zionist and anti- Freemason campaign. Once again, this sort of thing had never been done before. Precisely what the reaction of the enemy and the masses would be we did not know. However, this much we did know; the Jew must remain hidden to operate effectively. When he begins to be exposed, he begins to act irrationally, for he knows that he is only a very tiny minority that has done a lot of damage to the world in general, and fully intends to do a lot more damage. However, his time is drawing near when he will be called to account and when the Jew sees the signs that the masses could be beginning to wake up to him he begins to fear. Just how the masses would react was unknown. However, it was now important to let those truly educated people looking on in Australia and overseas know that we fully understood the whole picture and were quite prepared to tell the whole world. Rather than pussyfoot around relatively trivial issues, we were now going to strike right at the heart of the whole world‘s problem — the Eternal Jew. We were now going to strike the snake on the head.

On the subject of enemies, it was now becoming obvious that the attitude of the Police was hardening towards our activists on the streets. A number of our people had been arrested now, and it was obvious that the Police fully intended to go on arresting more and more of us. When the system's orders came down the Police would follow their evil orders rather than their consciences — if they had any consciences in the first place. When the system became alarmed because of the anti-Zionist posters, they would be sure to put more pressure on the Police to try and stop those posters going up. lt was also apparent that the judges would have no mercy on our activists either.

Just before Stage 4 started up, Mark Ferguson came over to fire up the media a bit more. The short and tall of it all was this. Those stupid fine notices that the Perth City Council official sent him, and he refused to pay, were now going before the court. We fully intended to make a scene out of it. So far no TV channel had ever filmed someone actually putting posters up. We now decided to use this to our advantage. Mario D‘Orazio from Channel 7 filmed Fergy sticking two posters up on a control box right in the middle of Northbridge, with its heavy concentration of Asians. Then Fergy went to court, was fined, told the judge that he would refuse to pay the fine, asked the judge how long he would have to spend in jail, then he went outside the court

and promptly tore up the fines and told the media people there why he was doing what he was doing.

His tearing up of fines seemed to set a precedent. Only a week or two later yet another one of our activists, Lindsay, was fined at the Midland Court. Earlier on he and his girlfriend were a plastering up team who were arrested by the Police. I went to the Midland Court with him, not realizing that the media would be there as well, for another reason. When the media saw me there they quickly realized that something else was in the wind with the ANM. I talked it over with Lindsay and his girlfriend and decided to give the media a bit of a show. Lindsay was fined and promptly tore up his fines outside the court. He told them why, then I told them a few things about the legal system and how it is beginning to oppress Australian Patriots standing up for their own people. Despite being an impromptu performance, it went over quite well.

Alec was still living at Duke St in Scarborough then. During this time before the next stage actually began, John, Alec and I designed the next lot of posters for the next stage of the campaign. John designed a readable poster about the Jewish and Freemason involvement in various key bottleneck areas of Government control, finances, media, education, Police and the Military. This remained the standard readable poster from this point onwards. At the time the Palestinian issue was very prominent in the news so we decided to use this to our advantage in attacking the Zionists. John put together the poster, "Six Million Dead Jews Destroying Palestine Today." He also put together the poster. "Media Cover-up. Holocaust a lie! Seek the Truth." We continued to hammer asianisation as well, the new posters there were. "Don‘t lose Your Job to an Asian, Join the ANM and Stop the Invasion!" and "ANM Means No Asians. No Tax. No Pollution". This second one tied in some of the economic issues and associated problems that the destructive Zionist run money system produces. We had previously printed and plastered up posters such as, "Bank Interest is Stealing", "Mortgages Ruin Families“. "Taxes Destroy the Soil", and "Economics is the Name of the Erosion Game"; however they had not been effective because they were too few and the single slogan had thus not been hammered home in any of them. Hammering home slogans takes a heavy long drawn out effort.

THE OVERALL GOAL REMAINS AS ENDURING AND SOLID AS A GRANITE ROCK, WHILE THE MEANS TO ACHIEVE THAT GOAL VARY AND MANOEUVRE TO ADAPT TO THE CHANGING FORTUNES OF TIDE AND TIME.

John, Alec and I now spent a lot of time together at Duke St. Quite frankly, the more I saw of the old gentleman, the more I grew to respect and admire him. Regardless of the loss of his only son he still worked on tirelessly. In so many ways he is one of my main educators. He certainly guided the spirit of the ANM campaign from now onwards. Besides we three spent many a pleasant useful evening designing and planning strategies and tactics that would have a dramatic effect on the political scene in Australia. John always remembered the "aviation fuel"

and Turkish coffee all served up with the quaint old world charm. Mind you that grappa is damn strong stuff, and when Rasho was there as well the "aviation fuel" seemed to flow even more.

There was another aspect of changing the main thrust of the campaign from being anti-asianisation to anti-Zionist. That was this: Our enemies were now beginning to slowly react to the attack on asianisation and multiculturalism. But their counter attack had no effect on the anti-Zionist campaign, particularly the all-out campaign to expose the big lie — the myth of the Holocaust. The Zionists were already in big trouble trying to prevent the truth becoming known that 6 million Jews never were gassed by National Socialist Germany during World War 2. It was the "big stick“ they constantly used to attack the credibility of aspiring Nationalist Patriots around the world, particularly those Patriots who were openly National Socialist. Destroy that big stick and the Zionist enemy is terribly weaker, not only that, but he will then be seen to be a liar who has lied, and can lie on a staggering scale. He will also be that much easier to identify as the obvious enemy oF the various Aryan peoples. There was a lot at stake in destroying the myth of the Holocaust. In the grander scheme of total politics we were now striking a far greater blow against the system than any other National Socialist movement had ever done before. The enemy's counter attack would be largely ineffective, yet we would be striking a telling blow in another direction. In due course Perth would become the first city where the masses would get to see that the Holocaust was at least challenged. This factor would in due course rattle the enemy, and rattle him far more than he ever seriously planned for.

In due course there was a very interesting spin off from the anti-Zionist campaign. Because of the readable posters about Zionist and Freemason control, we were contacted by a very well placed member of the Jewish community who agreed with what we were saying and trying to do. This person also gave as a lot of inside information on quite a number of the leaders of the Jewish community, along with various Jews in positions of power in Western Australia and Australia in general. This often proved to be useful in the ongoing campaign. A character profile of your enemy can prove very useful. Having inside information on their dirty little secrets is also useful too.

By September the new posters had been printed up, and new plastering up teams were ready to roll. So we opened up the campaign. We let the public know that the media hype stage was over, and we were back out onto the streets again. This time with new posters, Not only that, but we would be using new plastering up tactics as well. Until the time that we began to use two coloured posters, we would be staging a number of daring and effective stunts as well.

However, when we started back onto the posters again, we initially carried on with the same old methods of plastering up with teams on foot. But now the Police were getting nastier. Whereas before the odd team was arrested here and there, now three teams were stopped by the Police on the same night and two of them were charged. The one team that was stopped but not charged was John Van and John Lyons. Here the policemen concerned seemed to be more interested in what the ANM stood for. John was only too happy to oblige them and

promptly gave them a lecture about taxation and bank interest. In fact when he had finished, John asked them if they wanted the poster they caught them plastering up actually taken down, the policemen told them to leave it there. That was fine, but the other two teams were charged by the Police. The indications were that the Police were going to get increasingly nastier. This would now be aggravated by the simple fact that the campaign would now be mainly directed to attacking Zionism and Freemasonry — and the various police forces are heavily infiltrated by Freemasons. We were bound to NOT be their flavour of the month. This heavy involvement of policemen with Freemasonry also indicates where the real loyalty of the Police Force ultimately lies — not with Australians.

Jim King and his mate Froggy were charged and later on copped a heavy fine. Chris Bartle and another young Skinhead, Jamie, were charged and copped a decent fine as well. There was no way that we could help them pay these fines for the simple reason that we were constantly broke. Throughout the entire struggle our political soldiers always paid a bitterly high price for their idealism and patriotism. Someone has to take the first lonely steps in the face of staggering odds, regardless of the dangers; these are the true heroes of our Race. Chris Bartle had his day in court. He gave the courtroom an impromptu lecture on why he was right and they were wrong. He pointed out the injustice of the system and why he was right to break the unjust laws for the sake of true justice.

After three of our teams being stopped in the one night we simply had to change our methods of plastering up posters. Luckily we had already developed other methods. These methods now had to be utilized. From now on we struck haphazardly, never following a definite pattern of days and times when we went plastering up. We now had to carry out rolling runs in vehicles, and always keep a keen lookout for the Police, whether those policemen were in normal police cars or unmarked cars.

Another change in basic tactics was that we were now plastering up four main posters, plus the readable posters. The masses were now well and truly conditioned to look at the posters up on the streets. When we changed the slogans they were seen. Another poster we printed up at this point in time was. "Honest Governments Issue Money, Not Jewish Banks." We mixed this one in with the anti-Zionist posters from time to time. What we generally did now was to stick to this pattern. On the backs of Stop Signs and Give Way signs we stuck these two slogans together: "Don't Lose Your Job to an Asian, Join the ANM and Stop the Invasion!" and "ANM Means No Asians. No Tax. No Pollution.“ The other two slogans we stuck up together were: "6 Million Dead Jews Destroying Palestine Today,“ and "Media Cover-up, Holocaust a Lie! Seek the Truth". These A4 size doubles were quite effective in getting certain messages across to the masses.

The larger A3 size posters were also put up in a different manner. This time round we had 3 poster slogans to plaster up on the 3 sides of control boxes as well as having an eye

catching s read to plaster up onto bus stands. With the larger double A3 P posters we used the one about the myth of the Holocaust and another one about Jewish control over governments.

There was another thing that happened not long after we started up on the posters again in September. It was the first obvious sign that the enemy was beginning to slowly react. In certain areas the poster “Australia is a Multicultural Society, Let‘s Keep it That Way." appeared stuck over our own posters. However it was spotty and therefore largely ineffective, not to mention the simple fact that they were not stuck up very well. Many of them were easily torn off, or just fell off. The areas they appeared were in parts of Dianella, around Beatty Park, and parts of Charles St. They only went up once; after that the enemy’s zeal seemed to disappear. REVOLUTION IS THE WORK OF FANATICS, NOT WEAK AMATEURS.

Back to the posters.

So now we were plastering up from cars. We rolled around through the metropolitan area plastering up again, This was me first time that we were starting to run out of new areas to plaster up, because we had plastered up so well in the earlier poster campaigns. Time and again we found our earlier posters still up, clear and provocative, so we had to move on to other areas which we assumed would be untouched or cleared up to some degree. However, the various local councils were very slack in their poster cleaning up operations then. Very few posters were actually cleaned up until the Uniting Church organized some cleaning up teams to go around and painstakingly scrape the posters off, one at a time. They operated in quite a number of heavily postered up areas, thus preparing the way for us to then go and plaster up the new posters. Even here their overall effect was still quite ineffective in the face of our massive poster campaign. The other thing about them was that they only operated on weekends. It was ridiculously easy to follow their progress in a certain area they were working on. When they had finally finished, after weeks of work, we could plaster up the whole area with new posters in one night. This was very demoralising for the enemy. In due course their zeal to combat our posters simply faded away. The only serious opposition to the poster campaign came well into I988. Curing that problem is a story in itself.

During September and October we rolled on around the darkened streets plastering up the new posters. The yellow Bongo van was constantly in use; the clutch having been repaired. The new activists like John McGuaig were performing well. Lord knows how many wet nights Dave Locke, John McGuaig and I spent cruising around the quiet streets till the dawn broke through.

In the back of the Bongo van the smell of bondcrete became the familiar scent of propaganda in motion. We were now keeping well ahead of any opposition. The pace was not so hectic now. By simply keeping a certain number of teams out on the road each week, we steadily increased the general area plastered up as well as replacing the areas cleaned up by the enemy. Apart from the Bongo van, John‘s Renegade jeep did a lot of rolling runs around various parts of Perth as well. There were other vehicles cruising around too. We were now

plastering up other towns and cities in the countryside, even as far away as Kalgoorlie. This was directly due to new activists in those areas. In November 1987 we carried out the second bus job. It was not as dramatic as we hoped for, although quite dramatic all the same. Originally we had planned to plaster up the billboards on nearly all the MTT buses in Perth. Instead of nearly all the buses, we only put posters onto the majority of the buses. What happened was this; the weather went really foul; it suddenly poured down rain by the bucketful, and two of the teams did not bother to carry out their part of the operation. As well as this, the MTT were reasonably quick to scrape off the posters. The pouring rain, by the way, was yet another application of good old Murphy's Law, "If something can go wrong, it will go wrong, and it will go wrong at the worst possible time." And I guess I must mention that there is another grand old Murphy's Law that so well applies to anyone who struggles for high ideals against staggering odds: "Life IS a bitch!"

The operation was conducted in this manner. First off we did a thorough reconnaissance of the various MTT bus depots around the Perth Metropolitan area. Then a team was assigned to each MTT bus depot and did their own reconnaissance. The information was put together so we could work out the best time for all the teams to strike pretty well simultaneously. This lessened the overall time that anyone could be caught and have that information phoned through to the rest of the MTT bus depots' security guards so that they could then go and look for other teams plastering up other depots. We printed up the normal posters minus the ANM name and address, but left the Celtic Cross on. This was just in case there would be some sort of legal action taken against us by the MTT. The Celtic Cross was left on so that people really did know who put the posters there—unofficially.

So there we were on the big day. The posters were printed up and distributed to the various teams, the glue and other equipment was ready, the lads were all hyped up to go and rip into it - THEN DOWN CAME THE RAIN! BY THE BUCKETFUL, HOUR AFTER HOUR! Well stuff the rain, we went in at midnight. Apart from John, in his drizabone, we were all soaked to the skin, as we went digging under fences, or sneaking past guard houses through open gates, or climbing over fences. John's team had the task of plastering up the buses in the main depot in the city itself, right next door to the Perth Police Headquarters; yes, right under the noses of the Police. We remembered well the pelting rain as we plastered up the posters on the billboards on the backs of the buses. Slopping through the puddles and sheets of water we sneaked around from bus to bus till they were all done. After that we sneaked out through the gates or crawled out under the cyclone wire fences, or climbed over the besser brick fences, then phoned into the answering machine at the Headquarters the code number for each team as their mission was complete. Two teams had failed to report in, however, the majority of the MTT buses of Perth were sporting our posters and within a few hours they would be driving around Perth in the peak hour traffic.

After that it was back to plain old posters for a month.

The next stunt we pulled was the freeway job. This would prove to be a very high profile stunt, but it was a lot riskier. This was also the first time we used extra-large posters made up from five A3 sheets stuck together. Sticking them together took quite a long time. It was crude but effective, and being effective is the main purpose of all propaganda. We carefully measured up this size so that it could fit over the front of a control box, with virtually no room to spare. On the freeways the posters would have to be extra-large so they could be seen by speeding motorists. The poster slogan was, “Cultural Enrichment Asian Style: Organized Crime, Heroin, and Hepatitis."

There was one other aspect of these stunts that we would pull off from time to time. It was utterly impossible for the enemy to counter them. It was a ease of, "Now you don't see it; now you do." Suddenly there were posters everywhere in places one thought it was impossible to put them, and a lot of people saw ‘them. Only a free spirit can soar through the mystery of possibility, and the enemy is not a free spirit. While we let our imagination have free rein, it was impossible for the enemy to anticipate what our next stunt would be, and when it would happen. Meanwhile the sheer audacity of the stunt inspired more arid more of the rebellious youth.

The aim of the freeway job was to poster-up the major freeways leading into the city, as well as much of a number of other high profile targets as possible. Until now the freeways had not been done before it was too risky and we did not have extra-large posters that would be seen by speeding motorists.

We carried out this operation in this manner. The teams met under the Narrows Bridge, where we issued the posters and glue. Once again some of the teams did not show up, however, once again there were enough to carry out the operation. John took a team on foot around the Narrows interchange and plastered up the columns of the bridges and the flyover as well as plastering up all the way to the old Emu Brewery. Despite the fact that it was between l AM and 5 AM on Monday morning there was still a certain amount of traffic on the freeways that included the Police as well. That was the riskiest part of the operation, but it was the most important part. The rest of the operation was to plaster up the large signs along the freeway. This was risky too, but not that risky. We had to pull up under each sign on the freeway and pretend that we had broken clown. We lifted the bonnet up and waited for a break in the traffic then quickly get out the posters and glue and a milk crate to stand on, then plaster up those extra-large posters. This way we managed to poster-up the Kwinana Freeway all the way to Fremantle. While in Fremantle we plastered up posters there in high profile spots. Interestingly we bumped into a group of street kids under one of the bridges near the old Emu Brewery and another group of street kids in Fremantle. We gave the street kids in Fremantle some stickers to stick up around the city, which they promptly did. Anyway, came the dawn on Monday morning and Perth motorists travelling to work were presented with yet another display of posters

where they had never seen them before. And of course, the slogans were new. The media reacted, as we expected they would. It was a fitting way to end the year.

The freeway job was well into December. There were some more rolling runs of conventional plastering up of posters, then that was pretty well it for the year—a very eventful year in Perth, then the action started up in Sydney.

Meanwhile we had bought a third photocopying machine. This one we sent on to the Sydney branch so that they could print up their own propaganda. It was also a further dispersal of our printing machinery. l had to head over to the East to get this set up. While l was over there the activists in Perth took a well-earned rest. There would be no more plastering up till the next month, when the New Year began, and then the campaign would take off with a vengeance just when the enemy thought we had finally run out of steam. While l was in Sydney we fired up the photocopier, produced posters with the Sydney address on them, organized plastering up teams, then postered up parts of Sydney. When it became obvious that the ANM poster campaign was underway in Sydney the media reacted in their usual manner. All in all the media publicity was pretty good. Over the next two years the Sydney branch pulled off a few stunts of their own, as well as the more conventional stickers and posters. They were not able to make a dramatic impression in their own right; Perth was always the storm centre. However a certain amount of the controversy generated in Perth had a positive effect on the rest of Australia because the media was utilized the right way.

There was one interesting spin off from the anti-Zionist campaign that only fully came to light while l was in the East. Precisely how serious the people concerned were is something we will never know, basically because l refused to be a part of it. The scheme that was suggested to me was this: Raise a specially trained armed unit in the major leading nations like America in particular, and also Australia. Their task would be to simultaneously strike at all the major Zionist families and their Freemason cohorts, physically wiping them out in one bold stroke. This would instantly cripple the Zionist/Masonic control of the world in general. lt was referred to as “Operation Xenophon." ln theory there really are only about a thousand totally ruthless and evil people ruling the destiny of the world, should they be wiped out, then obviously better people then would have an easier time fixing up the planet. As l said, l rejected the idea.

Another time when I was in the East l was approached by other people who were hatching another wild scheme for assassinating Bob Hawke on Australia Day 1988 and having it appear that the Aborigines had done it. Once again l rejected this scheme. We have never been against Aborigines. Besides assassinating Bob Hawke would not achieve anything, he would only be made out to be some sort of martyr, and besides, there are plenty of other ratbags like him waiting in the wings in all the system parties to take his place. The system must be changed, not merely individuals. Rumour had it at the time that Holmes A Court was behind this scheme somehow or other. Another rumour was also doing the rounds at this time. This was that he

was supplying the ANM money. Rumours are funny things; so are plans, and the two are often confused.

On the last day of 1987' (2740 AR) Dave Locke, John McGuaig and l drove up to Radical Ranch in the yellow Bongo van to meet a number of our people in order to salute the dawn of the New Year. Simon Peace had made up a new Celtic Cross flag to be raised at the dawn. A bunch of the Skinheads turned up later on and we all gathered around the tree we called "ET" because of its shape and waited for the sun to rise over the horizon on the clear dawn of the beautiful Aussie bush while the kookaburras greeted the new day. As the brilliant fiery white orb of the sun peeped over the eastern, horizon we raised the Celtic Cross Flag, played the Aussie National Anthem "Waltzing Matilda." and gave the Roman Salute to the rising sun. The new year of 274l AR (1988 CE) had begun. Dramatic events would begin to unfold in the course of this year.

That was the year that the Planet Mars was bright and strong in the sky. Mars, the red planet, Mars the God of War, there in glory in the clear night of the Western Skies. Somehow its martial spirit was casting its influence down on the sleeping Earth below. For the finite mind of Man cannot comprehend the wisdom of the infinite, the Cosmos, the work of the old gods, and how true it is that the old gods work in mysterious ways. And to those who are perceptive the old gods speak in strange ways, and Destiny winds its devious way through the twisted trails of life's contradictions.

Over the next two weeks we designed and made up two more posters in A3 and double A3 size. The slogans were. "Coloured Immigration: The Trickle Has Become a Flood", and “There Will be Land Rights For None in an Asian Australia". During the weeks of our inactivity the enemy seemed to think that we had finally run out of steam and given up. They cleared up quite a lot of the posters during this time, which cleared the way for the new lot of posters. At this point in time John Lyons was printing up most of the posters on the other printing machine at his house in Ballajura. This arrangement continued until his house was burned down, along with the machines. We also utilized his house at Ballajura as a staging point for operations in the Northern areas.

As the year went on we arranged a number of places where we could get resupplies of posters, glue, spare rollers and petrol, so that we could roll around all night long after the petrol stations were closed. Another thing we had to be careful about now was to not have too much propaganda on board in case the Police stole it when they stopped us. If you could get an immediate resupply from somewhere not too far away, then you could continue plastering up, besides the amounts of propaganda we were carrying around now cost a fair bit of money. Money ‘was something we just never had enough of. In due course, apart from the Headquarters in Gosnells, we had resupply staging points in Victoria Park, North Perth, and Scarborough. It must have presented an odd sight to the neighbours in these various places to

see cars pulling in at 3 AM in the morning and picking up petrol, posters and glue, then driving off into the still darkness.

In the third week of January I988 we struck. We opened up the I988 campaign with the largest single splurge of posters Perth had ever seen before. This time we waited until Friday night, then we cut loose all weekend from two staging areas — John Lyons's house in Ballajura, and the Headquarters. Dave Locke and John Lyons were one of the teams that plastered up posters in the Northern part of the metropolitan area. Fergy and I in the Bongo van were another, while John and someone else were another still. Over the course of the weekend there were other teams driving around too. All Friday night till the dawn, all Saturday night till the dawn, and all Sunday night till the dawn we plastered up like mad. On Friday afternoon Perth people did not even know that particular poster even existed. By Monday morning there they were, up in their thousands along the main arterial roads, where in many places there had only been the remains of scraped off ones before.

The 1988 poster campaign was away. and everyone knew. There was of course. yet another media reaction which extended the publicity further still. After the initial splurge we simply added to it with a certain number of rolling runs during the weeks following. Dave Locke, John McGuaig and I in the Bongo van did a lot of that. Dave and I also literally worked through every night on that first weekend. So often at the Headquarters there were a number of activists sleeping during the day after an all-night job. It was of course, utterly unconventional, but it was effective.

The other thing about it that was effective was this. It hindered possible Police countermeasures. It was a case of. “Now you don't see them — now you do; too late; too bad Mr Plod!" There was something else about that particular weekend that we opened up. That was the weekend that the annual Bindoon Rock was being staged up at Bindoon. A hell of a lot of Police were up at Bindoon keeping an eye on the crowd there. These were the very policemen who could have been chasing us out on the darkened streets. We also knew from inside information from the Police Force itself that they would take a few days to begin to seriously react to the knowledge that a new poster campaign had begun. By that time it would be too late.

So for the next few weeks we plastered up the two new slogans. I personally spent a lot of time with Dave Locke and John McGuaig during this time. Night after night we were out in the yellow Bongo van while the beautiful long hot summer of 1988 lingered on. We slept during the day, and then struck again at night. In the cool of the evening after the fiery Western sun had set in its usual stunning display of crimson glory, we planned yet another plaster up, assembled the posters, had a big feed with plenty of black coffee, then at about 10 PM we headed out again. We always had a thermos flask full of black coffee with us for later on in the morning. Lord knows how much black coffee we all swallowed over the years of propaganda. lt

kept us awake. Like the summer before, we would make maximum use of the dry summer weather.

Then in February we struck again. We opened up with another all weekend plaster up. This time we opened up with the anti-Zionist and anti-Holocaust campaign with a vengeance. We had also made a readable poster with the facts about why the Holocaust was impossible. This campaign was different again. This time we plastered posters up on all the media outlets, whether they be newspapers, TV or radio. We also thoroughly postered up the entire railway network with these readables as well as the other posters. This was the first time that the entire railway network had been postered up in one hit. The effect of this weekend combined operation was quite dramatic. On Monday morning the media just went berserk. The phone at the Headquarters just ran hot with the various media reporters and journalists doing phone interviews about why we maintained that the Holocaust was a lie. Some of those journalists were irate. Suddenly, at about ll AM the phone stopped ringing. Not one media person made any more comments. There was absolutely nothing about that weekend campaign in the media. It was almost as if silent orders went out to all the media personnel to not talk about the Holocaust. This was very interesting because it showed, among other things, that the Zionist controllers of the media were as nervous as hell about the myth of the Holocaust.

Actually there was one rather amusing incident on that weekend. Dave and I were getting near the end of our targets for the night on the media outlets. However, there was one remaining target to plaster up, and that target was very important. lt was the 6PR Radio studio. Regardless of the fact that it was now daylight already on Monday morning and the early morning traffic was beginning to stir, we simply had to do it.

It was almost 6 AM when we pulled up across the road from the 6PR studio, and sure enough there were some people starting work in the building already. Dave and I looked at each other, then at the traffic in the streets, then at the glass door of the 6PR studio across the road. This was going to be risky, however, luck favours the brave, or to put it another way; a chicken hearted man never won a fair maiden's heart. l turned to Dave and said. “Stuff it, do it!" Dave had a lot of nerve. This was one of those times he put it to good use. He coolly took the posters and roller, casually walked across the road to the studio door, smiled and waved at the man inside the glass door. who stared at him in goggle eyed wonder as Dave just as casually plastered up the posters on the outside of the glass door, then waved to him again and walked back to the Bongo van. Obviously the man was just dumbfounded — he had never seen this sort of thing before. He was still standing there just staring at the now postered up glass door when we drove away. Sometime after that he walked upstairs to tell his boss what he saw. We reasoned that by the time anybody actually got to the posters to try to take them off, the glue would have hardened in the warm dry weather and they would then be near impossible to remove. In fact this is what happened. One daring act can often achieve a lot.

So when you are on a good thing, stick to it. This is precisely what we did. We now hammered that anti-Holocaust and anti-Zionist campaign until the system were simply forced to comment on it because of the sheer volume of high profile propaganda out on the streets and then they were commenting on it at a disadvantage. In many ways this part of the overall campaign was a repeat of the anti-asianisation campaign of the year before. There was also another factor in the anti-Zionist and anti-Holocaust campaign. We were now well and truly part of an international network of Nationalist and National Socialist groups taking part in exactly the same campaign all over the Aryan World. That international campaign is rattling the International Jew and seriously undermining his credibility in the eyes of the very important educated elite whose support is vital to the International Jew maintaining his insidious behind-the-scenes hidden control. By exposing the Jew and his lies the Jew is forced to try to defend his actions and his lies. This is ultimately impossible and deep down the Jew knows this, therefore he begins to act irrationally, thus showing that the Nationalists are speaking the truth. There is something about truth that you must understand.

THE TRUTH SOMETIMES SEEMS STRANGE. THE TRUTH IS OFTEN UNFASHIONABLE, THE TRUTH CAN SEEM TO BE UNREASONABLE, THE TRUTH CAN SEEM TO BE DRAB OR EXCITING, THE TRUTH CAN EVEN SEEM EVIL, BUT IT HAS THIS ONE ETERNAL ADVANTAGE; IT IS THE TRUTH, AND WHATEVER IS FOUNDED ON THE TRUTH WILL NEVER YIELD TO FALSEHOOD OR TYRANNY.

Well ideals are one thing; however cool hard cash is another. The lack of money was just driving us mad. There was so much more we could do if we only had a lot more money. We needed money, lots of it, but there is only so much we could get from book sales and outright donations from hard working, hard up, working class Aussies who could not really afford the bit that they donated. It always broke my heart to see so many open faced, good hearted people donate money they could not really afford. It was so unjust. And the amount they could donate this way was simply not enough to fully develop the propaganda campaign. Why couldn't the big criminals donate something instead? The large scale parasites like the banks and insurance companies, who were in fact operating illegally or without a legal and moral mandate from the Australian People, had taken most of the hard earned money and wealth from the Aussie People. WE WERE ETIIICALLY AND MORALLY BOUND TO LIFT THE FINANCIAL BURDEN OFF THE BACKS OF OUR HARD UP AUSSIES. WE WERE ALSO MORALLY BOUND TO OBTAIN, REGARDLESS OF THE PERSONAL RISK TO OURSELVES, ENOUGH MONEY TO ACTUALLY WAGE A CAMPAIGN EFFECTIVE ENOUGH TO BRING ABOUT A JUST STATE OF AFFAIRS IN AUSTRALIA.

There is another important point you must understand about the system in charge in Australia today.

To tolerate is one thing, to ENDORSE or GIVE A MANDATE FOR is another. An armed robber will be tolerated by the people he holds at gunpoint, he has his way; BUT his actions are NOT ENDORSED by the people; they have NOT GIVEN HIM A MANDATE to rob them. The armed robber has DE FACTO authority over the people, but he is acting immorally. The Australian

People have tolerated, but never endorsed the wholesale stealing of Australia's wealth by the banks, multi-nationals, and insurance companies, instead, SINCE THE 1830s THE AUSTRALIAN PEOPLE HAVE TRIED TO ASSERT THEIR RIGHT TO EXIST AS AN INDEPENDENT NATION STATE. SO FAR THIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN DENIED AND AUSTRALIA'S DESTINY HAS ALWAYS BEEN IN THE HANDS OF FOREIGNERS ACTIVELY WORKING AGAINST THE INTERESTS OF THE AUSTRALIAN PEOPLE. The foreign control today is the Zionist controlled banks, multinationals and insurance companies. Many other large sections of key industries are also Zionist controlled or influenced.

Remember also that it is the brave of the Earth who decide in combat the boundaries of liberty; that is Nature's Eternal Law. In the end a threatened people can only gain their liberty to develop as a unique race/culture when they physically fight for it. They assert their RIGHT TO EXIST by fighting in combat against an alien oppressor, or in revolution or in war. In Australia's case the first time the Australian Nation (or Australian Race/Culture) asserted its right to exist in armed struggle was at Eureka in I854. The Australian Flag then was the Eureka Flag (or the Flag of Stars), and that still is the Australian Flag. The Australian Lore ENDORSED by the Australian People is the code of behaviour of the Aussie bushman, the Aussie worker as to what is a fair thing and what is above board. The Australian National Anthem is "Waltzing Matilda."

On a number of occasions since I854 the Australian Nation reasserted its right to exist in armed struggle or by physically fighting. The near revolution of I898 led to Federation, the end of the first attempt by the British Colonial Government to asianise Australia and it also led to the various social welfare schemes being introduced. In the l890s in New South Wales and Victoria the Asian/Coloured percentage of the population rose to over 20%. Now the ongoing ANM's street campaign is the latest occasion when Australian Patriots reasserted the Australian Nation's right to exist. In due course this would involve physically fighting. The first step in this would be to morally take back from the immoral insurance companies some of their ill-gotten gains and put that money to the benefit of the Australian People rather than to the detriment of the Australian People.

There is something else you must understand, when you look at what is morally correct in the struggle for our Nation. The internationally accepted definition of a criminal is this: "Someone who interferes in the lives of others for pure personal gain." Please note, not someone who merely breaks the law, for laws are but words written on pieces of paper, while justice is eternal.

Actually it was John Lyons who first suggested to John to burn down his house at Ballajura. He also told John that he was in the process of buying the house. He did not tell John that he was only renting the place. This is probably why he bought a new, very sophisticated photocopier, so that he could claim the insurance on that too. Not only that, but we had only recently stored our offset printing press at his house as well, along with a lot of paper, ink, toner and developer fluid. Along with all his other household furniture it would represent quite a lot of money in insurance. Basically, John Lyons was utterly sick of working like a machine and

he was looking for the easy way out, where he could make money without having to work. He knew that the ANM was desperate for some sizeable amount of money to be able to go ahead in a big way, so he suggested to John that John burn his house down and for that he would give the ANM $15,000 from the total insurance money for the house and contents. That $l5.000 would pay for a new coloured photocopier and a whole lot of other printing machinery. The rest of the insurance money John Lyons would keep for himself and buy himself another house. Well that was the plan that he told John. But that is not what happened.

On the 6 February 1988 John Lyons took his family out for the weekend to York. Before he left he sent his wife and children off to the shop for about 20 minutes, then he dragged all the furniture he could lay his hands on into a stack in the middle of the dining room floor. He doused this and the rest of the inside of the house with 3 jerry cans of kerosene. In order to have some sort of light inside the house for John to see what he was doing later on, he "left the fridge door open. Then he and his family left for York.

John drove up to Ballajura a bit after midnight and parked his car about 500 metres away in a park under a tree. He walked to John Lyons's house along a cycleway, and entered his house through the back door that John Lyons had let open for him. Before John entered the back door he was out the front of his house shaking the living daylights out of a stinking rotten brand new can of spray paint that refused to work. John was cursing under his breath and making a racket with the ball bearing rattling in the can. He could hear the neighbours talking and giggling in their sardine can environment living out their petty little shallow lives doing what the Eternal Jew wanted them to do - keeping up with the Jones in an unnatural pointless scramble for material creature comforts. He spent a good 10 minutes out the front listening and sensing the contrast. He pondered on the fact that he was now taking a very big step in his life, but for the long term goals he knew that the risk was worth it to rid our Nation of this sardine tin environment, and he cursed that useless spray can again. Part of the plan was to paint an anti-Nazi slogan on the front of the house so that it looked like the Commos had burned the place down because it was where the ANM's printing was being done.

Once inside the action began. John was singing as he splashed the kerosene from the extra jerry can that John Lyons left behind for him. There was kerosene all over the place already, mainly on the floor, but John had to make sure that there was kerosene freshly splashed on the furniture and printing machinery. It was most important that all this was totally destroyed. It was a case of whistle while you work, as John sang and splashed his way around, splashing kerosene over furniture, machinery, and clothing, all by the light of the light in the open fridge. While John was at it he checked out the fridge for something to eat, but the stingy mongrel did not leave anything to eat, John Lyons took all the tucker to York with him. He nearly slipped over in all the kerosene on the tiled floor, and then he grabbed the torch and lit it. The next step was for John to go around from room to room lighting the kerosene on the stacks of furniture and machinery and clothing. By the time he reached the front door the whole

house was well and truly ablaze. John is very thorough in whatever he does. If a job is worth doing, it is worth doing well that includes burning houses too. John glanced back at the poster stuck on the front door of John Lyons‘s house, "ANM Means No Asians, No Tax, No Pollution". John thought to himself, "That's not all it means!" By the time he was on the nature strip out in front of the house, the house was a roaring blaze, crackling and flaming away, and waking the neighbourhood. John thought, "Stuff this, l had better get out of here real fast." He then promptly broke all records running like mad covering the next 300 metres to the shadow of the trees in the park. From there he walked to his car and drove home, well pleased with a good night's work.

The media reacted again to the burning of the ANM's printing works. The poster on the front door survived and was shown on the various TV channels. A lot of people assumed that the Commos had burned the house down, which was fine by us.

However, after John risked a heavy jail sentence, thinking that we were now going to be financially well off and able to do a hell of a lot more on the political scene, John Lyons became greedy and did not give us the $l5,000. All we received from him was a lousy $500 and that was only under protest. He was also hated throughout the carpenter community because he had ripped off so many of them in his devious underhanded dealings. He basically owed a lot of money to a lot of people, including us. After all of this we decided to even the score with him when the opportunity presented itself. Well over a year later he staggered back in a drunken stupor to his house from his jeep, leaving his checkbook, wallet, and credit cards on the seat. We happened to be keeping an eye on him at the time, and saw our opportunity. Before the next day was through John Lyons, or to be more exact, the banks, had generously donated to a very worthy cause about $3,500 of some of the money he owed us.

Meanwhile, back out on the streets the campaign ground on, regardless of the loss of printing machines and money. The beautiful long hot summer wore on and we made maximum use of it. We hammered the anti-Zionist and anti-Holocaust message with a vengeance. During the course of the year we also ran a poster/sticker campaign against the proposed referendum. Whereas a number of other people were opposed to the loss of civil liberties that the referendum would cause if it was passed, we ANM political soldiers did not just talk about it; we got out and plastered the posters up all over the city of Perth and other cities as well. We took the risks to take the message home to the masses, and the referendum was not passed. HISTORY IS THE ACTIONS OF THE FEW.

Alec also made up a lot of posters exposing Zionism and Freemasonry. He supplied us with them and we plastered them up. Besides that, John and l had many a pleasant evening with Alec. His wife put on some very good cooking, and I made a pig of myself, according to John. This was probably true, because my own lifestyle was so austere as to be ridiculous. A beautiful home cooked meal was very attractive indeed, so I hooked in and. yes. I guess l made

a bit of a pig of myself too. During all these sessions there was plenty of Turkish coffee, and of course, "aviation fuel." or grappa to more normal people.

On the subject of being normal, the atmosphere at the Headquarters now was as far removed from normal as you could ever get. We printed and put together posters, stickers, leaflets, and booklets during the day and plastered up during the nights. So often our activists were sleeping during the day after yet another all night poster run.

Often they were sleeping amongst thousands of printed up or half printed up posters, leaflets and stickers. Lord knows how many times the whole Headquarters was literally covered, from one end to the other, with thousands and thousands of freshly printed stickers drying. Often the whole place was piled high with cheap paper that suddenly came from Lord knows where. Then there were donations of ink and toner and even a couple of printing machines and all the component bits and pieces of these. At one stage we had someone getting hold of very cheap petrol—once again from Lord knows where. Anyway, we then had jerry cans full of petrol all around the place as well. And of course, there was always the bondcrete, coming in by the drumful—and going out with the posters.

We were regularly postering up shopping centres now. The main arterial roads were seldom without our posters, so now we went into the quiet suburban streets, thoroughly working over whole sleeping suburbs; stop sign by stop sign, bus stop by bus stop, control box by control box, steel pole by steel pole, until the clear air of the dawn infused a new freshness into the beginning of yet another hot summer day in the West. And yet another suburb was blanketed with posters.

On the Referendum campaign we expected the enemy would be waiting for us to finish it up with a massive poster-up from vehicles in the Perth City Business District, as we had done on other occasions. They would be out looking for vehicles on the last weekend before the Referendum vote. So we did not poster-up the city area, we stickered it up on foot, using thousands of stickers. It proved to be a very effective unexpected manoeuvre. And the purpose of all political activity is to be effective, effective on the masses.

In April I988 I headed East again. This time I started up the Tasmanian branch of the ANM. Apart from that I had to make some more contacts, as well as filling in certain people there on what was happening in the West. There was also some valuable intelligence from other well placed people as well. This intelligence would prove to be valuable in the ongoing campaign ahead. It was from such intelligence that we worked out when to begin the Chinese Restaurant campaign and the two coloured posters campaign. Also we had a better idea of what to put on the new two coloured posters. While in Sydney we cranked up the ongoing poster campaign, and in Melbourne we established the Victorian branch. And of course, while in Melbourne, we celebrated Hitler's birthday on 20 April. Some of the old National Socialists from older campaigns were there with us when we did this.

While I am on the subject of the old National Socialists, I would like to state here and now two things. These old people are the real heroes of our Race. Not only are they real heroes, but they have been vilified on a scale seldom seen before in history. They are great in spirit and can understand those who vilify them while they continue to unselfishly help the same people who mindlessly vilify them. That requires a very special type of strength of character, the true idealist who never expects any material reward in this corrupt shallow world of cowards, greed, and ticky tacky houses full of very little people. I personally feel honoured to be some sort of inspiration to them, for by I988 my own reputation was beginning to spread around the National Socialist circles. I felt honoured to have been a service to them, by being a key figure in the ongoing National Socialist propaganda campaign on the streets. It is difficult to describe to the uninformed the sense of purpose and gratification I felt when I saw the gratitude on the keen old faces, worn and lined with pain and untold solitary suffering. So many of them are far better people than I am, and to receive their praise and admiration is a rare honour indeed.

Somehow we all seemed to sense that finally, after a long bitter struggle around an unsympathetic world; the ideals that we had been striving for most of the 20th century were now beginning to blossom forth in fertile ground. Looking at them there, I was reminded of the old saying: "Man is so made that when anything tires his soul impossibilities vanish."

The other point I want to state is this: I am very glad that I did get to see so many of them in I988. As later events turned out, this would be the last chance to see any of them for a long long time. Before I could get to see them again in I989 the Police would carry out their vile deeds and jail us, in order to make Australia a safe place for parasites to continue their destruction of all that is noble, strong and beautiful. I am glad that I saw the old hero’s before being flung into the system's festering, cruel dungeons. During the time in jail I often thought of their open pure keen old faces, and somehow the knowledge that so many of them have endured far worse than I have ever endured helps to keep me going. For the human spirit is indestructible, and soars to the stars and beyond; it is not confined by brutality, insults, or jails of rock and iron. You can jail a man's body but not his free spirit.

On the way back to the West I stopped off at Adelaide and spent a bit of time with Michael Brander, as I had done on a number of other occasions. Then it was back to the West, and back out onto the streets. Once again I had managed to pick up some more money while I was in the East. So once again the propaganda campaign could be fired up that much more again - until the next time we ran out of money, when we would have to manage the impossible again.

By the time I returned we were back into the wet weather again, and all the usual problems wet weather brought with it. As well as this, there were other problems. The enemy was now beginning to react a little bit more effectively.

About the middle of the year we first started to notice that some of our posters had a large sticker stuck across them. On the sticker were the words, "Stop Racism". This had the

potential of being big trouble for us. In the right hands well organized teams could counter our posters by simply sticking the stickers over our posters. This is a lot easier than trying to put another poster over our posters, or trying to remove posters by scraping them off. Luckily the enemy did not have competent, well organized teams to go around and stick their stickers over our posters. It was once again a hit and miss affair. We kept a careful eye on it to make sure that it did not begin to seriously affect our ongoing poster campaign. This was yet another classic case of the enemy wasting a valuable chance to hit back effectively, simply because they were not innovative or dedicated enough.

However, this particular sticker did give us an idea of our own that did prove to be effective. We printed up thousands of stickers and strip posters with the words, "ASIANS OUT". The Celtic Cross was incorporated into the word "OUT". This now became the standard sticker or poster to stick onto Asian owned businesses whenever our activists encountered them. This generally happened on poster runs. However, there were a number of deliberate operations where we spent the whole night doing nothing but sticking the "Asians Out" posters onto Asian businesses over large parts of Perth. On one particular operation Fergy organized teams to stick "Asians Out" onto a large percentage of the Asian run doctors and dentists surgeries around Perth. This had a very unsettling effect on Asian invaders in general. There was no doubt in their minds that they were now the subject of a concerted campaign against them.

There was another interesting incident that happened in the winter of 1988. The Fremantle City area had been taking a good and proper hammering from our poster teams. This was partly to let the Commos know that we were now putting our message out right in the middle of their traditional territory. We made it our business to have our posters outnumber theirs.

Against this background, an official from the Fremantle City Council approached us with a view to ending the profusion of ANM posters. Need I say that the Fremantle City Council did NOT even bother to try and prevent the Communist posters going up around Fremantle, it was only ANM posters that they wanted to stop. We decided to meet the official and talk about some sort of agreement we could reach.

In good faith we proposed the following deal to them. First off no more posters would be plastered up in the Fremantle area for the next fortnight while the Fremantle City Council considered the deal. The deal would consist of us ceasing all indiscriminate postering of the Fremantle area. Instead the Fremantle City Council would allow us to place one A3 poster and one A5 readable poster onto the spot reserved for advertising on the bus stands. As well as this we were to be allowed to place a readable A5 poster on to each rubbish tin. We put this in writing and left it with the Fremantle City Council, who promised to get back to us within the agreed time span. We acted in good faith; we stopped all postering or stickering in the Fremantle area for the agreed time of a fortnight while we let the Fremantle City Council consider the deal.

We acted in good faith; they did not. Like the system in general they do not have any sense of honour. The whole exercise was nothing more than a low down trick to give themselves a fortnight‘s respite from postering. Not only that but they brought in the media before we were even told anything, and then the Fremantle City Council told the media how they were going to stamp out racism in Fremantle. This was a classic example of how the system treats anyone who tries to do things "within the system". lt turned out to be yet another reason why true Patriots must work outside the system, and yes, outside the legal system in order to be effective. BEING EFFECTIVE IS WHAT COUNTS IN THE STRUGGLE FOR OUR RACE — NOT OBEYING A CORRUPT LEGAL CODE.

So we hit back at the Fremantle area. However, before we did this we received some intelligence about counter measures that the Fremantle City Council were carrying out to prevent us resuming the poster campaign in the Fremantle area. We knew precisely when the extra security patrols they employed to catch us would be finishing their patrolling. We let them waste their money, and then struck. We plastered up the Fremantle City area, and then continued to generally work the area over the way we had been doing before. There were no more offers of deals.

Before we started on the next stage, there was one more operation we began which I suppose was a portent of the struggle yet to develop. It was obvious that the system was going to get more and more repressive. We had talked about the need for some sort of underground caches to hide whatever the system saw fit to make illegal. Now was the time to physically put them into the ground. John bought two 205 litre drums. We buried the first one in a bush area of Victoria Park. That was easy. The second one was not so easy. John and I had to carry that stinking rotten drum about 700 metres—and of course, when we were doing this everybody who was anybody just had to be out that night, just to watch us sneaking around with that stinking rotten drum, trying to not look suspicious. There were joggers in the park and lovers in the park, and just when we got past them we had to hide in the garden only metres away from a van being loaded. They took their time while we hugged the dirt. That damn drum was awkward and heavy, but we did get it into the ground, with much cursing and swearing.

TWO COLOURED POSTERS AND MOLOTOV COCKTAILS

For some time now it was becoming obvious that the posters were not having the same impact as they had when they first went up in big numbers. The main trouble was that people had become used to the plain black and white posters. What was needed was a bit of colour—literally. The first step was to buy the necessary printing equipment. This of course, cost money. Wayne and Peter donated the money for part of the necessary machinery. This together with what we already had, enabled us to now print up two coloured posters.

Like so many situations before. we were now on unknown ground. We had to learn how to print up in two colours. We also had to design a whole set of new posters that would be effective. These posters also had to fit into the other covert operations that would begin pretty well at the same time.

Designing those posters took some time, they had to be done well; the initial impact had to be dramatic. Not only would the new posters have to be eye catching, but they had to be aggressively provocative as well. Judi came up with the idea of using the international keep out or banned symbol that is the red circle with the red line through it. We placed this keep out symbol over a cartoon of a very angry Oriental in a conical hat, while the other poster had the keep out symbol over the cartoon of a very ugly angry Negro with a bone through his nose. Judi also designed a readable poster directed towards the youth. This poster was also made up in sticker form and distributed among the youth wherever our activists managed to meet them.

The two coloured anti-Zionist poster was literally going to be the most aggressively provocative poster ever seen in radical politics in Australia. John designed the poster showing the most evil looking Jewish face surrounded by bullet holes. Over the top of this evil Jewish face was a telescopic gunsight crossed lines. Underneath were the words. "Jews are Ruining Your lives." You would be hard pushed to get a more provocative poster than that.

I designed the main A3 size poster. It showed a map of Australia with a sword and Celtic Cross standing tall and defiant in the centre, and the words, “White Revolution the Only Solution". When this was first printed up it looked quite stunning in its own right. When all these posters hit the streets at once the effect would be dramatic through a combination of the novelty of the two coloured designs. as well as the outright provocative messages of the slogans.

Peter Rhodes and his wife had arrived from Sydney and they were staying at the Headquarters while we were designing the new posters and working out how to operate the new machines. He was actually cranking the machines over when we printed up the first of the new posters. When we saw the first of the new two coloured posters coming out of the machine we looked at them and just knew that we were now into a whole new phase of the

propaganda. Just the sight of the collection of new posters told us that this was to be something never seen before on the radical political scene.

The A3 size poster was actually printed up in two A4 sections. The two sections had to be stuck together by hand. It was a long and boring job, generally delegated to whoever happened to be hanging around the Headquarters with not very much to do. There were nearly always posters to stick together or stickers to cut out, because we did not have a guillotine.

The pairs of posters to be put out were mixed in this way. The posters "No Asians" and "No Coloureds" were grouped together, while the posters "Jews are Ruining Your Lives “and "Media Cover-up. Holocaust a Lie! Seek the Truth." were grouped together. The readables were the one about youth, and the one about the facts of Zionism and Freemasonry. The A3 posters were mixed in this way. The two posters, "White Revolution the Only Solution" and "Media Cover-up, Holocaust a Lie! Seek the Truth" were mixed up in equal numbers so that they appeared alongside each other on control boxes or bus stands.

Just before we opened up with the new poster campaign, Chris, a few other activists and I went down to Rockingham to supply the new posters and stickers to some of the local high school students, who did not show up that night. So we stuck up some of the new posters on the walkway where the students would walk past the next day. Chris, of course, did his usual big overgrown kid act and wrote No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3 under the first three posters stuck up for posterity he said.

Having said that about Chris Bartle, l must point out this about him and so many other comrades. For all their strange personal habits, defects and general rejection of so many of the accepted ideas and values of the sad sick society that we now have to live in. they function to a higher law; a moral code far beyond the evil written legal code ruining our Race today. Sure, in many ways Chris is an out and out bloody clown. BUT he is brave and idealistic like the heroes who built our civilization, who built our Nation. It takes a special courage to break the law for no personal gain for the higher ideals of our Race: To march through hell for a heavenly cause. One of the main reasons that our struggle is so hard is the simple fact that very few of our people who do know that the legal code is evil are ‘too scared to ignore it and act morally. That is the essential difference between everyone else and our activists in the unfolding struggle. You can see it in their pure open faces; you can see their idealistic souls shining through their otherwise average appearance; you can sense their selfless enthusiasm to fight against staggering odds, and when l say fight, I mean physically fight; and physically fight with a devil may care daring that legends are made of, for the ANM was about to now move into Aussie legend.

There is an interesting saying made by Henry Thoreau, which also describes an aspect of the nature of our political soldiers.

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, then perhaps it is because he hears the beat of a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

On a purely practical note the diagram explains a lot about the reality of the system, legality and morality.

There is another aspect of the actions against foreign property in Australia. At every step of the way it was abundantly clear that it would be impossible to be EFFECTIVE and also be legal. Ultimately there is no such thing as a legal revolution, for the system makes the laws to keep the system firmly in charge.

UNTIL AUSTRALIAN PATRIOTS DEFIED THE LAW AND ACTED, THEN THE SYSTEM WOULD CONTINUE TO HOLD SWAY. THE TIME HAD COME FOR US TO ACT, THE ANM HAD TO BE SEEN TO ASSUMRE THE TRUE LEADERSHIP IN THE STUGGLE FOR OUR RACE. THE ESSENCE OF THRUE LEADERSHIP IS TO BE FIRST AMONG EQUALS. FOR SOLDIERS ONLY FOLLOW PROVEN SOLDIERS.

Only a tiny minority of people carry out revolutions. 'These revolutionaries must act long before any majority verdict— otherwise there never will be a revolution. Majorities simply never act; they only complain. You see, somewhere deep within, we National Socialists are fired up and driven on by the ideal, the essence—the very soul of the Aussie Nation. We are the fighting vanguard, what we struggle for is what the Aussie Nation does want. OUR AIM IS TO PHYSICALLY DESTROY THE ENEMY THAT STANDS IN THE WAY OF AUSTRALIAN SELF DETERMINATION. THEN WE CAN ESTABLISH THE AUSTRALIAN STATE TO EMBODY THE AUSTRALIAN ETHOS ON THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINENT. Our actions would force upon the Aussie consciousness the acceptance of the "frontier situation" in relation to the Asian invasion, and thus the need to physically fight.

There was another interesting aspect about I988. It was exactly I00 years since Australian Patriots began to physically attack Asian businesses. These actions began to infuse a totally radical attitude among the developing Nationalist Movement in Australia. It was this radical attitude that led to the near revolution of I898 and the end of the first attempt by the British Colonial Government to asianise Australia. It also led to Federation, which was at least partly the will of the Australian People. This was articulated in the Constitution Act 1900. Morally and legally speaking this is the closest legal document to defining what is actually morally and legally correct for Australians. Two important points must be understood about the Constitution Act I900.

Firstly, it has never been changed by a referendum on the pent of the Australian People. It laid the basis for an economy. FREE FROM BANK INTEREST, where the Government issued money interest free INTO CIRCULATION WITHOUT THE NEED FOR TAXATION. As well as this, the general under- standing of the Australian People when it was drafted was for AUSTRALIA TO BE AND REMAIN A WHITE EUROPEAN NATION. THIS IS STILL THE WILL OF THE AUSTRALIAN PEOPLE.

BUT THIS WILL IS DENIED TO THEM BY THE PRESENT GOVERNMENTS, WHO ARE THE PUPPETS OF THE SYSTEM.

Which brings me onto the second point. ACCORDING TO THE CONSTITUTION ACT I900, ALL THE PRESENT GOVERNMENTS ARE ILLEGAL. THEREFORE IT IS THE LEGAL AND MORAL DUTY OF ALL AUSSIE PATRIOTS TO NOT OBEY THE PRESENT GOVERNMENTS AND INSTEAD CARRY OUT THE WILL OF THE AUSTRALIAN PEOPLE. THE CONSTITUTION ACT I900 IS THE MOST LEGAL OF ALL TIIE EXISTING LAWS AND STATUTES. AT ALL STAGES OF THE ANM'S RADICAL POLITICAL CAMPAIGN WE HAVE OBEYED THE CONSTITUTION ACT I900. THIS INCLUDES THE ACTION TAKEN AGAINST ASIAN AND FOREIGN OWNED PROPERTY. BECAUSE THESE ASIANS AND FOREIGNERS ARE EFFECTIVELY CARRYING OUT ACTS OF WAR AGAINST AUSTRALIA.

Keep in mind another important point. The heads of the banking system, multinationals, and Captains of industry know damn well that they are acting both illegally and immorally. As well as this the Asian invaders know damn well that they are not liked, not wanted and are ruining our unique Aussie Race/Culture. They should have the common decency to pack up and leave. A decent Asian knows that his place is in Asia. In fact it was about this time that we made up tens of thousands of stickers with the slogan; "A Good Asian is in Asia, an Asian Here is an Invader."

And keep these points in mind as well. The romance of history is not merely a set of facts and figures in books read by students in their air-conditioned classrooms. It is actions of heroism and daring by hot blooded real people with red blood pounding in their veins.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVES THE FAIRY AND SO IT IS WITH THE DESTINIES OF NATIONS! The very Planet we live on is heading for total destruction or total revolution. There must be a transformation of the soft, bourgeois, plastic values into the ideals of the adventurer, the warrior. Out of the turmoil and chaos the NEW MAN must arise, the storm soldier, the elite of the Aryan Race....It will herald the rise of a completely new race, cunning, strong, and backed with purpose— battle proven and merciless both to himself and others. The degenerate, sick, selfish, small world of yuppies, sadists and youth poisoning hedonists is dying amid its tinsel and glitter and plastic prizes for plastic people. The new race will smash it into the garbage bin of history.

The old Australia was carved out of the wilderness by the tough pioneers. They made a red blooded full wide world of nobility, heroism and high ideals, of tragedy and triumph, of strong hearts beating true in rugged bodies hardened by suffering and pain. A real world where people only gain by the price of hard toil and pain and through the pain comes wisdom. Exactly a century earlier these same people began to attack Asian owned businesses in the long campaign that directly led to the end of the first attempt to asianise Australia. Now we would emulate their actions.

Starting from I September, 1988, we would begin to selectively burn down a selected number of Chinese Restaurants. The particular restaurants were selected to firstly ensure that

nobody could ever be hurt, and secondly the particular restaurant had to be located so that it was visible to a lot of people. They were very high profile targets near busy highways, or in very busy shopping centres. The object was to begin to drive a wedge between the Asian invaders and the Australian People who supported their businesses by basically doing business with them. In the final analysis, nobody goes to dinner at a pile of ashes; it is not even good for a barbeque. The other part of the object was to drive home to the Asian invaders and the big business interests who were right behind the asianisation of Australia, that Asian businesses in Australia could prove to be unprofitable, and it would be wise for potential Asian invaders to stay away from Australia. In only a matter of months the Asian invaders began to do just that.

Over twenty years of lobbying, voting, petitions, and Lord knows how much other legal activity did virtually nothing, while a few short action packed months of flaming Molotov cocktails in the night had a dramatic effect. HISTORY HAS ALREADY PROVEN TWO THINGS: WE WERE RIGHT, and IN THE UNFOLDING STRUGGLE FOR AUSTRALIA. WE WERE THE FIRST TO PHYSICALLY FIGHT.

Also in September I988 we began the two coloured poster campaign. This in due course developed into the most hard hitting and most effective radical political campaign ever waged in Australia in the 20th century. This was directly due to the sheer massive volume of propaganda actually plastered up on the streets. the fact that Asian and foreign owned property was now being damaged, the stunning nature of some of the outlandish dare-devil stunts that we pulled off, and the simple fact that the posters were the most eye catching and provocative posters ever seen before. This part of the campaign would also cause the Holocaust to begin to be questioned by more than just the sceptical educated elite. It would literally be seen by anybody travelling the streets of Perth. Perth would become the first city in the Aryan World where the lie of the Holocaust would begin to be exposed in a big way. In due course its effect would be felt around the rest of Australia as well. Then because of the controversy the campaign and the actions against foreign property caused, the two coloured poster campaign began to also have an effect overseas as well.

This poster campaign also produced the first significant counter attack upon our posters. The enemy finally managed to produce a group of people to go around and systematically spray paint over our posters. This was still confined to south of the Swan River, but it still put a significant dent in our propaganda campaign. We managed to stop this too, but it took an undercover operation, followed by a physical attack on the main organizer when he was caught in the act of spraying paint over our posters.

During this campaign we began to use scanners to listen in to the Police radio network in order for us to be able to evade them better. This proved to be a very effective manoeuvre that allowed us to carry out even more audacious poster-ups.

The actual two coloured poster campaign started off pretty well like the other campaigns. When the posters were ready we struck. Away we went again, plastering up like

mad again. Through the bleak cold nights till the dawn broke through, cold and grey, yet with the promise of warmth flickering through the scattered clouds. Then the spring gave way to the beautiful long hot summer of the Golden West, and we plastered up in the clear warm summer nights following the fiery crimson glory of the sunset over the Western horizon. We plastered up in the fresh clear air of the summer mornings while the magpies greeted the brand new day. We grew close to the changing seasons and the moods of the weather, just like soldiers in all wars do. For we were political soldiers on the streets, where it always counts.

As the Great One put it so well: “To become masters of the State. we must first become masters of the streets."

Andrew Moschella joined up with our activists about this time. He and some of his mates started postering up with our organized teams as well as postering up on their own. Within a year he would be dead. He would commit suicide in a desperate attempt to get me out on bail—and yes. I do hold the Police directly responsible for his death. His death was yet another sorry part of the general low depths that the Police sank to in order to make Australia a safe place for Asian invaders to steal and Zionist criminals to destroy and poison to death.

Once again the streets were ours and the effect was stunning. For the enemy the new posters came like a bolt out of the blue. He never expected it. Neither did the enemy expect the general tone of the posters to be so utterly provocative or so eye catching. Following on after all the other posters, the new posters were dramatic. Judi's design hit the nail right on the head. The international "keep out" symbol being utilized that way was so original, so unique. It just slammed home like no other posters ever seen before in Australia‘s history. And of course, the numbers that went up were staggering as well. Over the course of the next few months they were everywhere.

Not only that but now they were beginning to go up in other cities as well. Once again it was go for broke, and hammer the hell out of the streets. When you are on a good thing, stick to it.

I remember well Dave and John McGuaig with me in the yellow Bongo van cruising around the quiet darkened streets with the sound of the Police radios crackling away over the scanner. In the back of the Bongo van there were posters and glue, along with the very essential thermos flask full of hot black coffee. Often the three of us would be having our mid-morning break at about 3 AM, in a park somewhere under the brilliant dome of summer stars, or the stormy windswept cloudy night sky. We knew that somewhere else at about the same time other teams were also taking a well-earned break in another darkened park, or quiet lonely spot. For our political soldiers there was no glorious military band and adoring crowds, there was just the hard toil of quiet struggle for no material reward while the apathetic masses carried on with their pursuit of creature comforts and escapism while they tried to avoid the impending doom threatening their tiny little world and the grander world as well.

I have long ago lost count of the number of times that a group of teams would gather at the Headquarters after the sun had set. There would generally be John in the Renegade jeep and other vehicles. We issued out the posters and glue and received instructions as to where the resupply places for posters and glue were, and the method for getting into them, and then we set the scanners to the relevant Police frequencies as well. We had a feed and more black coffee, then away we went into the night. And as we ventured forth into the night we knew in our inner being that we were having a dramatic effect on the whole destiny of our Race, and it drove us on. Quietly and softly the true heroes of our Race ventured forth into the darkened streets—and into the pages of history.

It was on a warm summer night that John and l were carrying out an impromptu plaster up in the Bongo van. We were somewhere up in the hills near Kalamunda. As we had done so many times before, we pulled up near a stop sign and John stepped out to plaster up the stop sign, then he stepped back in—a car was coming. That was standard procedure when cars came. Then he stepped out for another go, but then stepped back in when another car came along. This happened a third time. The fourth time he stepped out, then just as suddenly jumped straight back into the Bongo van without plastering up the posters on the sign and said, "Drive, just drive." I just knew from his strange actions and the tone of his voice that something was up. It sure was. All the time that we were hanging around that sign trying to not look suspicious as we were plastering it up, a bunch of policemen were in the carpark of the nearby building looking at us and trying to figure out what we were up to. As it turned out they were investigating a break and entering at the building—then they saw us. Well we slowly drove away from that bit of trouble, only to end up in another heap of trouble later on in the evening.

After the near miss in the Bongo van we decided to park the car and plaster-up the town on foot. It was a good plan, only we forgot where we parked the car. This was after we had well and truly plastered up the place. It would not take too much detective work to discover just who had put up all the posters when they found the yellow Bongo van with all the posters and glue in the back. So there we were, John and I walking around like a pair of yahoos with our incriminating poster bag and glue bucket wandering all around the now postered-up town looking for that stinking rotten yellow Bongo van. We spent about an hour and a half looking for that bloody car. We had to ask people where the various car parks in the town were, and then check out those various car parks, and all the time we were looking more and more suspicious. The Police were now beginning to do their routine driving around the town, as it was getting late, and we still had not found that Bongo van. Then not a moment too soon we found it, cleverly hidden under the shadow of some weeping willow trees. We had hidden it there so that nobody else would find it. Well it was damn good camouflage - damn good! We missed out on finding the car ourselves! We jumped into the Bongo van and called it a night.

Meanwhile the Chinese restaurant campaign had begun.

The various targets had been checked out. They were also selected so that one team could set fire to a possible three restaurants within an hour and a quarter of leaving the Headquarters and returning. We reasoned that this would be the minimum reaction time for the Police to begin to get their act together and check out the Headquarters upon learning that three Chinese restaurants were on fire. As it turned out later, we only ended up with twenty minutes to spare before the Police checked out the Headquarters alter we returned. The Chinese restaurants we selected were the following. There was the China City restaurant in Como. This one was clearly visible from the busy Kwinana Freeway. The next one was another Chinese restaurant in Como on the busy Canning Highway. The third one was the Man Lin Chinese restaurant in Karawara, right next to the Karawara shopping centre and facing Manning Road. The only one that would be very difficult to burn would be the second one on Canning Highway. To carry out that one we would need a break in the traffic of at least two minutes. Not only that, but we could only hang around waiting for that break in the traffic for no more than ten minutes.

Came the evening of l September l988. (2741 AUC), and we were ready to strike. and strike in a spectacular manner. These actions were destined to become headline news. We knew it before we set out that night. The talk was over. The action had begun. The events of l888 would begin again a century later.

The first lot of attacks on Chinese restaurants was to be carried out by John, Chris and l. Chris supplied a sprayer so that we could spray petrol into holes in roofs and up along eaves and beams. The rest of the equipment that night consisted of buckets of petrol and three Molotov cocktails — one for each restaurant. The Molotov cocktails were to be used to ignite the petrol soaked buildings. We also had a brick.

John and I met at the Headquarters, and then we waited for Chris to park his car in the shadows of a nearby park and sneak into the Headquarters via the back door carrying the sprayer. We had to fill that sprayer up before leaving. We also had to have Chris‘s car some distance away from the Headquarters just in case the place was under observation from the Police or whoever else was keeping an eye on us from time to time. We had to fill that sprayer before heading off. I remember well just before we were due to head off.

I turned to John and said, "Well how about a cup of coffee for the road? “

John then replied with his usual gallows humour that had become so familiar now, "Hell, why not! This may be the last coffee for a long, long time!"

Indeed; it could have been the last coffee for a long, long time if things went wrong. It was a calculated risk, which would most probably work out as planned, but it was risky all the same. However, war is a calculated risk, and luck favours the brave.

So off we went. Chris slipped out the back door first, carrying the sprayer and the Molotov cocktails. Then about five minutes later John and I slipped out, carrying the buckets of petrol and the brick. John and I were also wearing gloves and beanies and very old shoes. The

shoes and gloves would later on be thrown away, along with the very old jumper I was wearing. We met Chris at his car, put all the equipment into the boot, and then drove off. The time now was about 1 AM.

There is nothing quite like a bit of excitement to make life worth living. And when life is worth living I feel like whistling. I did quite a bit of whistling that night. John was not whistling, but then again he never whistles—he sings when life is worth living. Chris was just plain scared, and he was the first to admit it. Oh hell, he was packing death, but he performed all the same, and when it is all said and done, that is what counts.

The first target for the night was the China City restaurant in Como. We parked one block away from it, next to a phone booth. Bartle‘s job was to hop into the phone booth, pretend he was phoning someone, and simply keep an eye out for Police. Now there is an old Irish folk song that I usually whistle at times like that. It was also the same song that became the marching song of the US 7th Cavalry Regiment under Colonel Custer. Well I was whistling it that night. We took the sprayer, a bucket of petrol and a Molotov cocktail from the boot, while Chris went into the phone booth. As John and I sneaked off through the abandoned caravan park towards the restaurant, John said to Chris, "Make like you're ringing up Benji 39." This he did.

Meanwhile, John and I arrived at the restaurant. We located the damaged eave and went to work on it. This damaged eave was important because it allowed us to get petrol into the inside of the actual building itself. So far so good. Then John started spraying with Chris‘s sprayer—and then, holy cow! What a racket! "SCREAK, SCREAK, SCREAK." Not only that, but the damn thing did not even work so well either. John stopped for a bit, then said, "Jeez, this is going to wake up every bugger.”

Well it did make a racket, but I noticed that the nearest houses were about a hundred metres away, so I said to John, "No. don't worry about it; keep going." So he continued. He was up on a little wall balancing the sprayer over his shoulder while he was spraying. "SCREAK, SCREAK, SCREAK, SCREAK. . . .“ He was getting the petrol up along eaves inside the building alright, the only problem was that it was taking too long with that damn sprayer. It was just not putting out enough petrol. Not only that, but John's arm was getting soaked in petrol. It was actually dripping off his sleeve. We had to move quicker, so l handed John the rest of the petrol to throw into the building. This he did and managed to splash more petrol on himself in the process. John then jumped down from the little wall and I grabbed the Molotov cocktail and told John to light it.

I should have realized that that was a silly thing for John to do as he was now well and truly soaked in petrol. He turned to me and said, "Get stuffed. I'd be like a bomb, you silly prick. I'm not lighting that. You light it."

He was right, of course, so I said, “Righto, grab the gear and wait in the bushes for me while I light it and hurl it into the building." The only problem now was that I had those thick

gloves on and it was a devil of a job trying to get a match out to light it. I had a few attempts at this, and then managed to light the Molotov cocktail. Now for the big moment. I hurled the flaming mollie up in an arc into the opening in the damaged eave. through the hole and into the building. "Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. who0sh-.WI-IOOMPI" The building erupted into flame. What a beautiful sight. The first Chinese restaurant was ablaze!

Now for the next one for the night.

John and I now left the blazing building and headed back to the car. There was Chris still ringing Benjaberring 39 in the phone booth. When he saw us he jumped out of the phone booth, opened up the boot, helped us put the sprayer in, then we hopped into the car and headed to the next target. So far so good.

Once again when we got to the next target we parked next to a phone booth. This time John and l took a bucket of petrol, a Molotov cocktail and the brick. As we left the car to walk the last 150 metres to the Chinese restaurant, John once again said to Chris. "You just hang in here again, Bartle, and ring up Benjie 39 if any bugger comes again."

This target was the difficult one. We hid in an alley next to the restaurant and waited until there was a two minute break in the traffic on Canning Highway. What we had to do in that two minutes was this: I would hurl the brick through the plate glass window, then John would throw the bucket of petrol into the restaurant through the now broken window, then I would light the Molotov cocktail and throw it into the restaurant.

Great! The only problem was WE DID NOT GET ANY BREAK IN THE TRAFFIC! We were on the point of doing it a number of times, when over the hill came a car. On one occasion the car was an unmarked police car. We had been waiting there for about ten minutes when we began to hear the Fire Brigade sirens from the first fire. By this stage we were also going beyond our scheduled time limit to have finished the job. I decided to hang around for another five minutes. However the cars just kept on coming. We had to leave it alone.

I should have realized that the combination of the sirens sounding and John and I being five minutes late would have frightened the hell out of Chris. Whatever, when John and I arrived back at the car, I burst out laughing and said to John. "Get a load of Bartle." He was a picture of fear and apprehension. There he was, slouched in his car, hanging onto the steering wheel with a death grip; you could just see his great big nose and those giant eyes hanging over the steering wheel. Those frightened eyes of his were as big as you could possibly imagine and they were sweeping from one side to the other like a lighthouse beacon on a stormy night. John and I just carried on laughing as we carted our bucket of petrol and Molotov cocktail back to the car.

So while the Police and Fire Brigade sirens wailed away at the first restaurant fire, we packed away the equipment into the car and headed off—then panic packing Chris made the wrong turn. Instead of driving straight ahead to the next target, he turned right and we got lost for a few vital minutes. Luckily I knew my way around that part of town, so we wound our way

around the darkened streets till we arrived at the third target for the night, the Man Lin Chinese restaurant in Karawara.

Once again Chris had to wait at the car and keep an eye out for the Police. We parked the ear in the shadows of some trees in the Karawara shopping centre ear park. It was about I50 metres from the restaurant. This time we would use all the remaining petrol and Molotov cocktails. So away John and I went with the sprayer, buckets of petrol and Molotov cocktails, and I was whistling my song again.

This time we did a right and proper thorough job. I will never forget John‘s famous remark as we were spraying petrol up and down the exposed eaves and beams and rafters, "I can build them; I can burn them." And burn them well we did. We used the time we had for this restaurant well. John specially splashed plenty of petrol over the tar covered aluminium tiles; they would burn like hell itself when ignited. While he splashed petrol all around the front and car park side of the building. I went splashing petrol galore around the other side and back of the building. What I did not know was that I was also splashing petrol over my right arm while I was doing this. When the whole place was well and truly soaked with petrol, John took the sprayer with him to the shadow of some trees about 50 metres away, then I stepped out of the shadows and lit the Molotov cocktail fuse – and also lit up my whole right arm. Holy cow! My petrol soaked arm was on fire! I dropped the flaming mollie, and then I tried to put out the fire on my arm by bashing my arm on the grass and a bit of sand there. However, this was neither lighting up the restaurant nor putting out my flaming right arm, so l began to kick the flaming mollie into the general direction of the building. I managed to get a petrol soaked bush alight then the building itself, and all the while I was bashing away at my flaming arm. As I finally put out the flame on my arm the whole building erupted into flame with a brilliant magnificent roar. By this stage I was only about two metres away from the wall of fire and the whole place went from darkness to brilliant light. Duty faithfully done, I then ran back towards the car. John was nearly there already with the sprayer.

By the flickering light of the blazing restaurant we threw the gear into the car then drove away. Time was getting away from us now, and we had to get back to the Headquarters as soon as we could. On the way back we threw the gloves, shoes and buckets out into a number of rubbish bins along the way. I threw away my old jumper as well. It was partly burnt now anyway. It was then that I managed to have a good look at my right arm — I had most of the hair burnt off it, and it was a bit red as well. That was the only casualty for the night. Chris was quite cool now and got us back to the nearby park quickly without any problems. I thanked him for a job well done, and then he drove home while John and I sneaked into the back door of the Headquarters. Our clothes reeked of petrol fumes so the first thing we had to do was wash our clothes. John drove off home, and then Fergy arrived from Kalgoorlie.

With the coming of the dawn we waited for all hell to break loose. It did.

The first people to drop in at the Headquarters the next morning were the Police, who were officially investigating the postering up of the Multicultural Office that took place sometime before. We treated it as the first step in the general extra surveillance of the ANM. As well as this, Fergy was grilled by the Police because they knew that he was not at the Headquarters when the fires started, and in fact only arrived back at the Headquarters after the fires. However, Fergy was able to easily prove that he was driving back from Kalgoorlie. The reaction from the media was pretty well as we expected. They made a big issue of it and tied in the ANM's anti-Asian campaign with the burnings. This was quite okay. It was just the sort of thing we wanted to add to the poster campaign on the streets. The whole campaign was now beginning to have an unnerving effect on the Asian invaders and big business who were promoting asianisation. We did not have to strike another Chinese restaurant until November.

Meanwhile we hammered away at the posters. We were also putting out a hell of a lot more stickers now. We were getting these into the hands of more and more of the youth. More and more high schools now had an active ANM cell in them. These cell members kept in contact with our people who supplied them with our propaganda, which was then plastered up in the schools and elsewhere. Both the volume and general effect of the propaganda was now steadily increasing. It was now also reaching, and having an effect on sections of society never before reached by any Nationalist ideals. The discontented youth are vital in the revolutionary storm to come. Audacious acts inspire the sense of rebellion in the youth. And bear in mind this important fact; the teenagers of 1988 become the young adults of the early 1990s. Up until the ANM's radical campaign on the streets, which included the Chinese restaurant campaign, the youth were pretty well in the hands of the enemy. Up until now the youth revolt had served the ends of the Zionists, now we would begin to steal their thunder, and turn it against them.

What was actually happening was that the whole general network of activists putting out propaganda was steadily increasing. All that the organized teams had to do now was to add to the general controversy. This we did. Not only that but we were breaking the previous records for numbers of posters put up by organized teams. Up until the time of the mass arrests, the record number of posters any one team put up in one night was set by a three man team in the yellow Bongo van. That team was John Bain, and a chap called Doug and myself. Doug was a bit of a strange fellow who suddenly turned up on the scene and went out on a number of poster runs with us, and then we lost contact with him. There were a number of attempts to break that record, but no team ever managed to achieve this.

We also managed to poster-up a number of high profile railway overpass bridges with extra-large posters. This was a bit of a tricky operation, and it was also quite dangerous if something went wrong. We had to make sure there were no trains coming, then we had to get one man to hang onto the feet of the man plastering up the poster, while he was literally hanging out over the road below. One slip would literally be fatal. But a chicken hearted man

never won a fair maiden's heart, so we did it. The effect was quite stunning, particularly the railway bridge near the Burswood Casino.

JEWS ARE RUINING YOUR LIFE
MEDIA COVER-UP HOLOCAUST A LIE! SEEK THE TRUTH
WHITE REVOLUTION THE ONLY
NO ASIANS!
NO COLOUREDS

1980s posters, mentioned in book

STRIKE BACK

However, towards the end of 1988 we began to have problems with the posters being painted over. This had been going on for a month or two and, unlike earlier campaigns by the enemy to counter our posters, this one was continuing and it was far better organized. We had tracked down one team operating from a house in Victoria Park, not far from our Victoria Park staging point. This took a fair bit of patient waiting at certain signs we knew would eventually be painted over. It also involved tapping into the services of a bunch of street kids staying at a nearby foster home. They staked out the whole general area of Victoria Park where the posters were being painted over. They reported to us the description of people they saw doing the painting and they gave us a description of a number of the vehicles including the registration numbers of the vehicles these people were using in their painting operations.

This information was vital in tracking down the address from where they operated from. Through certain well placed people in various positions in the system we were able to pinpoint the exact house where the nest of Commos operated from. A bit more personal surveillance on foot, where we sneaked into the place and actually listened to them talking about their plans and operations against our posters fully verified all our intelligence. We now knew one place to strike at. But we had to strike at the main organizer first.

Tracking down the main organizer of the painting up campaign was a more difficult task. Initial intelligence told us about the home address of a certain Jew who was the main organizer of a lot of the typical Commo street actions, like demonstrations in support of the ANC etc. We kept a careful eye on his house for a while, and followed his movements. In due course he led us to the place where the main organizer met the people in the teams who painted over the posters. So far so good.

The next step was to infiltrate the whole Commo organization to find out everything we could about them and the enemy in general. We wanted to know enough to be able to effectively neutralize the whole organization in one quick series of strikes. The actual infiltration was done by John Bain and Peter Rhodes. Both of them were totally unknown to the enemy. We supplied Peter with enough background information for him to pass himself off as a "lefty" leaning anti-Australian. We also supplied Peter with a good enough story to explain as to how he learned about where to contact them.

John and I had actually already done an earlier reconnaissance on the Commo Headquarters. We had seriously thought about breaking into the place, stealing their records, then burning the place, to cover up the stolen records and generally destroy the enemy's ability to counter our poster campaign. We decided against it because the building was also occupied by a number of other businesses who were quite innocent of the enemy in their midst, and did not deserve to suffer in case the whole damn building burnt down. There was every chance the

old building would burn down. Anyway we knew a fair bit about the place where Peter would meet the main organizer.

We were quite well aware that the Commos in general do not get all that much real support from people. They are hard put trying to merely maintain the bit of support they already have. We expected that they would be suspicious of new people joining up with them with the express intention of painting over ANM posters. We were quite prepared to take our time and play whatever game that was necessary to properly infiltrate them, then destroy their ability to counter our posters. The overall plan was to knock them out of action just before the new 1989 poster campaign began. In due course we did pretty well do just that.

I rehearsed with Peter just where to meet the Commos and where I would be hiding and observing his movements by telescope, just in case he got into trouble. I also showed him where the rendezvous spot would be if he did not do any good and had to leave soon, as well as the rendezvous spot to meet him just before the last train left Perth Railway station.

The first attempt to meet the main organizer was not successful; however, he knew where to meet a certain Nick the next night. This Nick fellow seemed to know more about painting over ANM posters than anybody else. There was a coffee shop in the same building as the Commo Headquarters; this was on William Street, just north of the Perth railway station.

So far our special surveillance team was performing well. Now they got top priority to support Peter, then later on John Bain to infiltrate the Commos. If need be we could specially poster-up certain areas so that when the Commos were actually painting over them we could observe them and our people with them. In due course we did just that. We were quite well aware that even when the entire Commo organization was actually destroyed, another could well take its place and thus it was most important to learn about the internal operations, strengths and weaknesses of such organizations and groups so that we could smash up any further opposition far sooner and far more effectively. Luckily the special surveillance team was kept secret from most of the members and activists. Their identities remained secret, even after the mass arrests, when they quietly went underground again when we gave them the word to do so from the jails. History is full of dramatic twists and turns of fate and fortune, for the Goddess of Fortune is a fickle bitch indeed, uniquely feminine in testing for strength and determination and only rewarding the strong with success. And always in any sort of conflict, the old saying in the Infantry is so true: "Time spent on reconnaissance is time never Wasted."

John and I would meet up with the various people involved in the operation at different times at different locations to receive information and pass on instructions. We needed a false address for Peter and John Bain to operate from and if necessary, entertain the main Commo organizer so that Peter and John were not the only people listening in to him. In due course we did just that.

The next afternoon we took Peter into town. We parked at the first rendezvous place, and then we observed him by telescope as he made his way into the coffee shop. When he

actually met Nick he quietly gave us the signal. So far so good. For the rest of us our job that night was to simply wait and watch. Peter's job was to win the confidence of the enemy. That was all he had to do this night. The time came and went for the early rendezvous, then he quietly gave us the signal that all was going well. Not long after that he went upstairs into the Commo Headquarters. So far so good. This would mean a midnight rendezvous at the Perth railway station.

Came midnight and there was Peter wandering around the near deserted Perth railway station. I quietly called out to him from the shadows and we slunk away from the place without being seen. On the way back to the Headquarters we had an immediate debrief. Long ago in action in Vietnam I had learned that the sooner the debrief, the better. It is amazing just how much you can easily forget in a very short time, while trivial details you only remember for a short time can sometimes prove to be very important in the grander intelligence gathering operation. I had already prepared my own set of points to be answered. These were all written down. I got Peter to fill in the answers as we talked about them. This was very important. There were also other points that he remembered as well, that proved to be significant in the grander scheme of the developing radical propaganda campaign, Strike Back. There were other aspects about the enemy that we simply had no idea of.

One of them was just how pathetically badly organized they really were. Their general level of morale was very low. Their tenacity of purpose was near non-existent, and their discipline and planning was something out of a Monty Python movie. Their overall efficiency in relation to the amount of money and material they received was what you would expect from a bunch of rank amateurs. Their method of putting up their own posters was just plain primitive. It was little wonder that they put so few of their own posters up and that those posters simply fell off in the first lot of rain. We estimated that just one of our poster teams could put up in one all night poster run, the entire output of the entire Commo opposition for a whole month. However, in two areas they were reasonably efficient. One was the way that they had some people who kept an eye out for recently postered up areas and passed that information on to the Commo Headquarters. The other was the way that they simply spray painted over our posters rather than trying to scrape them off. They also received money from the Multicultural office for the paint. Thus they were tapped into a pretty formidable source of money.

Another aspect about their operations was this. They were only reacting to our operations. They had no sense whatsoever of ever taking the initiative and then embarking on a new campaign of their own. They had a total lack of imagination here. Because of this our special surveillance team could easily set trails for them to follow, for them to be jumped on later. They had no overall long term objectives of their own. They were committing the most cardinal mistake of any combatant in any conflict situation. They were ignoring the most basic rule of conflict: HE WHO MERELY DEF ENDS WILL ULTIMATIZLY LOSE.

We now channelled the enemy into painting over our posters in certain areas where we had the support of gangs of street kids who then supplied us with information on the movements, actions, methods of operation, numbers involved, vehicles and vehicle registration numbers. Bit by bit the special surveillance team was putting the picture together. In one incident where the street kids were waiting for the Commos to turn up to paint over the posters, things got a bit nasty. The street kids decided to get a bit violent and physically stop them from painting over our posters. One of the kids actually had an axe in his hand when he came running out towards the Commos. The Commos then promptly took to their heels and ran. This particular incident was the cause of another somewhat amusing incident later on during the undercover operation. Mind you things often got rough for our people out on the streets as well. Our people often encountered physical violence out on the streets as we postered up. Early in 1987 a group of Skinheads were attacked by a large screaming mob of Asians wielding machetes and a Samurai sword. The Skinheads were outnumbered by about 20 to 3, so about all they could do was flee. The mob of Asians then broke into the Skinheads house and ransacked the place, chopping the television in two and smashing up other furniture as well.

The next lot of sessions Peter spent with Nick he found out more about the Commos. He also managed to get John Bain introduced to them and accepted by them as another anti-Australian Commo, hell bent on painting over ANM posters. So the next logical step for them was to go painting over our posters with the Commos. Well there was no great problem here. The special surveillance teams simply postered up some sections of town that were ridiculously close to the Commo Headquarters. This was done so that even these slack characters had no excuse to not bother about painting them over. It was only a few minutes' drive away from the coffee shop where they would be actually talking about the new batch of ANM posters which they could not have avoided seeing on their way to the coffee shop. Peter and John made it their business to get Nick, themselves, and the rest of them out painting over ANM posters. This they did, quite convincingly.

The next step was a bit more difficult. By this stage Nick was freely talking to Peter and John about more and more of their operations and a lot of other subjects as well. It was somewhere along the line here that Peter and John found out about Nick being a drug pusher who also had an illegal handgun in his house. Having handguns in the house should be everyone's basic right as far as Nationalists are concerned, the only thing that concerned us here was that we would not be able to confront Nick in his house without risking getting a bullet through our heads. He had to be confronted away from his house. The more our people found out about Nick the lower our opinion became of him. He being a Commo of course, that did not surprise us one bit.

We next set up a bogus address for Peter and John to bring Nick back to after a painting out session, when they had completely won over the confidence of Nick. This they did one night.

In the meantime Peter was actually caught by the Police in the act of painting over our posters. This was quite bizarre, when you consider that the same Peter came close to getting caught by the Police when he was out plastering up posters with our teams earlier on, before he was selected for the undercover operation against the Commos. Luckily he was not charged that night. Anyway it all looked pretty convincing to Nick. The story that Peter and John told the Commos was that they had only recently arrived from Queensland, and as such they were staying at a caravan park. That caravan park, of course, just happened to be in Kelmscott, not too far away from our Headquarters. This was very convenient.

In all intelligence gathering operations, patience, persistence and a certain degree of intuition is essential. In due course Nick was lured to the caravan park one night and spent the greater part of the night telling Peter and John just about everything he should never have told them. We were getting a clearer and clearer picture of the nature of the radical Commo opposition — the only opposition that could become a real threat to our street campaign if it was ever utilized effectively. At this point in time the special surveillance team were seeking out the personal background information of Nick himself. We had to find out his strengths and weaknesses in order to be able to most effectively neutralize his activities against us. We would only get one chance at this, and it had to be good. In all political activities effects and results are what counts.

I remember one fresh summer morning at about 4.30 AM, at the end of an all-night session gaining the confidence of Nick, Peter and I were sitting in his car in Astinal Drive, outside the Headquarters going through another debrief, when a very interesting incident occurred. A car quietly and slowly cruised up the opposite side of Astinal Drive, with its lights off, and parked just across the road from the Headquarters. He was parked there for a few minutes when he suddenly realized that one of the cars parked in front of the Headquarters was occupied — they were always simply parked there, unoccupied, for one reason or another. He immediately started up his car, switched his high beam lights on and drove straight for Peter and I in an effort to blind us so that we would not see him and his number plate. He was too late here, as we had already seen both him and his number plate. After driving straight towards us he suddenly swung around hard left into the nearest side street, obviously not realizing that it was a dead end court. Only seconds later he came roaring out of that court like a proverbial bat out of hell. Then he promptly made his second mistake; he swung hard left into the next side street, only to discover that it too was a dead end court. Once again, seconds later he came roaring out of there and headed off down Astinal Drive towards Corfield Road, which he should have known, before he came sneaking up to the Headquarters, was the only way out of Astinal Drive.

Precisely who he was, what he was trying to do, who he was working for, and why he was so damn ill-informed about the basic road plan around the Headquarters is something we never found out. Mind you, in some ways he was typical of the general lack of ability of the

system to really discover what we were doing and planning. The only real bit of correct information the system eventually obtained came from a traitor within our own ranks. This was Russell Willey, but even here, he only knew part of the whole larger picture, and being the low down self-serving criminal that he really is, he lied to the enemy as well when he was spilling the beans to the Police. The essential weakness of the system simply is that it is criminals trying to trust other criminals with absolutely no sense of honour and decency to honestly supply them with honest information. Ultimately they will never really know what is lies and what is true. Criminals will do or say simply anything for their own personal gain. This is ultimately why corrupt systems, like the system running Australia today, will eventually fall. When the Police Force and Judiciary is so rotten and corrupt that it deliberately rewards criminals and severely punishes honest and brave Patriots, then that system is doomed.

In due course the special surveillance team uncovered the personal background and address of Nick. His name was Nick Smurthwaite. His whole character and general makeup was so typical of the sort of low down characters that are actively destroying Australia. He was a typical upper middle class pampered brat, who had never suffered or known privation or struggled against a hostile environment. Until he started to actively paint over ANM posters, he was the typical lazy long haired selfish, inconsiderate bum who hardly ever did any productive work, but instead just lay around in bed until midday before going off to get bombed on drugs again. He was also a drug pusher to boot. This was also verified by some of the children he sold hard drugs to. The whole general setup also utterly sickened us all for another very good reason.

The money for our street campaign came mostly from the hard up struggling workers, who really could not afford the money that they so generously, so faithfully donated, week in, week out, month in, month out, year in year out. These open faced good hearted Aussies are the muscle and bone and sinew of our Aussie Nation. They are already being bled white by the Zionist parasites running the banks and multinationals, now another parasite was trying to prevent them achieving natural justice. This selfish pampered brat was deliberately going out of his way to make their hard lives even harder. The rank injustice of it galled us all. It was not enough for this selfish overgrown pampered brat to poison the children of good hearted Aussies with hard drugs, he had to go out of his way to prevent those children from having any sort of chance for a decent future. It was our hard honest labour versus his wanton destruction. Our people, through their hard honest toil produced the wealth, while parasites like Nick Smurthwaite only destroy and steal, and sicken.

We now knew pretty well all that we needed to know about the Commos painting over our posters. The next step was to neutralize their activities, and do this at the very time that our new 1989 campaign began. This would give us a clear run on the streets again. So we waited while 1988 ended and 1989 began. Peter and John kept in pretty regular contact with Nick during this time. We also let the nest of Commos in Victoria Park have a pretty easy run while they dropped their guard. We now knew that we would only have to strike against Nick

and the nest of Commos in Victoria Park to effectively neutralize the opposition to the poster campaign.

Meanwhile we printed up the next lot of posters for 1989 (2742 AUC). We also prepared for the 1989 State Election campaign, where I would be contesting the seat of Helena. This was deliberately done because it was the electorate of Gordon Hill, the Minister for Ethnic Affairs. He was one of our committed enemies. The election would certainly cause a controversy.

Early in 1989 we struck at the Commos and effectively neutralized their campaign to counter the ANM posters.

The plan was this: First off the special surveillance team postered up the general area around Nick Smurthwaite's house and the surrounding suburb of Kardinya. Then we rehearsed the operation with John Bain. As well as this we got hold of some artificial blood from an amusement shop. This was to be used on John Bain to make him look all bloodied up after I had gone through the motions of giving him a good and proper hiding.

The actual operation would be in two quick actions, within days of each other. The first action would be to physically catch Nick Smurthwaite in the act of painting over our posters, then give him a good and proper hiding so that he would not feel like painting over posters again. Within days of this we would fire bomb the car of the main organizer of the Victoria Park Commo nest. The delay between the two actions was so that the second group would have learned about what had happened to Nick Smurthwaite when he got caught painting our posters. That way when the fire bomb was hurled, they would all know exactly why this happened. Just in case they did not already know, we had some street kids to quietly tell them why.

These two actions were all that was required to neutralize the anti-ANM poster campaign. All the rest of the various people were far too disorganized to be any real threat to our poster campaign. As well as this when word got to them about what had happened to Nick Smurthwaite and the nest in Victoria Park, they would have second thoughts about going out onto the streets themselves. The Commo opposition are NOT brave or determined, and certainly not totally committed.

On a warm summer night early in 1989 we assembled the team together. They were John Bain, John Van, Chris, Russell Willey, Justin and myself.

The first action was carried out in this manner. John Bain rang up Nick and told him about the posters plastered up around Kardinya. Then he talked Nick into going out and painting over the ANM posters. He said that he would be dropping into Nick's house with the paint to do so. Talking Nick into going out painting out the posters was somewhat difficult for John for the simple reason that Nick was engaging in his usual favourite pastime— getting bombed out of his evil selfish little brain on acid. Politics always came a very lousy second to the general drug scene as far as Nick was concerned. We had two cars, which were in CB radio contact with each other. We drove up to Nick's place and dropped John Bain off.

One car was parked only a 100 metres away from Nick's house and carefully watched John go into Nick's house then watched and waited for John and Nick to walk out together to go painting over our posters. The other car was parked a few streets away. We had to wait around for about an hour before John and Nick came walking out, then we followed them in the cars, taking it in turn, so that the same car would not be seen all the time. We managed this by keeping in contact with the CB radios. There was already one unforseen factor we now had to contend with. Nick had his dog with him. That dog could well get savage, and would have to be dealt with. I told Chris to take a stick along with him to wallop the dog with, should the need arise. John Bain was doing his job well. We silently followed their progress as they painted out the posters along the main road leading into the main Kardinya shopping centre. John was luring Nick right into the shadows behind the shopping centre. We then parked the cars in the car park, put on our balaclavas, then quietly followed them on toot. Sure enough, when we caught up with the two of them behind the shopping centre, the dog stood snarling between them and us. It was my job to make a dive at John Bain and tackle him to the ground, however, the snarling dog stood between John Bain and l. So up came Chris with his stick and gave poor old Fido a good hard wallop. Being a typical cowardly Commo dog, old Fido gave a heart rending howl and ran away.

Then it was on.

I tackled John Bain and brought him to the ground, just out of hearing distance from the rest of them who tackled the real target — Nick. The first part of the action was for me to go through a pretty convincing show of bashing John Bain to the ground. This l did. Then while the two of us were out of hearing distance, l handed him the artificial blood, which he then splashed all over his face and on his shirt as well. This being done, we carried out the next step; John Bain broke away and ran. This was done with plenty of noise, so that Nick could actually see what had happened. This now left me free to join the rest, and have a few harsh words with Nick. Of course, all that John Bain did was hide in the shadows and watch proceedings, just in case he had to team up with Nick again and show Nick his "bloodied up" face.

While I was on my way to join the rest with Nick, Chris lost his cool a bit and bonked Nick on the head with the same stick that he walloped the dog with, in an effort to shut him up. Then John did manage to shut him up. By this stage Nick had copped quite a few blows and was thoroughly frightened, then Russell Willey did an utterly stupid thing. He dragged out a hunting knife, which he took along with him against our instructions, and threatened Nick with it. I promptly told him to put the knife away and stop being stupid. It was then that we told Nick that he copped the hiding because he was painting over ANM posters, and he could expect further hidings should he go out painting over any more posters. As it turned out that one good hiding put an end to Nick painting over ANM posters. Somewhere along the line while we were telling Nick what was what, we were suddenly caught in the headlights of a car, and the driver obviously saw what was going on. So we all had to clear out in a big hurry.

Somehow, in that mad rush to get back to the cars and get away, John and I were left behind in the Kardinya shopping centre when they drove off. This was real nice for John and me, because by this stage the Police would have been told about what had happened. As if that was not bad enough, John and I then lost contact with each other. Then sure enough, along came the police car cruising around looking for us. Oh hell! Both John and I were wearing the same clothes that we were seen in; the balaclavas we had already hidden. John slipped out of the shopping centre and walked far enough away from the scene to catch a taxi, then headed home. Meanwhile I hid in the shadows while the police car cruised around, torchlights flashing around looking for us. I then noticed another car cruising slowly around. I reasoned that it could well be Chris's car returning to the scene when they realized that John and I were missing. It was. I leaped out of the shadows in front of his car, jumped into his car and drove off, just moments ahead of the police car. Then we had to look for John.

That proved to be both time consuming and potentially dangerous, for now the Police were out looking for us, in the shopping centre and now the nearby streets. So we cruised around looking for him. We even followed a police van back to the Fremantle Police Station just to make sure that John was not in the back of that police van. After an hour of this we reasoned that John must have made it back to his home by taxi. Later on that night we did confirm this and were very relieved to discover it.

So much for the first action.

The second action was a lot easier. Chris took John Bain and another young activist around to the Commo nest in Victoria Park at night. They did one last reconnaissance of the place to make sure that the particular car was parked out in front of the place. It was. Chris then parked his own car in the shadows in a nearby street. The other two then slipped through the shadows to the house, lit the Molotov cocktail and hurled it at the car. Once again the old familiar "Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. . . . WHOOMP!" reverberated around the still air of the warm summer night, and another bunch of anti-Australian Commo scumbags got the message loud and clear to let Aussie Patriots carry out their work unhindered. The team cruised past the burning car to make sure that the target had been lit, then headed back to the Headquarters for the debrief.

The streets of Perth were now clear for the 1989 poster campaign and State Election.

MORE FLAMING MOLLIES IN THE NIGHT

Part of the function of the special surveillance team now was to quietly do reconnaissance of various potential targets for various radical activities. Part of this of course, was the ongoing campaign against Asian owned businesses; Chinese restaurants in particular. They also supplied information as to the overall effects of the various radical campaigns the ANM was waging.

Well over a month had gone by since the last Chinese restaurant fires. We would have to strike again to continue the ongoing momentum of the general attack and to increase the effect on the system and the Asian invaders. The target selected this time was a Chinese restaurant in Midland. Once again it was a free standing building, so there was no danger to nearby buildings. It was also completely empty after 11 PM each night. It was also on a major highway. As well as this, it was relatively easy to burn. Only a two man team would be enough to carry this out.

On a warm night in November 1988 we struck.

A few days before, John and I did our own reconnaissance in order to confirm what we had already been told about it. Everything was in order.

In the cool of the evening we made our preparations at the Victoria Park staging point. We filled up two plastic buckets with petrol and primed up one Molotov cocktail. Then sometime after 11 PM we drove off towards Midland.

The action was carried out in this manner. We arrived at the Chinese restaurant and simply boldly parked the car in the restaurant car park. There was a military trucks sales yard next door. So we pretended to be checking out the trucks while we waited for a break in the traffic on the highway. When we got the break we leapt out, grabbed the buckets of petrol and Molotov cocktail, and then ducked behind the rear of the restaurant. Once we were behind the restaurant we could take our time. We were sheltered from view from the highway. The only problem now was making sure that there was a break in the traffic after we had set the place ablaze when we ran back to the car to drive away. So we set to work.

I grabbed a broomstick and smashed the rear kitchen window. Then John threw the first bucket of petrol deep into the kitchen. The second bucket of petrol was used more carefully. With this one we made sure that there was petrol all over the back wall, the exposed eaves and beams, the outside of the back wall, and the area where we placed the empty plastic buckets. We had to ensure that the plastic buckets were burnt as well. We were now ready to hurl the Molotov cocktail.

John then stuck his head around the corner of the restaurant to make sure that the coast was clear. Then he stood out further, so that he could get a clear view of the highway. Now we waited for a break in the traffic while l stood ready to light the Molotov cocktail and hurl it against the back wall.

John‘s sure steady gaze surveyed the highway waiting for the break in the traffic. Then he called out. "Now!" and ran towards the car and started up the engine. Meanwhile I lit the Molotov cocktail and then hurled the flaming mollie at the back wall. Once again the silence of the night was broken by the sound of radical politics. Western Australian style: "Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh WHOOMP!" Suddenly the dark rear of the restaurant was flooded in brilliant light. I checked to see that the buckets were on tire too, and then ran to the car. By the time l reached the car it was already beginning to move and I leaped into the open front door. We then roared out onto the road by the flickering light of the now blazing Chinese restaurant. What a beautiful sight. Another Chinese restaurant was ablaze under our warm Western night skies.

Strangely enough, there was no media reaction to this restaurant being burned down. It was only much later that we would discover why. However, among the Asian invaders the word spread around that yet another Chinese restaurant had been burned down. For them business was becoming less and less profitable in Australia.

The next Chinese restaurant to be burned down was the Ko Sing Chinese restaurant in Ferndale. It had the usual necessary qualities of a possible target. However, it had this one difference. This one would be done by one man on his own, largely as a result of a former argument with the owner of the restaurant. Russell Willey wanted to burn this one. and burn it on his own. This was also an attempt on his part to gain quick acceptance into the hard core ANM activists who he knew were carrying out some pretty heavy radical activities. We already knew about the Ko Sing as a possible target, so when he asked me for permission to burn it down I gave him the go ahead. The only real condition l asked for was for him to tell me when he was going to do it so that we could make sure of our alibis for the time.

Perth was due for another Chinese restaurant to be burned down, if Russell Willey could do it then that would be fine.

Well, early in January 1989 he did do it. This time there was a media reaction to it; quite a lot of media reaction. It added to the general campaign against the Asian invaders. Within days of this we neutralized the Commo opposition to our poster campaign. Then the new poster campaign opened up for l989—then Premier Dowding reacted to our general campaign. He basically told the people of Western Australia that they would be getting asianisation whether they wanted it or not. He also told the people of Western Australia that the ANM‘s campaign would not prevent the invaders from stealing Australia. Needless to say we were not impressed with his comments. This time we had our own answer all ready to More Flaming Mollies in the Night go for some time. Judging from Premier Dowding's reaction, our campaign was now starting to have a very telling effect.

The very same day of Dowding's speech against us we would burn another Chinese restaurant. And this time it would be more spectacular than the previous ones.

The Ling Nan Chinese restaurant in Mirrabooka was to be the target. This had been selected and checked out some time ago by the special surveillance team. John was given the intelligence report on the Ling Nan that day. The team would consist of John Van, John Bain, Russell Willey and Wayne van Blitterswyk. They would assemble at the Victoria Park staging point with all the necessary equipment after dark. The operation would begin at 9:30 PM.

The action was carried out in this manner.

Once again the team had gloves and beanies, which could be thrown away afterwards, should that be necessary. This time the team had two buckets and two jerry cans full of petrol. As well as this there was the Molotov cocktail. The team used Russell Willey‘s car. The first step was to go to a used car yard in Victoria Park and steal a set of number plates to put over the ones on the car. This was a precaution in case the car was seen, which in the large Mirrabooka Shopping centre was a distinct possibility.

Then they drove to the Chinese restaurant. They drove past it and around the area. The coast was clear, so they parked the car and grabbed the petrol and Molotov cocktail, then walked to the restaurant. They thoroughly dowsed the whole place in petrol. John made sure this was done properly in his usual thoroughly efficient manner. Then Russell Willey got the car, and drove up to the restaurant. The empty jerry cans and buckets were put into the car; the motor was running and ready to go. It was originally John Bain‘s task to light and hurl the flaming mollie to set the Chinese restaurant ablaze. However, because he was not used to the thick gloves, he could not light the Molotov cocktail. Then John took over, lit it and hurled the flaming mollie at the target. Once again the stillness of the warm night air was broken by the sound of radical politics in action; "Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. . . .WHOOMP!"

The whole building erupted into a brilliant wall of roaring flame, and lit up the general area. John and John Bain ran back to the car, leaped in, and then the whole team went roaring away from the general area as fast as they could go. As soon as they managed to disappear into a quiet side street, they stopped the car and took off the stolen number plates. Then they drove back to the Victoria Park staging point.

The Mirrabooka Shopping centre is a very busy prominent place. The blazing Chinese restaurant there attracted a lot of interest. The media reaction was also dramatic. This was particularly the case as it followed a week after the burning of the Ko Sing Chinese restaurant, the beginning of the 1989 poster campaign, and Premier Dowding‘s comments of the day before. Not only that, but now the ANM election campaign in the seat of Helena was in full swing. This was stirring up even more controversy.

During this campaign I had a few interesting sessions with Howard Sattler on 6PR. One session just seemed to lead onto the next session. During the first session the question of the myth of the Holocaust was brought up. I immediately utilized the opportunity on the air to present as many plain simple facts refuting the Holocaust as I could. The Zionist lie took a beating that day. They were dark on it. This was also the first time that the Leuchter Report was

mentioned on the air in Perth. I also made it my business to bring up the possibility that we could be the targets of potential assassins. This was in preparation for another action we would carry out just two days before the State Election. Anyway, because of the effect of the first session with Howard Sattler on 6PR, there was an article in the “Sunday Times", which had the unprecedented headlines, "DON'T VOTE FOR THIS MAN." Howard Sattler wrote the article; however, in fairness to him, he did not write the headlines. Anyway, because of this article I managed to get another session on the air.

At one stage during the second session on 6PR, Howard Sattler made the classic comment, “Jack, most independent candidates don‘t even get one session on the air, now you're getting two, plus a major article in the newspaper.” Well, he was right of course. The whole point of propaganda is to reach as many people as possible and stir them. What Howard did not know was that we were preparing an even more spectacular stunt that would spread the ANM name far and wide all around Australia, regardless of the actual number of votes we got in the State Election.

The next action was to be an attempted assassination of me, two days before the State Election. This would give us the maximum amount of publicity on the very day before the election. Luckily for us, just the day before this we accidently set fire to the long dry grass around the side and back of the Headquarters. Russell Willey started this when he was burning some dud cheques that were not forged correctly. The result was that there was no more long dry grass left to burn when we were throwing around our own flaming mollies in the assassination attempt. This assassination attempt had to look good. In due course it did—but it was potentially dangerous if something went wrong. Because of this we made sure that John Bain, Justin, and Fergy were not at the Headquarters during the night of the action.

The action was carried out in this manner.

First off, there were two teams. The team at the Headquarters consisted of Chris and me. The team to actually fire the shotgun blasts and hurl the large Molotov cocktail consisted of John, Wayne and Russell. The two cars used were Russell's old Galant and the hired car the team managed to steal. The shotgun had a special cover around it to make absolutely sure that the spent shotgun cartridges did not land on the street so that the Police could check them out. Unfortunately, that cloth cover would foul up the ejection mechanism of the shotgun so that they only fired three rounds instead of five rounds. The Molotov cocktail used was a large one litre soft drink bottle. As well as this we had another ten litres of petrol at the Headquarters to splash around the front fence just before the attack, when the phone message came through. We also had a bucket of water inside the front door just in case the curtains and carpet caught alight inside. Outside we had the garden hose hooked up and ready to go, should the need arise.

By 9 PM Chris and I were ready at the Headquarters. We moved some of the equipment out of the field of fire, but not much more than normal. John led the other team, who assembled at the Victoria Park staging point at 9 PM. When all their own equipment was ready

they set out to steal a hired car. That part of the operation proved to be a lot more difficult than we anticipated, and because of this we had to postpone the action for two more hours. We had hoped to carry out the action about 11 PM. Sometime after midnight Wayne managed to steal the car. Then Russell parked the Galant and the team jumped into the stolen car with their equipment and headed to the nearest phone booth, in order to tell Chris and me that they were coming.

Sometime before 1 AM the phone at the Headquarters rang. Chris picked it up and heard the sound of heavy breathing. That was part of the signal. A minute later the phone rang again. This time there was more of the sound of heavy breathing. This was the rest of the signal. We now knew that we had 10 minutes before the attack. I yelled to Chris, "Let‘s go!"

Chris and I knew exactly what to do. Chris stepped outside to check that there were no neighbours looking and gave me the signal. Then I grabbed the ten litres of petrol and dowsed the front fence with it. When the team threw the Molotov cocktail at the Headquarters we were going to make this as spectacular as possible - the whole front of the building and the fence would go up in flames. When all this was done Chris and I moved to the back room where the printing presses were and continued to print How to Vote cards. This would be the excuse why we were not shot in the front office. So we now waited in the back room while Chris stuck his head out of the window to see when the others would arrive to carry out the attack.

They took a fair bit longer to arrive than we had anticipated, but all planning must take into account the unforseen. In due course Chris quietly called out, "Here they come." John was in command of the attack team. Russell was driving. John had the shotgun and Wayne had the Molotov cocktail. They quietly cruised up in front of the Headquarters and stopped. Wayne jumped out and quickly walked up to the front of the building with the flaming mollie. Chris was following Wayne's movements the whole time, and Wayne could see Chris looking at him from out of the open window as well. When l knew that Wayne was about to hurl the flaming mollie l stepped out into the passage; something I regretted doing about two seconds later –

John opened fire. That was the signal for Wayne, who then hurled the flaming mollie. "BLAMI . . . BLAM! . . . whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, BLAM! . . . WHOOMP." In the quiet suburban street of Gosnells radical politics split the night air with its unique and telling sound. And a sound that is portent of things to come.

Then Chris yelled out in a voice loud enough for all the neighbours to hear, “We’re under attack!" He then grabbed the .22 rifle and ran towards the fence, as if to shoot it out with the attackers. Meanwhile I was in the passage regretting that I had left the safety of the back room, for the whole building was now alive with heavy SG shot, pea sized pellets zinging around the building, bouncing off the walls, putting holes in the ceiling and zinging past my ears. And as this was happening the whole front of the building erupted into a roaring wall of flame. Holy cow, what a scene!

John is a pretty cool customer and a crack shot. As Wayne was running back to the car he was firing those shotgun pellets straight into the chair where I would normally be sitting. All three blasts struck the target, then the cloth cover jammed up the ejection mechanism. There was no time to unjam it and continue firing, anyway three was enough. Just as Wayne jumped back into the car, he pulled the shotgun back in and yelled to Russell, "Right, let's get out of here." Then they roared away.

By this stage Russell was scared stiff and beginning to panic, rather than follow instructions. This sort of heavy action was way out of his depth. They actually passed the police car heading to the scene of the shooting. This further increased Russell's fear and he now started to make wrong turns while he was driving back to the Galant. This needlessly increased the actual time they were driving around in the stolen car, which just might have been seen by someone when they were shooting up the Headquarters. They finally did arrive back at the Galant, left the stolen car, piled themselves into Russell's car, then headed back to the Victoria Park staging point. Their part of the action was over.

Meanwhile, back at the Headquarters, the fun had just begun.

Needless to say, the sound of the exploding Molotov cocktail and the shotgun blasts woke up the whole neighbourhood, as it was meant to. Chris somehow managed to do a stupid thing; he dropped the magazine off the rifle when he took up position behind the fence. Meanwhile I was dowsing the flames that had started up inside the building. From inside the building it sure did look like a fearsome sight. The whole front of the building was covered in burning petrol, which blazed brilliantly, for the whole neighbourhood to see. We knew that the media and Police would be talking to the neighbours, so the more spectacular the scene the better. Meanwhile the startled neighbours were gathering in the street.

I rang up 000 and told them that we were under attack. Then I ran outside and yelled to Chris in a loud voice, "If they attack us again, gun them down!" As soon as I said this, the neighbours suddenly cleared the street and disappeared inside their homes, just like a scene out of a Wild West movie when a shootout is about to take place. After I had put out the flames outside the building, I thoroughly soaked the remains of the Molotov cocktail to make absolutely sure that there would be no fingerprints on it, just in case Wayne had accidently touched it with his bare hands. Then the first lot of policemen arrived.

Before the night was through there were policemen galore. They came from the CIB, Forensic and other units as well. We carefully studied the way that they operated and how efficient they were. Because we knew exactly what had happened, we now had a rare opportunity to study them at close quarters. The Police are the enemy; it is as simple as that. This had become particularly obvious from the year before. So while they studied us, we studied them. It is amazing just how much you can learn when you carefully observe at close quarters.

The media publicity was incredible. And we played this out to the maximum. Yes, we got a third session on 6PR with Howard Sattler. The media publicity spread far and wide around the rest of Australia as well. When you consider that we were actually paid to run in the election in the first place, this was proving to be a very effective operation all round.

Petrol, politics, shotguns, leaflets, stickers, posters, and audacity galore were proving to be an explosive combination on the radical political scene. And the best was yet to come. We were postering, burning and blasting our names into the legend of our Nation.

POLICE HARASSMENT

The purpose of the Police Force should be to protect life and property. Now I will state this again to bring it home loud and clear: THE PURPOSE OF THE POLICE FORCE SHOULD BE TO PROTECT LIFE AND PROPERTY.

EVERY ACTION THE POLICE FORCE TOOK AGAINST THE ANM TO TRY TO PREVENT US PROM SAVING OUR AUSSIE PEOPLE IS THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT THEY ARE LEGALLY AND MORALLY OBLIGATED TO DO. There are no ifs and buts there. The main purpose of the Police, courts, and jails around Australia today is to protect the big criminals who are destroying Australia through asianisation, taxation, bank interest, and the deliberate poisoning of the environment and the whole education process. Whatever observation one makes of the Police one must always keep this fact in mind.

And for those who wail out the old catchcry, "But what about the crime on the streets? Don't the Police prevent crime and keep law and order?" First off, have a good hard look at John van Blitterswyk's statement to the court, at the beginning of this story. And always remember this sickening fact. In just ONE DAY, the big criminals steal, injure, kill, poison, sicken and maim, through bank interest, taxation, built in obsolescence and deliberate misuse of technology, far more than the entire prison population does in a WHOLE YEAR. And that does NOT include all the mass killing and destruction carried out in all the unnecessary wars these same bankers and multinationals deliberately cause. And also bear in mind that the relatively petty crime on the streets is mostly a result of the system these big criminals deliberately create.

When I say relatively petty crime, remember this. Most deaths are not from murder. They are a result of road accidents, industrial accidents, industrial and domestic poisoning, and the result of bad nutrition and lifestyles; ALL OF WHICH IS DELIBERATELY CAUSED BY THE BIG CRIMINALS. Whereas the average burglar will steal on average a few hundred dollars from one house, once in a blue moon, the banks will regularly STEAL THAT AMOUNT FROM NEARLY EVERY HOUSE IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY, EVERY SINGLE MONTH OF EVERY YEAR. The Police, courts and jails will protect the bankers and jail the burglar.

The more effectively any Aussie Patriot opposes the evil system and stands up for his Aussie People, the more the Police will harass him. It is a fact of life that every Aussie Patriot simply must understand.

To our activists this was becoming more and more apparent as the campaign wore on and reached more and more people. In early 1987 the average policeman in the patrol car was largely sympathetic, however, by l988 the Police in general were out to catch our activists out on the street. This was still the normal run of the mill uniformed Police.

Then in the spring of 1988, as the two coloured posters began to go out, things took a very ominous sinister turn. The word came down that we were now being watched by the Anti-Terrorist and Protective Services Unit. Because there simply are no terrorists in Australia, that fancy name simply covers up the simple fact that they are Political Police.

In December 1988 I made it known that I would contest Gordon Hill for the seat of Helena. Technically speaking I would simply be contesting the seat as an independent, but in reality it would be an ANM propaganda campaign. About the same time, by pure accident, Gordon Hill bumped into John, another young activist, and me while we were out plastering up around Victoria Park. He looked very much like another policeman who caught John and me plastering up posters the year before. That particular man proved to be very supportive. We thought he was that same policeman and Gordon Hill caught on quickly. Acting out the role of a policeman, he managed to obtain samples of the posters we were plastering up that night.

We thought nothing of it, apart from the fact that the media commented on it. Then, suddenly, police officers from the Anti-Terrorist and Protective Services Unit turned up with a search warrant to search for posters, glue buckets, brushes and rollers, of all things. Gordon Hill had effectively ordered them to go out to arrest me. Despite the fact that they really did not find any evidence, they arrested me. How nice! A day or two later John was also arrested by police officers from the same unit. As if the arrest was not low enough, in due course one of the policemen and Gordon Hill perjured themselves in court in order to secure a conviction. This blatant perjury can easily be proven. The whole sordid episode was typical of the general low standard of behaviour you can expect from committed enemies like the Police and politicians.

That incident in December was the beginning of a steady increase in general Police harassment, which steadily grew more low down, underhanded, and outright vindictive.

The election itself also proved to be interesting.

Because we knew that the enemy would be keeping a very good lookout for postering teams in the Helena Electorate once the election was officially under way, we only plastered posters up before the election period. After that we stuck to the purely mundane and legal propaganda methods of putting leaflets into letterboxes and trying to get advertisements into the local newspapers. However, even this was too much for the system. Some of our activists putting leaflets into letterboxes were told to stop doing this and get out of the general area of the electorate BY PLAIN CLOTHES POLICE CRUISING AROUND! You may well ask just what were

plain clothes policemen doing cruising around the peaceful streets of the seat of Helena in the first place; then you may well ask yourself just why did they order people to stop carrying out purely NORMAL LEGAL election activities. One may well also ask, just who ordered them to do this, and why.

The next interesting episode did not involve the Police. It is however, an interesting example of the sort of things the system will stoop to in order to prevent any sort of real opposition to them. A minister of the Uniting Church organized a special campaign to counter our election campaign. He actually boasted about this on the air on 6PR and in the local newspaper. His group actually went around TAKING OUR LEAFLETS OUT OF THE LETTERBOXES AFTER OUR ACTIVISTS HAD DELIVERED THEM. This sort of thing had never been done before.

All those well-meaning, but sadly misinformed people who wail out the old excuse, "Why can't you do everything legally?" ought to keep these incidents in mind.

Another incident that was pure outright vindictiveness by members of the Police Force occurred in April 1989, just after "The Bulletin" article about the ANM. It was outright harassment because of our political stand. The incident happened in the carpark of the lnnaloo Shopping centre.

Now, I do concede that the five of us, who were arrested that night, fully intended to poster-up that shopping centre. In fact another team did thoroughly poster the shopping centre up after they saw the five of us being arrested and driven away. Because of this the media made a big issue out of the incident; in fact the whole affair turned out to be a big propaganda gain all round for us. However, that was not what the policemen who arrested us intended. If they had simply charged us with putting up posters illegally, or littering, then we would not have thought all that badly of it - an occupational hazard in the postering business. No, in our wonderful British legal system it can be illegal to be PARKED IN A PUBLIC CAR PARK! To deliberately add insult to injury these "Protectors of life and property" then proceeded to relieve us of just about everything they could lay their greedy hands on, just like a bunch of common thieves, only these thieves were wearing police uniforms! The excuse they used to virtually empty the car and even take the hats off our heads was "evidence."

There was about $1.000 worth of personal property and equipment taken by the policemen that night. At the trial many months later this "evidence" was not required at all. It was deliberately taken from us so that we could not use it during that time. Needless to say, when we complained to the Ombudsman about having all our property and equipment taken from us, we got absolutely no justice whatsoever. But, that is our wonderful British legal system for you.

In a further incident of deliberate Police harassment. I was actually arrested for having some old war souvenirs, namely some very old bullets, and: believe it or not, for having l45 grams of very old gunpowder taken from some fireworks. That amount you can fit into the palm of one hand! Bear in mind also that most ex- soldiers have similar souvenirs in their

houses. Now for this "horrible crime" I was actually fined $1.770, which was the equivalent of two months jail - a bit more special treatment for Aussie Patriots, compliments of the Police and courts.

By the winter of 1989 the Police standards had sunk into the gutter when it came to dealing with Aussie Patriots standing up for White Australia. Apart from physically torturing our activists, and perjuring themselves to get them jailed without trial, they brutalized our innocent women and children; they even jailed John's innocent wife, held their young children, threatened to sexually abuse her young son, and then used them as hostages in order to extract the confessions from him and me that they could not extract when they tortured us. And make no mistake; this is all general knowledge in CIB circles. They condone it.

The sordid details of this will be dealt with later on in the story.

THE 'ONE MINUTE JOBS"

On the last day of the year 1988 we gathered together at Radical Ranch in order to greet the dawn of the next year, 1989 or 2742 AUC. This year would also mark 100 years since the birth of Adolf Hitler. There were also many other reasons why this year would be the most dramatic so far.

By now our propaganda methods were the most efficient methods that had ever been seen in radical politics this century. We were also about to solve the eternal problem of money. As well as this, Asian businesses in Western Australia were being physically attacked. The role of the Jew was being exposed on a scale never before seen in Australia this century. Our support was rapidly growing. The ANM was now almost a household word in the West, and it was now becoming steadily known in the rest of Australia. There were a number of stunning campaigns planned for this coming year. This year we knew we could carry them out in style. There were also a number of high profile stunts planes as well.

Once again we gathered together just before the sun rose. At Radical Ranch we stood in the beautiful virgin bush in the predawn light, under the pale Aussie sky of the morning. As the fiery golden white orb of the sun peeked over the horizon we played "Waltzing Matilda" and gave the Roman Salute to the dawning sun rising over the bush. The kookaburras and magpies called in the fresh clear air of the morning, and 2742 AUC had begun.

Within the first two weeks of the New Year we struck the first Chinese restaurant for the year, neutralized the Commo opposition to our poster campaign, opened up with the new poster campaign, and opened up with the election campaign. We also began the long and risky campaign to obtain the equipment and money we would need to effectively Wage a massive campaign all around Australia. This campaign we were planning would in due course enable us to gain some sort of real political power.

In all of this we knew that we would have to move as quickly as we could. We had since decided that it was impossible to ever be able to raise the amount of money we required by the usual method of direct donations from the very people who could least afford it. We had a duty to those people to no longer place a heavy burden on them, and we also had a duty to our Race and Nation to become a really effective force on the political scene, regardless of the personal risk to us. We decided to take the risks and physically take the equipment and money we required straight from the big criminals robbing Australia blind; these were the multinationals, banks and insurance companies.

There was another operation that we carried out in the early part of 1989. We established a network of underground caches and bunkers. The caches were made from the standard Sulo rubbish bins which we simply took from the banks or multinationals in the main shopping centres, then buried them in secret locations, put a wooden lid on them to keep out water seepage, then recorded their location. The first bunker was an experimental one that we built at Radical Ranch. That took quite a bit of work in the hot sun. But when it was finished it was virtually impossible to detect from the surface. Unfortunately it leaked through water seepage from the roof. The main purpose of these underground storage spots was to hide the propaganda material when the system outlawed what they considered to be "racist" material. These underground storage spots could also be used for other things as well.

We discovered the Sulo bin trick quite accidently. Wayne was leaning against one of these bins when we were out in the street talking about the problem of getting hold of large metal drums which will rust when placed into the ground. Suddenly Wayne looked hard at the bin he was leaning against, then turned The "One Minute Jobs " to the rest of us and said, "Why don't we simply pinch these bins und use them? There is an unlimited supply of them all over Perth."

Many good ideas are discovered accidently. This was one of them.

In the summer of 1989 there were quite a number of "bin bandit" patrols sneaking around in the night with picks and shovels and stolen bins. There were quite a number of amusing incidents involved in placing these bins into the ground. In one such incident John Bain and Justin on the motor bike managed to wake up the whole neighbourhood as the Police chased them dragging the Sulo bin around on the motor bike to the waiting team who had to dig tje bin in. That team was waiting in the scrub. When John Bain arrived at the drop off spot he simply let go of the bin and let the Police continue to chase him and Justin on the motor bike, while the other team simply waited until the Police roared on past them and the dumped rubbish bin, then leaped out of the shadows, grabbed the bin and buried it. Meanwhile the Police lost the other two on the motor bike, and when they returned to where the bin had been dropped off, they found that the bin was gone too. No doubt these Policemen were quite puzzled by the whole affair.

Russell Willey was a professional thief. He had robbed many places and knew the general layout of many more places. He offered his services to us so that we could get equipment, then later on, money for the ANM. We had little reason to doubt his sincerity at the time. We overlooked his disgusting personal habits and addiction to pornography in all its forms. His sexual preferences were bizarre as well. We assumed that his apparent patriotic zeal would more than compensate for his weaknesses. However, in reality he was just a common crook, that is why the Police and courts rewarded him and jailed us. The Police and courts recognized one of their own kind of low types.

Anyway, Russell Willey organized the first robberies. He had previously broken into a place to steal chainsaws. We needed a chainsaw to break into Tandy Electronics to steal a set of communications equipment, which would be required for further operations still.

The team for the first job consisted of Russell, John and Wayne. They assembled at Russell's house, cleaned up all the equipment of fingerprints, then they donned their camouflage greens. balaclavas and gloves, and set out in Russell‘s old Galant. We parked the car about a kilometre away from the target and crept in under the cover of the heavy scrub and trees on the vacant block next door. While Wayne and John were hidden under some shrubs, Russell crossed the highway and climbed the high fence. Once he climbed the high fence and saw that he could physically open the roller door, he then signalled to John and Wayne to cross the highway and take up position in front of the shop door in the cover of some shrubs. Then he proceeded to open up the roller door, knowing full well that he had set off a silent alarm. They all knew that from this point on they had to move very quickly. John and Wayne then ran into the front showroom, joined Russell, and grabbed as much gear as they could carry, checked to see that there were no cars coming, then ran across the highway. They then quickly walked back to the Galant, which Russell had trouble starting up. They then drove back to Russell‘s house and stored the chainsaws in Russell's storage shed.

The original plan for the raid on Tandy was to chainsaw the back door in half. This way we would get past the alarms without setting them off. However, this plan never worked. What happened was this. The stinking rotten chainsaw took about five minutes to start, then promptly made a racket fit to wake the dead. As the whole damn neighbourhood woke up around us we decided to give this method a big miss.

The basic problem with Tandy was that it was about one kilometre from the nearest police station. So the reaction time for the Police would be very short.

What we actually did was this. The team consisted of John, Russell, John Bain, and Wayne. We parked the car about a kilometre away, on the other side of the Southern River. We were all in camouflage greens again. We hid in the storm water drain and waited for the security guard to check the place on his rounds. The damn drain was alive with mosquitoes which bit us stupid for the next three hours till about 4.30 AM when the security guard finally did show up. However, this was far too late, so we called it off for the night.

The following night we were successful. Once again the four of us waited in the storm water drain, and once again the mosquitoes hit us stupid. Russell got sick of waiting for the guard to show up, so he sent John Bain to sneak over to the metre box to switch off the lights to the place. Just as John Bain began to sneak over the guard finally did show up, John Bain had to quickly sneak back into the drain. When the guard left John Bain then sneaked over to the metre box and switched the lights off. Wayne then yelled, "Let's go!"

We jumped up and charged out of the drain, smashed through the door with a sledge hammer so that Russell could open the door from the inside. By this time John Bain had reached us. From the time the door was smashed open to the time we left could be no more than 50 seconds. So Russell timed us with his watch, while the rest grabbed as much of the selected gear as we could. As 40 seconds came up Russell yelled, "TIME!" then we bolted out of the place. The Police were there in fact in 60 seconds. There was only seconds to spare. We ran all the way to the footbridge over the Southern River. Then we jogged the rest of the way to the cur. John was carrying most of the gear, while Russell was puffing and panting as he was not a strong man, either physically or in character.

When we arrived back at Russell's car the problems were still not yet over. That old rice burner took about 5 minutes to start; meanwhile we were waking all the neighbourhood with the old Galant's "Rrrr....rrrrr....sputter....rrrr....cough....sputter....sputter wheese.... rrrrr.... cough.... brrruuum.... cough.... rrrr.... and finally, when we were sure that the battery must be tlat.... "brrruum, BRRRUM." We then drove back to Russell's house and unloaded the communications equipment under the pornographic magazines in Russell's storage shed. So here was some more pornography. As well as this we later on discovered that he used to become sexually aroused by the danger on the operations.

The next lot of equipment that we required was surveillance equipment for our special surveillance team and for the rest of us so that we could check out a growing number of hard core activists who were being formed into various units. We also needed other electrical items for Russell to sell so that we could raise money for our various propaganda campaigns and also to support a number of street kids who were rapidly becoming future revolutionaries. In particular, we were after a couple of 8mm Video cameras for surveillance. We later on took the special photographic equipment from another place.

From the very earliest operations of this kind, John would rigidly enforce a strict security routine. That was this. All pieces of equipment were carefully cleaned down to remove any fingerprints. This even included the batteries inside our radios. This was in case any piece of equipment was left behind at the scene of the break in. After a while we were carrying quite an assortment of equipment, ranging from sledge hammers to fine instruments for breaking into vehicles. The other routine that John rigidly enforced was this. Nothing was ever left behind anyway. Before the job was finished, he always did a check to ensure that all pieces of equipment were accounted for. Apart from always wearing camouflage green, balaclavas and

gloves, when we had to walk around in the night we would walk in single file. This way it was much harder to see us when we lay down on the ground to hide. As well as this we did not refer to each other by name during operations. Each of us had a number, and we referred to each other that way. In all things John was always thorough.

The early equipment procuring operations were what were referred to as "one minute jobs“. The theory behind it is that it lakes the Police at least one minute to react and arrive at the scene where the alarm had been triggered off. In reality it is generally more like 20 minutes before the Police arrive on the scene. Later on we developed far more effective methods of bypassing alarms.

The first Vox Adeon job was done in this manner. The team once again was John, Russell, Wayne and John Bain. We did a full reconnaissance of the target during the day in order to work out how much we could take, how to get in, and the escape routes to get out should anything go wrong. We drove up to the place and parked near a nursery next door. The nursery enabled the lookout man to sneak up to his tree with his two way radio undetected. Once he was in place he gave instructions for the rest of us to back the car in to the door. John Bain then went up the lane to make sure that nobody was coming from that direction. Wayne, who was the first lookout in the tree, was no longer required, as John Bain had full view from the laneway. So Wayne then joined the rest of us at the door.

John and Russell wedged the pins of the door hinges out. When that was done we did our one minute trick again. We ripped the door off, raced into the storeroom, grabbed the selected gear and equipment while Russell was watching his watch. Then when 60 seconds were up, Russell yelled out, "TIME!" Then all of us, including John Bain, raced to the car, jumped in, and drove away. Once again the new gear was left in Russell‘s storage shed. In that operation we got our two 8mm video cameras and 15 video recorders. The video cameras were kept and the video recorders were sold.

There was a certain amount of satisfaction here, because this was the first lot of money that did not have to come from our own hard up working class supporters, but instead came directly from the enemy. This would be the trend to come during the next year.

The next job was another Vox Adeon store. Once again we did a thorough reconnaissance of the target to work out all the usual requirements. This operation was the first one where we stole a van to transport the gear we took from the place. The actual time spent taking the van took a lot longer than the actual operation at the storeroom. It was another strict rule that we only took commercial vehicles out of car yards and warehouse vehicle yards. We never touched the average Aussies‘private vehicles. After we had taken the vehicle we drove to a car park in a nearby hotel and parked Russell's car there, then we all headed to Vox Adeon in the van.

When we arrived at the target, Wayne and John were dropped off and Russell and Little John drove around in the van, keeping in radio contact. John and Wayne then cut an escape

hole in the cyclone wire fence surrounding the loading zone of Vox Adeon. Then they put up some cardboard boxes and cartons to hide behind should the security guard arrive when they were punching the pins out of the door. Once the pins were out, Wayne radioed to the others in the van to drive in through the main gate, swing around and reverse up to the door ready to go.

In came the van, and we assembled at the door. We were ready. Russell had his watch ready again, and then we acted. We ripped the door off and ran inside, grabbed the videos and televisions and ferried them into the van until the van was full. Then Russell yelled out "TIME!" We jumped into the van and drove off. However, as we were driving out we passed another team of break and enter people driving into the very same place we had just relieved of about 40 videos and televisions. They had their van and beanies on and were obviously all set to rob. As bad luck would have it, they did not go robbing that night.

This was the last time that we left gear at Russell's house. After the van was emptied there we drove to Russell's car, then drove the van away and left it. After that we all went home. Another successful operation was completed.

Meanwhile there were many other operations going on to raise money, and also on the all-important propaganda front.

PROPAGANDA CAMPAIGNS 1989

Meanwhile the poster campaign went ahead for the new year of 1989 (2742 AUC).

The main opening phase of the campaign was the Helena State Election. Despite the Police harassment and the organized campaign against us, we did manage to leaflet most of the electorate area. It had been postered up earlier on. Because of the controversy, the overall propaganda effect was a lot larger than just the area of the electorate. After the assassination attempt the effect of the propaganda went all over the state and the rest of Australia as well. Needless to say, on Election Day, the weather was stinking hot. Not only that, but I had to drive around, in the Bongo van which still had an utterly ruined muffler. The noise and the fumes were something that had to be endured to be understood. It was while I was driving around the electorate to see the various people we had handing out how to vote cards, that I noticed just how easy the system parties had things. While our hard up, hardworking, good hearted Aussies suffered in the sun and endured all sorts of hardship, these two faced criminals and hypocritical parasites like Gordon Hill, were driven around in their air-conditioned cars. While this evil system endures the criminals will profit and the honest will suffer. Gordon Hill was just symbolic of this sad situation. Also driving around the Helena electorate that Election Day was 79 Division of the Police. One may well ask why they were driving around.

We knew that we would have no hope of ever winning the election or even getting a very large percentage of the Vote- However, what we could do was measure the amount of support for an utterly radical party. The assassination attempt added to this general trend. The amount of votes we received was a bit over 40O. Now when you multiply that number by the number of similar Propaganda Campaigns electorates around the state, then you get the real number of people who will support a totally radical regime. Among those people there is the hard core revolutionary elite who actually carry out the revolution. From this point onwards, we knew that there is enough support for a revolution in Australia.

And on the subject of revolution. The majority of our people handing out how to vote cards were very young. This was in total contrast to the rest of the system parties. We are the future, while they are the past. And the passion to rebel is strongest in the young.

After the election we carried on with the poster campaign with a vengeance. Once again the streets were ours. We now had a lot more money, though not as much as we should have gotten from the sale of videos and televisions taken from the various breaks. As it turned out, Russell was already skimming off his own extra cut from the takings. He steadily became greedier as he went along. However, we now had a lot more money and therefore a lot more poster, glue, petrol, rollers and people to plaster them up. We were also sending more and more posters over to the East to the ANM activists over there to plaster up. We were also getting the feedback that the posters were having a greater and more telling effect. After the session on 6PR attacking the myth of the Holocaust, the Zionist leadership was starting to become concerned; so were the Asian invaders.

In due course we made them a damn sight more concerned.

This took a hell of a lot more plastering up. Most of the poster runs were rolling runs carried out in vehicles. The opposition was virtually non-existent now, though the Gosnells City Council were carrying out what amounted to some sort of personal vendetta against us because the ANM Headquarters was In their part of town. Basically they were trying to get the posters down within days of them going up. They hired a steam cleaning unit and employed quite a number of people to constantly run around with the steam cleaning unit cleaning the posters off. The amusing thing was that they only cleaned up the Gosnells area. The rest of the city was left alone. So were the other country towns that were also being plastered up with posters.

We also made up a number of very provocative anti-Asian posters. Two of them were, "85% Asians Hepatitis B Carriers", and "Hepatitis B Carriers Prepare Asian Food". As well as this we were hammering home the readable posters about Zionism and Freemasonry, and we were hammering away at that Holocaust myth on a scale now that had never been seen before. Though the Zionists were desperately trying to follow the logical course and ignore it, it was simply on a scale that could no longer be ignored. Any message repeated enough does have an effect, this is particularly the case when the message is true. In a situation like this the truth will win through. This truth coming out is now happening in the world today.

The basic problem facing the enemy was the simple fact that instead of running out of steam, as every other radical political movement had done before, we were sticking to it and getting more effective to boot. In the system's plan of things, this was impossible. It was impossible for the system to stop this without stripping away the facade of freedom that it needs to prevent the masses from losing faith in the system itself. The sheer dogged determination of our activists and the raw devil may care courage of the teams out breaking and entering and hurling flaming mollies in the night was hurting the evil system more and more. We were forcing the system to take desperate counter moves that would in the long run strip away its credibility and bring about the necessary conditions to bring it down.

And yes, it was that small handful of dedicated activists prowling around in the night in their utterly unconventional Propaganda Campaign; methods and their outlandish attitude to life in general that changed the course of the history of our Race and Nation. There was, of course, little that was respectable or “legal” about them; instead they were truly moral, brave, loyal and fired by high ideals. They were the complete opposite of those traitors who were trying to stop them.

The long hot summer wore on.

The poster campaign carried on.

The overall effect of the propaganda increased steadily and irresistibly. Most of the posters were put up in all night rolling poster runs now. Every week some part of the city was getting worked over. There were more new activists on the scene now, but the main effort was delivered by the long-time hard core activists. While I am on the subject of long time activists, an interesting situation developed in regard to names. Too many of our hard core activists were call John. So what developed was this. John van Blitterswyk was called “Big John,” John Bain was called “Little John,” and the other Johns were “Scottish John” and “Greek John.” We were able to dictate the reaction of the media more and more now. And this we exploited to the maximum. Often the media reaction was due to a particular poster-up operation in a certain particular area with a certain set of posters. When the media reacted they multiplied the overall effect of the posters. We were now reaping the long term benefit of years of constant propaganda on the streets. Not only this, but our teams could carry out more audacious, and therefore more effective poster-up operations because we were using scanners tuned into the Police radio network; the communications network of the main enemy. Time and again we actually heard the Police talking about one of our teams being seen. As soon as we heard what the Police reaction would be we were able to take evasive action.

We operated from the Victoria Park staging point as well as the Headquarters. Once again John (Big John) organized most of these poster-up operations. This was in between carrying out the breaks to raise money and acquire equipment. Week after week, as the summer lingered on, the familiar faces of Dave Locke, Scottish John, Greek John, Little John, Tony, and a number of young activists gathered together in the cool of the evening. The teams

were organized, and away they went into the darkened streets of Perth and they plastered up their allotted areas of the city.

The yellow Bongo van was often used. More often than not the Bongo van team consisted of Dave, Scottish John and me. Other times I was driving around with Big John, Little John, and Peter Rhodes. Fergy would also generally have a hired car, which was also used to take teams out on rolling poster runs. I remember their keen young faces as we plastered up the dark and silent streets. We all knew deep down that we were changing the face of Australian politics like never before. There was a sense of destiny lingering there among the bondcrete, posters, mid-morning coffee breaks and audacious acts. I remember Scottish John and Dave Locke leaping out of the Bongo van together to plaster up the spread of posters on some control box in their record breaking time which they always achieved when they operated like this.

We were at war with the system. Our propaganda was our weapon. I remember well those clear warm nights in Vietnam when we would sometimes gaze at the brilliant dome of stars overhead, and we would ponder many things that we would never even have considered in the sheltered shallow life of peacetime. And I noticed again that same feeling in the small hours of the morning in some quiet park or back street, while we had our coffee break under the brilliant dome of summer stars gazing down in glory upon the sleeping city. For we political soldiers in the vanguard of the struggle for our Race and Nation, life had a meaning, a purpose, and we lived life to the fullest.

There was also the curious contrast between the excitement and danger of sneaking around the darkened streets, and the calm air of tranquillity and reflection, while you relaxed with your comrades in the calm and quiet of the early morning darkness. The respect and loyalty of a brave comrade is a rare honour. We shared that honour. The contrast with life in jail could not be more complete. The Police, courts and jails try to destroy nobility, heroism, and high ideals, and poison to death the very planet we live on, we Aussie Patriots struggle for a better world, a stronger world, a clean healthy world of hope and promise, steadily developing upward into the higher realms of consciousness. While the system tries to drag everything into the sewer, we Aussie Patriots are reaching for the stars and beyond.

There was a special poster campaign that we ran in April. This was, in fact, part of an international campaign among the various National Socialist movements and groups around the world. It was organized by the Danish National Socialist Movement. What would be occurring would be this.

The date, 20 April 1989, marked exactly 100 years since the birth of Adolf Hitler. In the last two weeks before that date, posters with the slogan “HE LIVES, 1889, 20 April, 1989”, would be plastered up in various languages around the world. It would mark an act of international solidarity throughout the National Socialist cause around the Aryan World. Needless to say, we ANM activists did our part of this world wide operation in fitting grand style.

Once again the main effort was in Perth, while lesser campaigns took part in other cities in the East as well. In the month before we printed up the posters and distributed the posters. Then two weeks before the 20 April we struck. It only actually took a week to get the posters up. Within that time we had transformed the face of Perth. People everywhere were commenting on the posters they saw everywhere, "He Lives."

The actual volume we put up was not all that dramatic. What caught people's attention more was the very different nature of the slogan. We kept this in mind for future poster operations. The other important aspect of this operation was the simple fact that the right sort of people knew exactly what this slogan and campaign was all about. It was, in fact, the first act of international solidarity among the National Socialist cause in the Aryan World. This was noted by our enemies as well. Deep down they know damn well that this is the beginning of the end for them. The terrible cruel sick age of Jewish control is coming to an end as the first signs of the dawning glory of the Aryan Dawn is beginning to break through the fear and apathy that has paralysed the potential genius of our people for so long.

Directly following on after the first breaks we were able to buy a lot of sticker paper. This enabled us to make up tens of thousands of two coloured stickers. Two coloured stickers had never been used before. The slogans on the stickers were smaller versions of the poster slogans, No Asians and No Coloureds." This was on top of the other stickers we were always making up as well. The novelty of the two coloured stickers fired up a new interest in the general sticker campaign. This was particularly the case with the young activists still in school. Many high schools now had their own active ANM cells in them running their own propaganda campaigns on their own initiative. Before too long the new stickers were known far and wide and having an increasing effect on the whole general propaganda scene. The overall pace und effect of the propaganda campaign was rapidly increasing.

On the subject of ANM cells in high schools, an interesting operation took place in the Kelmscott High School.

It was also an interesting example of a well thought out and well executed operation. It was also carried out in only a matter of hours from the time the order was given to go—just like the action against the Ling Nan Chinese restaurant in Mirrabooka earlier on. This was also another action where the media reacted in exactly the way we had planned for. Because of this we were able to exploit it to the fullest. This way we dramatically multiplied the overall propaganda effect of the operation. The operation was also an interesting example of the system stupidly reacting in an oppressive, but utterly counterproductive manner.

Our special surveillance team already had a number of high schools as potential targets for just such an operation. Kelmscott High School just happened to be the first cab off the rack. How this occurred was this. The active ANM cell created an interest among the students there about the policies and aims of the ANM. The next step was that the students then asked permission from their school principal for me to give a lecture to the students about the ANM's

aims and policies. This was initially granted by the school principal. A date was set for me to go to the Kelinscott High School and give a lecture. Then before that date the principal rung me up to tell me that I would not be allowed to give that lecture. Suddenly we had the perfect excuse to make an example of the principal, and carry out a dramatic propaganda operation at the same time.

The special surveillance team provided us with all the intelligence we needed to know about the Kelmscott High School. First off, we were pretty sure that the school principle would tell the media the real reason that the operation was carried out against his school. As it turned out he did just that. We also knew that this particular high school was the biggest high school in the state. Even without any sort of media reaction whatever happened to this high school would be reported all around the state education network, among students and teachers alike. We also had a map of the layout of the school, so we knew our way around the place and also knew how many posters we would need. We knew how to approach the high school from a paddock behind the school where we would not be seen coming and going. We also knew exactly where to park the car in an undetected spot in the shadows where it could easily remain for the four hours that it would take for the operation,

From the system's point of view the most logical thing to do would have been to simply let me give a lecture to the fifty or so students who were interested enough to listen to what I had to say. They would, of course, have spoken to their friends and the message would have been broadcast around, but only slowly. Instead, because I was refused permission to give a lecture, the whole school was postered up and the whole school instantly got our message. Then, to further multiply the general effect of the propaganda operation, the media then spread the message all around the entire state.

The operation would also be the biggest single poster-up so far, by any single team.

The operation was carried out in this manner.

We assembled the team together at the Headquarters about 9 PM of the same day the principal told me that the lecture was cancelled. We then studied the plan of the school layout. We set the scanner of the local Police and security frequencies and prepared all the posters, glue and rollers we would be needing. We would have to carry all the equipment around with us around the school as we plastered up. Each of us was loaded up with extra posters and glue, as well as spare rollers, just in case the rollers we had were broken in the constant plastering up. It is always amazing just how easy it is for rollers to suddenly fall to bits just when you most need them.

At 11 PM we left the Headquarters in the yellow Bongo van and drove toward a quiet selected side street within walking distance of a walkway that led to the paddock behind the Kelmscott High School. We parked the car in the shadows, loaded ourselves up with the equipment, checked to see that the coast was clear, and then walked to the walkway. The walkway veered off to the right, but we carried on straight ahead till we reached the cyclone

wire fence surrounding the cow paddock, carefully avoiding the cows and cow dung. We crossed over a couple of barbed wire fences then arrived at the school.

We already knew that there should not be any security guard there, but we hid in the shadows and observed the place for a while just to make sure. We were now at the southern end of the school. The plan of attack was to plaster up the place from the south end to the north end. We would also be working from the inside buildings first then to the outside buildings, thus lessening the chances of any Police patrols noticing the posters until the whole place was actually finished. We could see no sign of any security guard, and the scanner indicated that there was no Police activity in the area either. So we set to work.

One man had the scanner and also kept lookout while the rest plastered up. The lookout man was keeping lookout from behind shrubs and trees, from stairwells, from the tops of buildings, from behind rubbish bins, from inside flower gardens, and even the veranda around the principal's office. We plastered up posters on doors, windows, rubbish bins, tables, walls, poles, stairwells, and even on some concrete floors where they would be seen by large numbers of students. On the windows we stuck some posters facing outside and other ones facing inside. Wherever students would gather together in large numbers we plastered up readable posters galore. We stuck up hundreds of very small posters next to drinking taps and any other places where they could be stuck up and seen.

Hour after hour we plastered up. Door by door, window by window, rubbish bin by rubbish bin, and wall by wall we plastered up. We went through bag after bag of posters, and bucket after bucket of glue. On a couple of occasions the Police went cruising past. We plastered up upstairs and downstairs, and all over the stairs. We steadily plastered up building after building from the inside buildings to the outside buildings. We plastered up the cafeteria and the principals' office as well. In the end there were very few doors and windows that were not postered up. Just to rub it in further, as we were getting near the end and we realized that we still had plenty of small readable posters left, we plastered up these small readables in long rows, from one end of the line of windows to the other end. It was very impressive indeed.

After roughly four hours we were finished.

Then we walked back out through the school, through the cow paddock, back out via the way we came in. we returned to the yellow Bongo van, then drove back to the Headquarters well pleased with a job well done. Kelmscott High School was decked out in posters from one end to the other like a Christmas tree!

The next morning all hell broke loose. Holy cow! The media just went mad! It was reported by radio stations, TV channels, newspapers, not to mention that it was the talk of the entire Education Department. The school principal did tell the media why the poster-up took place. This admission of his served as a warning to other school principals to not refuse lectures. The operation was effectively shown state-wide. For the actual amount of posters and glue we used, it was a very effective propaganda exercise; one of the most effective so far.

During 1989 more and more groups of young people came forward to organize themselves into active cells in their own particular areas. Each of these was supplied with posters and stickers. In fact quite a lot of propaganda was distributed in this manner. A lot of this propaganda was distributed in this manner. A lot of this propaganda material was left intact after the mass arrests in August. Each group took its own initiative in organizing its own propaganda campaign.

Right up until the time of the mass arrests the propaganda campaign for 1989 pretty much followed the same general pattern. In the winter of 1989 we made up the posters, “It’s Only Racist if You’re White,” and “If You Love Australia, Join the ANM.” There was a steadily increasing amount of booklets being printed up and sold now. These booklets we printed up, explaining the various aspects of how our policies were going all around Australia now. Another thing that was happening now was this. Overseas National Socialist groups were beginning to copy our propaganda methods. Here in Perth we were beginning to set the pace worldwide. Our campaign was hurting the system more than the system had ever counted on. People overseas could see this as well, and were now beginning to act accordingly.

This was all very encouraging news and we kept up the pressure on the system.

In the darkened streets on the cold winter nights, we plastered up in unrelenting fashion. We were mostly plastering up over posters that had previously been painted over or scraped off now. To do this we had to wander far and wide, as most posters went up and stayed up now. We effectively knocked the opposition on the head with the strike back operation at the beginning of the year's campaign. We were churning out piles and piles of posters and stickers and plastering them up.

At haphazard intervals we struck the city centre and postered it up. We followed the major highways and arterial roads leaving trails of fresh posters all over the place. We plastered up the Asian part of Northbridge from time to time, just to rub it in. We plastered up shopping centres, walkways, cycleways, subways, malls, schools, anywhere where they would be seen.

Some places were ridiculously easy to poster-up and some affectionate terms cropped up to describe them. It was a reflection of the youthful exuberance of our young activists.

I remember well cruising around the darkened streets with Little John or Dave Locke or Greek John or Tony, and heavily pestering places we called "Bondcrete Boulevard." "Poster Avenue." “Happiness Drive,“ "Roller Alley." or "Glue Bucket Square.“ We postered up the main Jewish synagogue. The Jews reacted to that. They do not like the truth being told about them and their Holocaust lie.

Months before the mass arrests our small band of dedicated activists had indeed struck a telling blow in the struggle for our Race and Nation. We have struck a blow against the system from which the system will never recover. We have wounded the savage beast, and it is now lashing about in pain. We have forced the system to react in a counterproductive manner. We were now a household word and nothing would change that. By the winter of 1989 the long

running poster campaign had achieved its goals. Along with the actions against Chinese restaurants, the effect of the posters had brought the level of South East Asian business migration down to near zero in WA. The system in WA desperately needed this Asian money to shore itself up to cover up the extent of its own corruption. Now it would be exposed the system's facade of respectability was about to be stripped away never to be replaced. This is the first vital step in destroying the masses faith in the system. We had achieved this.

THEY WERE ROARING DAYS

A great French philosopher once made the telling observation about the romance of history and the rise and fall of nations, peoples and empires that is so relevant to Australia today. It sums up the situation of the physically and morally weak and bankrupt system in conflict with strong and fanatical radical activists on the street who are prepared to physically fight against staggering odds.

HISTORY IS THE SOFT SHUFFLE OF SILKEN SLIPPERS DESCENDING THE STAIRS, BEING DROWNED OUT BY THE THUNDER OF HOBNAIL BOOTS MARCHING UP THEM!

Our political soldiers were breaking out of the constraints imposed on us by the system's evil laws. Damn the rotten laws! We Aussie Patriots would take by force what is rightfully ours! Whatever needed to be done in the struggle for our Race and Nation would be done!

So we acted.

The various breaks were carried out with the long term objective of acquiring equipment and money to enable the ANM to become effective enough to become a real force on the political scene in Australia. We had to be able to put out large volume of posters, leaflets and stickers simultaneously, all around Australia. This would require a lot of money and all sorts of equipment, ranging from computers and printing machinery to inflatable rubber rafts and trail bikes.

Unfortunately, this is where some trouble started. We desperately needed the money first, while Wayne was more interested in getting the equipment first, even though we really did not have anywhere to hide the stolen equipment. We could have made Radical Ranch produce money through growing all sort of vegetables and fruit for our own people, but basically too many of our people were too lazy to really get around to doing this until very late, then the State stole the place. We required the total commitment of total war, but John was about the only one to fully understand this. I was wasting too much time on producing the "Nationalist" journal, which was not all that effective in the overall scheme of the urgency of radical politics. Basically, the sort of people we were appealing to there were not the rough and ready types who would physically fight in a revolution.

Another bad failing which proved to make things a lot easier for the Police to carry out the mass arrests was the bad lack of sense of security with too many of our people involved in the breaks. In a word, too many of our people simply could not shut up; they had to boast about their exploits. We were not having a footy match or engaging in war with a noble foe. The main enemy we faced on the streets, the Police, are just vile low down scum, devoid of principles or any sense of honour; who are only interested in throwing us into jail, by using any means that work. They would not respect a young man's courage and youthful exuberance; they would simply see a target to destroy. They would simply see an easier method of destroying other Aussie Patriots as well. In the same way, the Police see a helpless child as a means of breaking down the child's parents. They are the system's callous instruments of destruction. Too often people with noble ideals fail to realize just how low down and evil the sort of characters who make up the Police and courts can be. One expects at least some sort of streak of decency from them, when in fact there is none.

The original plan was to counterfeit a few hundred thousand dollars so that we then would have enough money to carry on for the rest of the year without having to take any extra risks. The actual counterfeit job would only be good enough for one hit in an Australia wide operation. Rather than do this in early 1989, we thought of a better way to do this with a laser printer, and p, a top of the range computer. We got hold of the computer, but, could not get hold of the laser printer. So we never got around to doing it.

Be that as it may, the overall campaign of radical action in all its forms during I989 was correct. That it could have been done a lot better is also correct. I am not going to waste time going into what should have or could have been done, and when it should have or could have been done and so on. We should have also realized that the Police were far worse than we hoped they would be. But nobody is perfect, even the sun has spots, but it still shines all the same. Suffice to say that in the school of life, one learns from one‘s mistakes. At the time of writing this book, the system has managed to put a wall around some of the ANM leaders, but, they have not won the war by any stretch of the imagination. In the grander scheme of history unfolding, THE SYSTEM HAS REACTED SAVAGELY, BUT NOT WISELY.

In the grander scheme of things, the long running radical, campaign of the ANM did badly wound the system. That was the first step, and no other radical political movement has ever done this before.

Back to the money raising and equipment acquisition operations.

The first of the big operations was carried out on a very fitting occasion - it was 20 April I989; Adolf Hitler's l00th birthday. While a lot of other National Socialists were merely talking about what should be done to save our Planet, our people, were out physically carrying out actions that will bring the day of revolution closer. The way the whole operation worked out against all the possible things that could have gone wrong, it was almost as if the spirit of good

old Adolf himself was smiling down from Valhalla upon us that early morning, while destiny stirred in the darkened streets of the capital city of the Golden West.

In all operations the first consideration was the escape routes. They were thought out to such a degree that even if the Police were in the building itself, we could still escape on foot, undetected, right out of the area, leaving no trace of who had carried out the break. Many possible breaks were not carried out for the simple reason that there was no safe and secure escape route. John always made sure of the escape routes. Russell's specialty was to check out alarms and also to check out what could be taken out and sold. All operations were planned and carried out with military efficiency. We were, of course, at war with the system, and the breaks were merely part of the overall campaign. As well as this, we were always trying out new techniques for we were also using these operations as a testing ground for the leadership of the future revolution.

The breaks on the darkened streets of Perth was the training ground for the future revolutionary fighters. Just like an army taking raw recruits and turning them into soldiers, so we were taking idealists who had never broken the system‘s legal code, and turning them into warriors; street soldiers in the struggle for our Race. These street soldiers, because they were motivated by a deep love of their Race and Nation, gave it all they had, and learned very quickly and became very efficient, and dedicated to a degree that only National Socialists could ever understand. For those who are tuned into Nature‘s Eternal Laws it is almost as if one is on another planet. The secret to gaining this wisdom is to realize that all problems, whether they be personal, political, or environmental can be solved by using the golden rule of identifying the root cause and curing it at that level.

From the Fall of the Roman Empire, with the one exception of the great Adolf Hitler, all leaders and politicians have opted out to the shallow band aid treatment for the world‘s eternal problems. The ultimate solutions to the world‘s problems can be found by simply following the golden rule. The greatest teacher of this rule has to be Adolf Hitler in his brilliant book, "Mein Kampf“. People reading this book should bear in mind that in Nature, everything is either right or wrong, there is no in between - to be or not to be, it is as simple as that. One Race, One Culture, One Nation, where the strongest bear the children, is Nature's way. To be against National Socialism is to be against Life itself.

There is another thing that must also be understood. Our street soldiers were not like any other soldiers on Earth. Our soldiers were not bound by the old "nine to five" pay packet. In fact, all these operations were carried out for NO personal gain whatsoever. Fuelled by a vision of excellence in a better stronger world of beauty and strength, our street soldiers were on call 24 hours a day, every day of the week to face danger and hardship totally unknown to the enemies of Australia. It also must be pointed out that it took a special type of moral courage to ignore the corrupt legal code and act morally for our Race. It is so much easier for even soldiers in wartime to face danger simply because someone they do not know, and probably would NOT

approve of if they did know, has signed a piece of paper saying that it is now "legal" to kill and destroy, but these same people who signed those pieces of paper to start wars, are now killing and maiming our own Aussie People, through oppressive policies and known polluting technologies in our food chain and environment; yet our people meekly submit to this purely because a piece of paper says that they cannot rise up and do anything about this.

People everywhere must fully understand that death through slow poisoning from oppressive policies is just as lethal as bombs and bullets in wartime. The system is waging a total war o t total destruction against the Aussie People, whether the Aussie People know it or not. This is so that the Zionist/Freemason controllers of the system can have a one world government of mongrelized brown people, who are obedient slaves to the one World Bank, with a controlling elite of Jews. This is the master plan of our enemies.

It is also interesting to note that the Zionist Jews fully intent to exterminate all Freemasons when they are firmly in charge of their one world slave state, for the simple reason that they know that Freemasons are ultimately traitors to the Jews in charge as well. It also comes as no surprise to note that the Police Force is riddled with Freemasons. It is a classic case of the low mixing with the low. Birds of a feather flock together.

John and Russell did a thorough reconnaissance of the Vox Adeon target. This took two whole days. John studied the approaches to the place, the possible escape routes, and how to transport the goods out of there. Actually when Wayne and Russell were dropped off there during the night of the break they noticed that they had their own truck parked in the back of the compound. That solved the problem of stealing a truck from somewhere else. John and Russell checked out where the phone lines were in order to cut these to neutralize or trigger off the alarms. They checked out lookout positions, how close the nearest houses and businesses were to the place, and how to get through the fence to get into the place to reach the roller door. The inside layout of the showroom was studied during the day. During the night before the operation they studied the nature of the security arrangements, and whether or not the nearby factory that worked late would hear them. From the amount of clanging and general din they made, they surmised, correctly as it turned out, that they would not hear them.

The operation was carried out in this manner.

The team consisted of John, Wayne, Little John, and Russell. We drove up to the place in Russell's car right next to the telephone cable on the nature strip and pretended we were broken down. This was quite a daring feat, considering that it was 9 PM next to the busy highway, and also there was nearby a health studio full of people coming and going while we were brazenly chopping up the Telecom phone cables. We then placed the lid back on the Telecom cable junction box, so nobody would jerry to what had really happened. We then pulled away and drove around the corner. Then we turned around and faced the building so that we could see what was happening, while we listened in on the scanner to the Police and security radio network to see how they would react.

It took the Police half an hour to arrive at the scene. The key holder also arrived about that time too. The key holder went inside and checked out the inside of the building while the Police checked around the outside of the building. This took them about ten minutes, while the key holder took about twenty minutes. They all left. We heard over the scanner that they thought that it was a faulty alarm. So far so good.

After they left we all went back to Russell‘s place, picked up the .22 rifle, came back and dropped Wayne off at the back of the place with the .22 rifle and a pair of wire cutters. He cut a hole in the back fence, went through the compound, jumped over the side gate, crept quickly out to the front, then aimed the rifle at the blue audible burglar alarm and shot the living hell out of it. While he was doing that we had driven over the road and waited for the agreed amount of time for him to be able to carry out his actions, then we drove back and picked him up. We then drove back to Russell's house to drop off the rifle so that we would not get caught with the rifle.

We returned to break into the place now that we thought we had destroyed all the alarms in the place. But once we had gained entry into the place, to our surprise, Russell and Wayne triggered off another audible alarm system inside the building itself. Hearing this, Wayne and Russell immediately thought, “Let’s get out of here,” thinking that the characteristic, “Reeer….reeer…reeer….reeer” of the burglar alarm had awakened the nearby houses and alerted the nearby factory workers, who were no more than 75 metres away. Meanwhile John and Little John had been waiting in a nearby park near the river for the agreed length of time before returning. When John and Little John returned in the car, they found Wayne and Russell hiding in the bushes with the burglar alarm blaring away full bore in the background. As we were speeding away from the area we were very downhearted because we assumed that that was the end of it all. We had been sprung.

So we returned once again to Russell’s house.

However, after about half an hour Wayne suggested to see just for information gathering purposes, just what was actually occurring back at the scene of the attempted break in. so we returned without most of our breaking in equipment. We had the scanner, pinch bar and torch; that was all. We expected to see the place crawling with policemen and security guards. However, as we pulled in to the side street next to the place we observed a security guard pull up right next door to the place, and shine his torch in at the other buildings, while he checked to see that his security tags were in place. We were amazed to discover that because he had loud Rock and Roll music blaring away on his car radio he failed to hear the audible alarm blaring away next door. He then drove away obviously none the wiser, so we then decided to cruise around the area for another twenty minutes to make sure that nobody else came.

Then we all decided, why don’t we knock out the alarm blaring away inside the building?

Good idea!

So we drove back and dropped off Russell and Wayne and gave them ten minutes to do it, while we waited in the car in the park. Russell and Wayne meanwhile sneaked back into the showroom and then with one foul vicious blow put a total end to that confounded party pooping, racket making gadget stuck on the wall. "Reeer.... reeer.... re, SMASH! WALLOP! clunck.... tingle." Then silence reigned supreme. We could now carry out the break.

We then picked up Wayne and Russell and returned once again to Russell's house and picked up the rest of the breaking in equipment, then we returned and parked the car about a kilometre away, on the other side of the river. We were now all decked out in our computer camouflage greens and balaclavas. We walked in single file with our equipment, scanners and radios, keeping to the shadows all the way. We approached from the back of the place where Wayne had cut the hole in the wire fence. Because John had been injured in an earlier break he was the lookout man. He took up position as lookout, and then the rest of us went inside the compound and broke into the truck so that we could load it up with the stolen goods.

When this was done Little John stayed outside, while Wayne and Russell went into the showroom and started to ferry the boxed items to the back roller door. After about half an hour of carrying the boxes underneath the bent up roller door, we decided to smash open a wooden door that was closer to the truck, thus making it easier to fill the truck up. Smashing that door down made one hell of a racket; "CRAAACK.... SMASH.... SMASH.... SMASH.... SNAP.... CRASH!" Finally the door fell off in a thousand and one pieces and we threw it out of the way. We then proceeded to fill the truck up. Before the truck was completely full we had run out of useful items to put into it. So we decided we had taken enough for the night.

Then the fun started.

That damn truck wouldn't start!

After Wayne and Russell had had numerous attempts to start the truck with the starter motor, the batteries started to fail. Alter all this effort of non-stop drama, we finally had a truck full of goodies that we could not get out of the place. So in desperation we decided to push start the truck. After ten solid minutes of the racket with winding the motor over with the starter motor, we now proceeded to make a bigger racket still by push starting it. All this was going on only 75 metres from where the next door factory workers were working. Backwards and forwards we went, skidding, clanging and clunking, with the axles and clutch engaging and disengaging, while we swore and cursed as we pushed this fully loaded truck up and down trying to start it.

After about ten minutes of this Wayne decided to jump into the truck to find out what the bloody hell was wrong with this confounded trouble making truck. He then noticed that the kill switch was still engaged. He disengaged it, turned the key, then the machine roared into life. Holy cow! We all breathed a sigh of relief. Russell then jumped into the truck and drove it away into the darkness. After all the drama of the night we had succeeded. It must have been the spirit of good old Adolf Hitler smiling down, for it was 20 April. We had overcome every

imaginable obstacle and carried out the biggest break we had ever done so far. We had also tried and tested new methods of carrying out breaks.

Later on that night we had more things to celebrate as well as Adolf Hitler‘s 100th birthday. This was the biggest break we had done so far, but it was not the most daring we had done. That was earlier on.

However, before describing this operation, as well as other operations, there is another operation I will describe.

THEY WERE ROARING DAYS:
THE DUD CHEQUES

There was another activity, which brought in a fair bit of I money too. It was also a pretty straightforward way of getting money straight from the banks themselves. It gave us all a deep sense of satisfaction to see these parasites returning to Aussie Patriots some of the money they constantly steal every day of the week from hard up hard working Aussies.

It was Russell who first showed us how to obtain the cheques, then cash them at banks. Before Russell became involved with us he had robbed his former employer, General Bulldozing. He also stole their cheque book. Russell was a crook, through and through. For his own personal gain he was writing out cheques and cashing them before he showed us how to do it to finance the ANM. When l first saw his own forged cheques I realized that I could do a far better job. So began a very profitable cheque forging operation.

My own part in this operation was to actually forge the cheque signatures and fill in the rest of the details. Having been in the business of preparing artwork for printing, this cheque forging and signature forging was relatively easy. But it did take hours and hours of careful fine painstaking work with relatively primitive equipment. It would take me between 3 to 4 hours to forge a cheque. However, it was well worth it for $3,000 to $5,000. We never forged cheques for over $5,000. That was the maximum you could take out in cash in one hit.

The cheque forging, would generally begin at about 3:30 AM in the morning after yet another break on some multinational warehouse or office. I would be awakened by the lads banging on my bedroom window. They had some cheques to forge before I0 AM, by which time the bank could have been alerted that the cheque book had been stolen. We had to get into the bank soon after it had opened. As well as the cheque book, they would also have the special forging set of pencils, biros, fine brushes, ink pens, erasers and rubber gloves. This was hidden away at Russell's house. So we would have a cup of strong black coffee to wake ourselves up. Then I would get to work. The first step was to practice forging the required signature on normal pieces of paper. Depending upon what sort of cheque was to be forged, I would then type the required information onto the cheque. That information would be the amount of

money, the payee, and the special instructions to pay cash to the payee. If the cheque was the type that simply needed to have the payee changed, then the process was somewhat more complicated. We had a number of bogus bank accounts to use to cash the cheques, and the changed payee had to be made out to one of these.

The first part of the changing process was to erase the original payee's name. I would rub out as much as I could with the eraser. The next step was to then get the very fine brush and use diluted liquid paper to actually paint over the remains of the original payee's name. Then I would use a coloured pencil to colour back in the fine background detail of the cheque, which had also been erased with the payee's name. All this background detail had to be drawn carefully in, fine line by fine line. It was a slow painstaking job, but it was literally worth thousands of dollars. It also had to be done correctly the first time around, there was no second chance, for the cheque I was working on was the one which would be cashed in a few hours' time.

There were different coloured pencils for the different types of cheques from the different banks. Some cheques background detail were more difficult than others. When the cheques were finished we burnt all the bits and pieces of paper used to practise on and the special forging equipment was hidden away again.

The next step was to actually boldly walk into the bank and cash the cheques. This was a quite nerve racking operation, for we never really knew whether or not the cheque was actually presentable enough to not be detected as a forgery, or whether or not the bank had already been told that the cheque book we had used had been reported as stolen. We had to be careful to not leave our fingerprints on the cheque itself. While the cheque was taken out the back to be cleared, one's heart was beating away very quickly, for at any stage the bank security cameras could be activated and the Police called in. Waiting in the bank we would be sitting ducks. This was the worst part of the whole operation, even, though it only took a few minutes altogether. On one of these cheque cashing occasions, Russell panicked and quietly walked away while the bank teller went out the back to clear the cheque. As it turned out the bank staff were not suspicious, and Russell could have received the money he was trying to pick up.

The beauty of the cheque forging operation was the simple fact that it was always the banks who ended up having to foot the bill when the cheque was later on discovered to be a forgery. Just for once these parasites did not have everything their own way. In a very real sense we were doing our part to rectify a social injustice. Robin Hood himself would have smiled on our operations against the banks.

But then again all our operations against the multinational corporations was a larger scale rectifying of an ongoing social injustice. Just for once the little man, the Aussie battler, was having a win over the big criminals. Needless to say, as soon as they got their chance, the Police and courts returned things to the unjust, sickening status quo, where the foreign invaders and big criminals and parasites can continue to go on robbing the Aussie battler.

In so many ways this is symbolic of the basic conflict between our Aussie Patriots and the Police and courts who support the system. Our overall goal is to bring social justice to our Aussie People while the system wants to rob them blind. The Police, courts and jails are there to protect the banks, parasites, multi- nationals and Asian invaders. We fight under the true Aussie flag, while they operate under the symbol of evil, the inverted five pointed star, and the coat of arms of the foreign oppressors. The contrast between good and evil here could not be more obvious and complete.

THEY WERE ROARING DAYS:
THE DARING BREAKS

There were a number of operations that were just plain dangerous in terms of the real chance of getting caught in the act. The reason we undertook these more dangerous operations was to get hold of the top of the line computer equipment and other equipment. With this sort of equipment we would be able to do a lot more.

At this point in time it is well worth mentioning that there were many other daring breaks and active recces of potential or possible targets to acquire other needed equipment and money. To describe them all would drag out the story too long. As well as this there are other people involved who have never been mentioned in the story. Like the unknown operations, they will also remain unknown, though their services were valuable in the struggle so far. Their further services will also be valuable in the struggle and ultimate revolution to come. For now they will remain hidden.

The first of the daring operations was acquiring top of the line computers from a showroom in the busiest part of Victoria Park. Not only was it the busiest part of Victoria Park, but right next door, behind the place, was the main Social Security Records Centre, which was fitted out with the most sophisticated 24 hour security system, with 24 hour security guards on duty as well. To get to the place and out of it we had to physically pass in front of these guards. You could not even park your car anywhere in the street near the place without these guards checking you out. As well as this it was right on the busiest part of the main highway leading into the city, and the first main building in the city was the Police Headquarters. Every few minutes a police car was driving past the place about 40 metres away with nothing in between the open lawn and road but one patch of flower beds no more than half a metre high.

The interesting thing about the place was that the people who ran the showroom were so confident of all the strict security arrangements next door that they did not even bother to have any sort of alarms in their own showroom. Nobody would dare rob such a place under such conditions, they thought.

They were wrong.

This was the sort of operation where the camouflage greens, two way radios, and scanners were invaluable. However, the most essential thing required was sheer devil may care daring and raw audacity.

The operation was carried out in this manner. First off, Wayne and Russell carried out the reconnaissance of the target and general area. They checked out what was in there and how to get into the place. They also discovered that there were no alarms in the place at all. Then John and Russell checked out the place to actually work out how to carry out the job, they also worked out the escape route. Wayne had worked out what the weight of the computers should be. A large bag was specially made up to carry them in.

The team consisted of John, Little John, Wayne and Russell. We assembled at Russell's house and prepared the equipment. Then we drove in Russell‘s Galant to the nearest hotel to the target, which was, about 300 metres away, the way the crow flies. Once we arrived at the hotel, we parked the car in amongst all the other cars in the hotel car park, then we walked through a corner of a park, then through the underground car park of an unused office block complex, then crossed a back alley into the backyard of a house. There the three of us remained in the backyard of the house while Russell ran out to the front fence and waited for a break in the traffic which also had to occur at the same time that the security guard was looking the other way in the Social Security Office. Once this occurred he ran out over the road and dived into the flower beds in front of the showroom. He actually slid around in amongst the flowers. It didn‘t do the flower bushes any good at all. The camouflage greens hid everything.

The next step was to get each of us into the flower beds in front of the showroom, one at a time. Each person went to the front fence and waited for Russell to tell him via the radio, that the coast was clear. The next man there at the front fence would then make sure that the security guard was looking the other way, and then he would run out and dive into the flower beds. We continued this until all four of us were in the flower beds, in front of the showroom.

The next step was to wait for a break in the traffic. Then Russell leaped up with the pinch bar and levered the aluminium front doors open. When the next break in the traffic came the rest of us ran inside. Little John took up position just inside the front door as lookout. Meanwhile John held the bag open as Russell and Wayne proceeded to grab the various computers and other pieces of computer equipment and place them into the bag. Then it was time to go; only then we discovered that Wayne miscalculated badly about the supposedly relatively light computer equipment. The damn bag was very heavy and extremely difficult to run with in the short breaks in the traffic. We had to run with that heavy bag the way we came in, once again, under the noses of the guards.

We then drove back to the Headquarters and hid the equipment in the shed. The next day Wayne set up the equipment in the back room of the Headquarters. We decided then we needed some special printing units that only the same showroom had. So we decided to go

back again. We surmised correctly as it turned out, that the people at the computer showroom assumed that nobody would ever have the nerve to raid the same place only two days later.

Well we had the nerve, so back we went.

Two days later we struck again. Once again the team consisted of John, Little John, Russell and Wayne. This time we knew where to go. The difference was this time we were so sick of Russell's wheezing rice burner that had the bad habit of not wanting to start at crucial times, that we stole a car off John Hughes. We deliberately stole the car off him because he was so typical of the vile scum that turn on our Aussie People to rip them off and make money. His heart was in Asia, not Australia.

Once again we approached the target from the same way. We also carried out the operation in the same manner. This time however, Russell was scared stiff. Russell Willey was simply a crook; he was not a brave man. As we were putting the equipment in to the bag he saw a security van passing by and panicked. As a result of this we grabbed a fax machine instead of a printer. As well as this, because he had to wear the wrong balaclava, John's balaclava slipped around on his head and temporarily blinded him as he was running with the heavy bag and other equipment. He tripped over and injured his knee. This injury literally plagued him for years afterwards. As it turned out the security guard had not seen us as he drove past.

We then drove to the Headquarters in the stolen car and offloaded the equipment there. Then we picked up John's car, and in two cars we drove to the tip where we intended to dump the stolen car. Little John, however, was in a very destructive mood and wanted to wreck the car. He had always wanted to wreck a car somewhere along the line and this seemed like a golden opportunity because the car we had stolen belonged to an enemy of so much that is so great about Australia. It did not take much argument to convince the rest of us to agree with him, so we decided to wreck it.

Then the fun started.

Little John began the demolition process by slashing the seats.... and I DO mean SLASHING! He literally slashed the seats and everything else he could carve up into ribbons with his big bowie knife. Meanwhile John had the bonnet up and with his pinchbar was smashing the living daylights out of the motor, trying to smash the carburettor off as well. Wayne was running around with a hammer smashing in every panel and window he could lay the hammer into. Russell was bending back doors and panels and tearing them off. Little John then slashed into the tyres with the bowie knife. We all swapped around taking turns in wrecking everything that could possibly be wrecked. Within five minutes that car was a total wreck. It was just a pile of scrap iron. A good night was had by all.

Another somewhat risky operation involved taking the Zodiac inflatable boat. The problem here was that the place was right slap bang on a major highway that was busy most of the day and night. We would be exposed to the traffic most of the time. If we were seen by the

Police the only escape would be to run back out through the place and leave everything we had taken right out the front next to the highway. But nothing ventured, nothing gained. So we did it.

This operation was carried out in this manner.

The actual reconnaissance of this target was carried out by quite a number of us over a relatively long period of time. However, the main final planning was done by John and Russell. he worked out where to take the truck from how to get into the T y J place, and the escape route. The original plan was to take between a dozen and twenty Zodiacs, but this proved to be impossible due to unforseen developments on the job.

The team consisted of John, Little John, Chris Bartle, Russell and Wayne. We assembled at the Headquarters, had the final briefing, and prepared the equipment. We all left in Russell‘s Galant and headed off to the target and dropped Chris off as lookout, with a scanner and radio. Then the rest of us drove off to where we would take the truck from.

Taking that truck took quite a bit of messing around.

The truck was at the Golden Eggs factory, which was situated on a large cul-de-sac. If the Police entered that cul-de-sac when we were stealing the truck we would be trapped on the road. Speed was essential. However, speed was NOT what we got. Instead John found himself driving round and round in Russell‘s car while Russell, Wayne and Little John were blundering around trying to hot wire the truck to start it. It ended up taking them an hour to start it. Finally they managed to get the truck started. Wayne jumped into Russell's car with John and they followed Russell and Little John in the truck, while they drove back to the target at Bassendean.

While Russell and Little John were driving the truck they realized that they did not have enough diesel, so what followed was this. We parked the truck about 300 metres away from the target, then we all drove to the target and dropped John and Wayne off while Russell and Little John drove off to the Airport to pick up some diesel fuel. Chris was told of the unforseen development, after which he remained as lookout while John and Wayne set to work cutting through the cyclone wire fences and preparing the place so that we could take the Zodiacs when the truck was fuelled up and ready at the front gate. We finished this and waited for Russell and little John to return with the fuel. In due course they returned and drove past the target. As they drove past they told us over the radio that they had the fuel and everything was okay.

We all sneaked back to the truck, and Chris made himself familiar with the truck so that he could drive it to the target. Then the rest of us sneaked back to the target. Wayne went on lookout while John and Russell went into the yard, however, while they were walking around Russell triggered off an alarm. Only the alarm was the sickest sound we had ever heard. It sounded like a half-hearted dying WW2 air raid siren wheezing away in its last dying gasps, "Oohhrrooo... oohhrrooo... oohhrrooo!" John looked at Russell and both of them thought to themselves, "What the hell is that?" We had never heard anything like that before. It did not

sound like any burglar alarm and there were no lights flashing inside the yard. However, to play it safe we all retired to Russell's car, which was parked about 100 metres behind the truck.

Chris and little John hid in the shrubs next to the truck while the rest of us did a drive by reconnaissance of the target to see if we had triggered off an alarm, and what the reaction to this was. The third time we drove by we noticed that the yellow and blue light had stopped flashing so we decided to save the situation by simply grabbing what was outside, throwing that into the truck and leaving quickly. So back we went. John, Wayne and Russell sneaked back and Chris and Little John were waiting in the truck for the radio signal to drive in.

Wayne waited out the front as lookout while John and Russell went inside. As John and Russell pulled out the first Zodiac from the shelves the spooky sound went off again. Oh hell! There it was again, "Oohhrrooo....oohhrrooo....oohhrrooo.... oohhrrooo....“ We also knew now that the lights would be flashing out the front, so we decided to call it quits and simply take the one we had in our hands. We signalled to Chris to drive the truck in, which he did. Chris nobly and faithfully did what he was required to do, however, his apprehension and fear showed clearly in his big wide eyes, for what he was doing was extremely risky. We all knew it. He parked the truck on the highway, then Russell proceeded to make a racket and a half operating the hydraulic lift on the back of the truck…. And what a racket he made with all the hissing and clanging and all the while the alarm light was flashing. We threw the Zodiac we had into the back of the truck, Russell operated the lift to close it up, then Chris and Little John drove off towards the Gosnells quarry. The rest of us walked back to Russell’s car and drove off after the truck, which we caught up with on the highway. At the quarry we took the Zodiac out of the truck, deflated it, put it into Russell’s car and drove back to the Headquarters.

Mind you, even on the riskiest operations, all was not nerve racking tension. There were some amusing incidents.

There was an attempted operation that had to be called off because shortly after we dropped him off to be a lookout, Little John promptly fell asleep in the bitter cold. We called him “Lizard Man” or “Bluetongue” after that, because when we finally found him about three hours later, he was literally blue with cold.

On one of the early reconnaissance operations before we developed effective radio voice procedure, John and Chris split up and promptly lost contact with each other. Each man had a radio. John was beginning to get worried and wondering what had happened to Chris. However, all the time he was driving around the target they were checking out he heard over his radio, “Woody, woody… woody, woody.” After a while he thought that the voice sounded familiar, so he got on his own radio and said, “Is that you, Bruce the goose?”… “Come in.”

The ridiculous answer and comments assured John that it could only be one person; Chris Bartle; indeed it was Bruce the goose.

There was one place we were trying to break into a compound to steal super six sheets for the bunker, where we confronted what appeared to be a big problem; there was a savage

guard dog in there barking like mad at us. The dog had been alerted by the sound of Wayne cutting through the lock on the gate. So there we were, looking at the savage dog barking at us and wondering what to do, when the gate swung open. Then out came Rover and we thought, "Oh hell! This is it, one savage dog to contend with!" However, old Rover was not all he appeared to be, he was the canine equivalent of the loud mouthed coward - he would have made a good system politician. He took one look at us, and then went scampering away down the road, leaving us free to steal the super six sheets he should have been guarding.

In the field of human conflict unexpected things do happen. Experienced soldiers know this and always operate with some sort of strategic reserve.

THEY WERE ROARING DAYS:
THE BIG BREAKS

There were a number of more conventional breaks to acquire equipment and money. In the course of these breaks we developed far more effective methods in order to be able to carry out a few large breaks that would solve the eternal money problem once and for all. From there we would be able to solve the main eternal problem; that is to become effective enough to begin to substantially manipulate Australian Politics to favour Australian Nationalists.

I will finish up the story of the breaks by describing the last three, the last two of which were the biggest breaks of the lot.

The first big break that we planned and carried out was the operation on the main Canon warehouse in Osborne Park.

What was unique about the Canon operation was the way we smashed a hole in the double brick wall to gain entry to the warehouse. It was actually Russell‘s idea. He had thought of it years before when he was a full time thief. The trouble with him then was that he had neither the courage nor the competent team to curry out such an operation. However, now in the winter of 1989 things were different.

John and Russell did an extensive reconnaissance of the target and surrounding area. John immediately recognized the nearby park and lake as an ideal escape route. At one stage during the reconnaissance Russell actually managed to walk inside the warehouse. He acted like a customer who had lost his directions, and while he was in there he quickly glanced around to check out the alarm systems. From what he saw and what we worked out ourselves, we, knew we could bypass the alarms by smashing through the double brick wall. We would then be in the cage section of shelving containing video cameras and cameras. This was our goal, for these items were easily sold on the black market.

The operation was carried out in this manner.

I remember well the briefing John gave on the afternoon before the operation was carried out. The team consisted of John, Wayne, Russell, Chris, Little John and me. This was going to be the biggest operation we had ever done, and we all knew the significance of this first big break.

The propaganda campaign on the streets had effectively fulfilled its long term goals. The ANM was pretty well a household word in Western Australia. Two more Chinese restaurants had been burned down since the one at Mirrabooka in January. The second one, Russell, with the assistance of Little John, had put out of action with two sticks of Powergel. That, explosion was heard all over Asia. It had the very effect we were aiming for. On top of the poster campaign, the string of Chinese restaurants burning down brought South East Asian business migration into Western Australia down to zero. The enemy had been wounded - now the time had come to be financially capable of destroying him. This required big money. We would get that money straight from the enemy.

At the Headquarters we gathered around the sand map that John had drawn on the sandy ground. "Righto you blokes, gather round here." John began. "I'll show you the plan of operations for tonight. This is the first time we have ever tried this new method. It should work. If it does, then from here, we go into the big league." He looked around at us all, then continued, "And we all know what this means." He stopped for a while, then looked around, and continued again. "Now this may not work, but we have to try new methods. So don't get discouraged if it doesn't work. Treat it as a training operation. But I'm pretty confident that it'll work. Logically it should."

John then reached for the sledge-hammer and held it up before him. "This is the new secret weapon; the penetrator perpetrator. With this we're going to smash a hole in the double brick wall of the warehouse." He looked around at us again and put the sledgehammer down. "The alarms are only set up to cover the doors, windows and aisles between the shelves of pallets. They don't cover the walls because they would never expect anyone to come through brick walls. We're going to smash a hole into the cage area where the video cameras and cameras are."

"Okay," John continued, and pointed down towards the sand map he had drawn earlier. "Here is the plan of attack." He pointed out the street layout, warehouse, and nearby park and lake. "We drive to the park next door and park the cars there. From there we offload the equipment and tarp. The tarp will be used to cover the goods if it rains. The lookout point will be at this intersection, so that we have a clear field of vision up all roads. You blokes will stay on the other side of the road hidden in the reeds of the drain, while me and Russell go over to the warehouse wall with the penetrator perpetrator and fair give it to it to knock the hole in the side. Once we're through we'll give you the signal and then we will ferry out the goods to the shelter of the scrub in the park. The only place we really will stand out is on the road, however

the road there isn‘t all that busy at that time of night. Once we have a good truckload of gear we will then go off and pinch the truck and load it up from the cover of the park."

John looked up from the sand map and continued with the next part of the briefing, "Now, if something happens, the escape route is through the park. We can either hide in the reeds near the lake, or escape through the reeds by Jungle Jimming right out to the other side of the park here onto this main road here on the opposite side of the lake and park. Frankly I don't expect the pigs to be so keen as to follow us all through the reeds." He finished, and looked at the small band of us who were about to go out and do it.

We all now knew two things for sure. It was a damn good plan, and now we were indeed in the big league should it work.

The team consisted of John, Wayne, Russell, Chris, Little John and me. Chris set the frequencies for the scanner. I would be the lookout man. We prepared the equipment in our usual thorough manner. The sledgehammer, pinchbar, radios, torches. batteries for the torches and radios, the bag of truck stealing equipment with its long nosed pliers, slim Jim, dent puller and wire cutters, were all carefully cleaned down to remove fingerprints. From that point onwards they were only handled when we were wearing gloves. We were all allocated our number for the night. During the operation we would only address each other by our numbers.

At 10 PM we left the Headquarters in two cars. We parked in the park opposite the target and unloaded the equipment. The tarpaulin was hidden in the scrub where we intended to hide the goods we took from the warehouse. We had to spend a bit of time messing around with the radios because one of them was playing up that night and it would cause problems later on, as it turned out. As we moved into position on the park side edge of the road facing the warehouse, we noticed that we would have to put some sort of bridge over the drain, rather than use the existing bridge, which was too exposed. Wayne set to work building this makeshift bridge with deadfall wood and scrub, which he simply placed on top of the reeds in the drain. It proved to be sufficient. Meanwhile I moved into position as lookout and John and Russell ran over the road to the warehouse and hid in the shadow of some shrubs near the wall. John had the penetrator perpetrator with him, and Russell had the radio. I stood by with my radio waiting for their signal.

John's voice came over the radio, "One, this is two. Radio check, over.”

I answered back, "Two, this is one. I am receiving you okay, over."

"This is two. We are moving around a bit now; can you see us from where you are, over?" John said.

“This is one. Negative. You are quite well hidden there, over." I answered back.

"This is two. Righto, that's good. We are now ready to give it to the wall with the penetrator perpetrator. Righto, I am handing the radio to number three and I am going to bash the hole in. Listen carefully to see if you can hear anything, over.” John said.

I turned to the others and told them, "Right, everyone shut up and see if you can hear anything. They are going to start smashing the hole in."

There was silence for a few moments, then. . . . "WHOLLOP!" Holy cow! It was a racket and a half, fit to wake the neighbourhood! Even the ducks in the swamp and lake started quacking and jumping around. Then Russell's voice came over the radio honestly asking one of the most ridiculous questions I have ever heard. "One, this is three. Did you hear anything? Over."

We now knew that smashing double brick walls in would be loud. That was too bad. We would simply have to make sure there was nobody around as we smashed away. And smash away John did. "WHOLLOP... WHOLLOP... WHOLLOP... WHOLLOP... WHOLLOP...."

In due course the noise stopped, then Russell's voice came over the radio. "One, this is three. The hole is finished and we are going inside to have a look around the place. Stand by. Over". Three this is one. Roger that. Over." I replied. I then turned to the others with me. "Right, they have made the hole, and they are now having a look inside," I told them.

About five minutes later John's voice came over the radio. "One this is two. We have just checked out the inside, and we've got a problem. But we can fix that up. We're heading back to your position now, and we will fill you in then, over."

"Two, this is one. Roger that, see you when you get here, over." I replied. I then turned to the rest and said, "Right, they're coming back over."

When John and Russell arrived back on our side of the road they explained the problem. The first hole they smashed was in the wrong place. We would have to smash another hole about 10 metres further on in the wall. Only in this manner could we get into the cage area we had targeted. They had to go back over the road; however, while they were doing this, we decided to move our two cars to another place. As later events turned out, it was very fortunate that we did this. Chris and Little John Jumped in the cars and drove them away, Russell and John ran back over the road to the warehouse wall, Wayne continued building the makeshift bridge, and l went back to the lookout position.

In due course the familiar, "WHOLLOP.... WHOLLOP... WHOLLOP...." echoed out through the still night air, then the first bit of trouble for the night came our way. From my lookout position I could clearly see a couple walking down the road towards the intersection where the warehouse was. They could probably hear the noise already, but they would not know what it was. However, the noise had to stop while they walked past the place so I got on the radio. "Three, this is one. Radio check, over."

Russell answered back. "One, this is three. Receiving you okay, over."

I replied, "Three, this is one. We have a problem heading your way. There are two pedestrians walking towards me along the street facing directly opposite my position. They are probably already within hearing distance of the noise you are making now. You will have to stop what you are doing until they have passed by. Acknowledge this, over."

"One, this is three. Message understood. Number two has already stopped. Let us know when to start again, over." Russell replied.

"Three, this is one. Roger that. Stand by. Wait, out." I replied.

So we waited until the couple had walked a couple of hundred metres further down along the road, out of probable hearing distance of the warehouse. Then they continued smashing away at the hole. While they were doing this, Chris and Little John were walking back from where they had parked the cars, when they struck trouble. A security guard heading for the warehouse drove past within two metres of them. It was the quick action and camouflage greens they were wearing that saved them. When they jumped into the scrub and froze, the security guard could not see them. That security guard was the beginning of trouble.

What happened was this. After the second hole was made, Wayne joined Russell and John inside the warehouse and they all started to work out what they were going to take. They had taken the first cartons to the hole and were stacking them near the hole, when the security guard pulled up outside the warehouse office. I immediately got on the radio. "Three, this is one. A security guard has just pulled up outside the front office. Acknowledge, over."

Russell replied. "One, this is three. Your last message is a hit garbled inside the building here. Did you say there is a security guard at the office, because we just heard a vehicle pull up? Over."

The radio signal l was receiving from Russell was pretty weak and garbled, and that bothered me, however I could still follow it. By this time the security guard had got out of the car and was heading to the office door. I continued on the radio. "Three, this is one. Just hold what you‘re doing for a bit. The security guard may not twig as to where you are. He is inside the office at present... Hang on... No, he's getting back into his car... He looks like he’s going to drive off… Yes, he’s driving away up the street opposite my position. You can carry on. Did you follow all that? Acknowledge, over.”

Russell‘s voice on the radio was still weak, however, I could still follow him. “One, this is three. As I understand it, we’re clear to carry on, over.”

I replied, "Three, this is one. Roger that, you are clear to carry on, over."

“One, this is three. Message understood. How much trouble have you got receiving me? Over." Russell replied.

“Three this is one. You are okay before you go inside the building. Try to stay outside when transmitting, over." I replied.

”One, this is three. Understood. I can hear you okay from here now, out." Russell replied.

What we did not know until later on was that Russell had triggered off a silent alarm when ‘he went too far out into the actual passage between the shelves, which unlike the area near the walls, was alarmed. The big trouble for us was that not just the security guard was alerted by the alarm; so were the Police.

Just when Chris and Little John were about to cross the road and join the rest of the crew inside the warehouse, the Police cruised up and parked in the same place that the security guard parked about 5 minutes earlier. Then the security guard returned and joined them. It was plainly obvious to me at the lookout position that we had been sprung, and the operation was over. I got on the radio. "Three, this is one. The pigs have shown up. You've been sprung. Get out. Acknowledge, over." This time there was no reply.

I got on the radio again. "Three, this is one. The Pigs are checking out the office on top of you. Get out of there; over." Again, was no reply. Now what? My first thoughts were that the crew would be trapped inside the warehouse with a faulty radio, not knowing the danger they were in. I called them again and again over the next few minutes. Meanwhile the Police were beginning to check out the building itself. In due course they discovered the two holes in the wall. Then they started to check out the area more thoroughly. They were flashing their flashlights around, here, there and everywhere. At one stage one of the policemen was no more than 10 metres away, on the opposite side of the road, staring at where I was hidden at the base of the tree at the lookout position.

So there I was, wondering what to do, thinking that the rest of the crew were trapped inside the warehouse, when the radio burst back into life with Wayne's voice. "One, this is four. Pull back from your position, now; acknowledge, over."

I still did not know whether or not they had got out of the warehouse, however, the strong signal from the radio indicated, that they probably had. The trouble was, I did not know where the hell they were. I replied, "Four, this is one. Received your message, but where the hell are you. Over."

Wayne's voice returned over the radio. This time however, it was urgent. "One, this is four. The pigs are crossing the road and heading towards you. Acknowledge, over."

I could see the Police coming, so I slipped out of my position and rolled down the bank toward the drain and the makeshift bridge. I was about to radio my answer back, when I saw Wayne heading towards me from the park side of the makeshift bridge. Suddenly I was most relieved. They were all safe. What had in fact happened was this. They saw the police car cruise past before I radioed to them to get out, and immediately left the warehouse. I missed seeing them running over the road because I was intently watching the actions of the policemen and security guard. They assumed I would see them and join them, and did not bother to listen to the radio. When they did a head count back in the park they realized that I had been left behind. That was when Wayne sent me the radio message and came to fetch me.

Great! Now to get out of this place. The policemen walking around were now joined by another car full of policemen. That police car drove into the park and looked around where we had previously parked our cars. Our foresight had proven to be correct. The real lousy part was that we had only managed to take one video camera. We checked the equipment to make sure that we had not left anything behind. The only item we had to leave hidden in the scrub was

the tarpaulin. We would pick that up the next day. Our escape route was straight through the reeds and swamp surrounding the lake. We were often waist deep in the muck and slime, but while we were there we were hidden from the Police who were now out looking for us all around the general area.

When we arrived back at the cars, we all took our boots off and hid them in the Victoria Park cache. This was to prevent any identification from our boots, should the Police raid the Headquarters for whatever reason. We held the debrief the next day.

Basically, when we examined what happened on the Canon operation, we realized that the plan would have worked if we did not trigger off that alarm. The next operation like this we would not trigger off the alarm. In due course we did achieve this. In the meantime we carried out another operation on an upstairs warehouse that was not alarmed because they assumed that nobody would dare to break into such a busy exposed place that was surrounded by many other businesses. We also struck early in the night, when the Police would be far less vigilant; besides, they would also be busy as the pubs began to get rowdier and road accidents occurred.

Before we carried out the next big break, we attempted to break into the Akai warehouse in Balcatta. This operation failed because Wayne and Chris were unable to steal a truck earlier on in the night. The only trouble was that while we were waiting for them to steal the truck we had cut through a number of wire fences leading into the warehouse. If they were seen, they could well have given our intentions away, because we fully intended to break into that place a few days later. In due course we did just that.

Meanwhile the next big break we carried out was on the Ricoh warehouse, on Main Street, Osborne Park. What was different about this place was this. It was a relatively small warehouse on the first floor of a group of other office buildings. It was situated in the busy part of the main business area of that part of Perth. People were coming and going most of the time, and it was upstairs; as such Ricoh did not bother to alarm the place. Surely nobody would dare to break into the place. Of course, they were wrong. The other factor that interested us was the need for some highly sophisticated camera surveillance equipment, as well as the normal cameras in the warehouse were far more valuable, size for size and weight for weight, than bulkier and heavier items such as televisions and video Players. On this operation we would not require a truck to cart the goods away in. Russell and John carried out the reconnaissance. It was during the reconnaissance that we decided to carry out the break very early in the evening. Russell actually walked up to the upstairs warehouse office, pretending to be a customer. While he was there he saw that the place was not alarmed. He also saw that we could leave the place via the back door downstairs. That door led directly to the alley. This would make the operation that much easier for us. We also worked out that we could fit the items we intended to take into four large cartons that were also in the warehouse.

The operation was carried out in this manner.

John, Russell, Little John and I assembled at the Headquarters. We prepared the equipment, and this time we left very early. By 8 PM we were on our way in Russell's car.

When we arrived at the target we cruised around the place to make sure there were no Police in the general area. The street the warehouse was facing was relatively quiet, though people walked past the place from time to time. The lookout position for the first part of the operation, until we actually got into the place would be in a side street about 100 metres away, where we had the streets in full view. In the later part of the operation the lookout position would be in the alley.

We dropped Russell and Little John off near the target, then John and I drove to the lookout position. We were in radio contact with them and could clearly see them when they walked around on the footpath in front of the warehouse.

And while they were walking around out in front of the warehouse, somebody rang up the Police and reported them as acting suspiciously—which in reality they were. We knew this when we heard the Police report coming over the scanner to investigate two suspicious men wearing army greens. I immediately got on the radio, while John started the car up and drove off towards them. "Four, this is one. You have been stung. We're heading over to your position to pick you up. Acknowledge, over."

Little John replied, "One, this is four; message understood. We'll wait for you in the car park scrub, over."

"Four, this is one. Roger that. See you there. Out." I answered back.

John and I pulled up into the car parking area and Russell and Little John leaped out of the shadows, jumped into the car then we drove off to another side street where we could still observe the target. Sure enough, about five minutes later, along came Mr Plod. A police car slowly cruised around the warehouse and nearby area. It cruised around a few times, then left. We decided to give them an extra twenty minutes before returning.

Then back we went. Once again, Russell and Little John ran into the shadows near the target. They then waited until John and I arrived at the lookout position. Less than a minute later I radioed the message, "Four, this is one. We're in our position now. You are clear to carry on, over."

"One, this is four. Message understood. Stand by. Out." Little John replied. Then a few moments later the next message came over the radio, "One, this is four. Number three has just gained entry, over."

"Four, this is one. Roger that. Well done. Standing by for further reports, out. "I replied.

About five minutes later Little John's voice came over the radio again, "One, this is four. Operation successful. We can start our revolution now. Head over to our position now, over."

I got on to the radio, "Four, this is one. Roger that. Bloody good show. We're heading your way now. Out. "

As John and I drove over to them, we now knew that Russell already had at least one carton of cameras, which meant that the operation would already be worthwhile even if we had to now suddenly abort it. That was why Little John made the comment, "We can start our revolution now."

This time when we picked up Russell and Little John we drove to another spot. This spot was about 100 metres from the target, in a small car park next to the alley. The new lookout spot was close by, in the shelter of some very long grass. The situation with the Police then was this. There was a fatal traffic accident about 1 and a half kilometres away. Six Police units were busy there, while there was another traffic accident about 500 metres away that was tying up yet another two Police units. We knew this from the scanner. We reasoned that there would not be any other Police in the general area. So we decided to go ahead and finish off the operation straight away. The only other problem was that the back door could not be utilized. We had to use a narrow laneway between the buildings to ferry the goods from the front door to the alley.

I took up position at the new lookout position, while the rest went inside the warehouse to clean it out. The actual operation inside the warehouse only took a few minutes. We quickly scooped up everything and threw it into four cartons. Then we carried the cartons downstairs, through the laneway, and stacked them in the backyard of a nearby house because by this time we struck another problem. At the opposite end of the alley, about 300 metres away from the warehouse someone had stopped in his car and seemed to be looking right at the warehouse. Just who he was, and what he was really looking at, or really doing, we did not know. What we did know was that it would be far too risky to walk up the alley carrying the cartons to the car.

We were all together around the car near the lookout position talking about what we would have to do, when the troublesome car decided to leave. The Police were still busy, so we decided to carry out a pretty risky manoeuvre. We opened the boot and all the doors of the car. Then we quietly piled into the car and slowly cruised up the dark alley towards the rear of the warehouse with the lights out. When we reached the back gate of the house where we had stacked the cartons, we stopped, leaped out, and each one of us grabbed a carton and threw it into the boot or back seat. Then we jumped into the car and drove away. From the time we stopped until the time we drove off again with the goods, we took no longer than 30 seconds.

Then it was back to the Headquarters, where we checked out the cameras and worked out what we would keep for our use and what we would sell for money.

We still had a few hours before the dawn, when Russell would drive off with the goods. Russell and Little John were asleep, so John and I decided to get the .22 rifles out and shoot the mice that were hanging around the kitchen. When the first mouse came sneaking out from under the door of the laundry and ran to the fridge both John and I shot at it. John managed to hit him, while I managed to put a hole in the fridge. When the next mouse stuck its nose out from under the laundry door John fired. His bullet put a hole in a glue bucket. It also put a hole

in the mouse, which we found dead under the fridge the next day. His erratic running after John fired at him indicated that he had been hit.

The last bit of drama for the night was when Russell drove off. Somehow he had a flat tyre, and as he drove off in the still predawn darkness he made a racket and a half, fit to wake the dead. We had to transfer the goods into the yellow Bongo van and drive that away, leaving his damaged car in front, out on the nature strip. So ended a successful operation.

The next operation would be the biggest and most successful.

This was the operation on the Akai warehouse in Balcatta. It would also take place over two consecutive nights, and it would also present us with the new problem of where to hide and store all the stolen goods while they were being sold.

The operation was carried out in this manner.

The team assembled at the Headquarters in the afternoon before the operation. They were John, Russell, Chris, Little John and I. Because we had already attempted this break, we had to change the plans somewhat this time around.

We gathered around the sand map that John had drawn on the ground. John began, "Righto you blokes, we had a successful job on the Ricoh break. We'll get the best part of $6,000 from that operation. But that's only a start. On this Akai break we are going to get at least 200 units—TVs and videos. Overall we should get $60,000 from this operation. With that we can kick off the ongoing campaign like never before. After this we are in the big time on the political scene. As we all know, we've been working for this for a long time now. So here's how we do it."

John then pointed to the sand map and continued, "First off, this is where we park the car. It's the SEC car park, and it’s about 1 and a half kilometres from the target. The path to the target is through the Balcatta garbage tip here, then we go past these factories here, then through all this bush land, which brings us up to the rear of these factories on the opposite side of the road that the Akai warehouse is on. We sneak between these factories, through the vehicle compound, cut through the fence, and then run over the road to the bushes on the warehouse side. Should you need to hide on the way over to the other side of the road, then you'll have to lie down in the flower bed next to this wall here. We've done this before and it worked then."

"Righto. Now for the operation itself." John continued, "The lookout position will be in these bushes here. From here it is possible to have a clear field of vision of both ends of the road particularly the nearby bend. Jack, you will be dropped off first from the car park on your own and then you will walk in through the bush, then when you get there you will make sure that we have not been sprung from earlier on. When you're sure it's okay, hide in the lookout position and wait for Chris and Little John to bring up the truck and park it. The rest of us will be out getting the truck when you are walking to the target. Chris, you will only park that truck when you get the okay from Jack that all is okay. When you are within radio range, call him up.

Park the truck, then join Jack In the lookout position. Russell and I will be the last to arrive. After we've got the truck, we'll drive to the SEC car park, then walk to the target. We'll also have the break gear, except for the wire cutters, which Jack will have, should he have to cut his way in again."

John stopped for a few moments, then continued, "Righto. Now the way we get in, is once again, via the old hole in the wall trick with the penetrator perpetrator. We're going in through the back wall. What we do is stack the gear outside behind the warehouse until we're ready to stack it into the truck. Then we stack it into the truck and drive off. Now the rendezvous spot, should we have to disperse, is at the SEC car park, where the car In. Now, if anyone is missing still after an hour, then the rest of us in the car will drive off to the main shopping centre behind the target, and pick you up at this main intersection here."

John then started off in a more humorous manner. "Now, by the way, when you're walking through the thick grass area of the bush land, watch out for long deep narrow ditches. Jack managed to do his usual act and fell into one the last time we tried this operation. The silly bugger suddenly found himself waist deep in a crack in the earth."

We assembled at the Headquarters and prepared the equipment. Once again, Chris set the frequencies for the scanner. Al about 9 PM we drove off to the SEC car park in Balcatta, not far from Wanneroo Road. I was dropped off with the scanner, a radio, a torch, and wire cutters. Then l crawled under the fence in to the garbage tip, walked through there to the rear of the football oval, then to the side fence of a factory, and promptly struck trouble. A bunch of street kids were smashing up the fence and hurling rocks at the factory. What worried me was the possibility that someone would call the Police. Should I be caught by the Police myself, I would look mighty suspicious out there behind the factory with my wire cutters, scanner, radio, and torch, wearing a balaclava and camouflage clothing. The only thing I could do was to quietly kneel down in the shadows and remain dead still while they went berserk, sometimes only a few metres away from me. I had to remain there for about I0 minutes until they moved on.

Then I continued on. I walked on through the bush land and onto the rear of the factories on the opposite side of the road to the target. This was where I had to carefully check whether or not anyone had twigged to what had happened a few days before. I crawled up into the vehicle compound, through the vehicles and arrived at the hole we had cut in the wire fence. It was still there. “So far so good. I then crawled over the fence, ran over the road, and jumped into the scrub of the lookout position. I then lay still and waited for a few minutes to get used to the general feel of the place and look carefully for any tell-tale signs of movement or sound that should not have been there. There were none. Excellent!

The next step was to thoroughly check out the general, target area, as well as the various tell-tale signs that we had left; behind a few days earlier. Everything was in order. We had not been detected. We could continue with the operation. I then returned to the lookout position, hid there, and waited for Chris to show up with the truck.

Meanwhile the rest of the crew drove off to Welshpool after they dropped me off at the SEC car park. The task was to steal a truck from a vehicle compound that we had stolen trucks from before. This was to be the first time that John had stolen a truck, so it was assumed that it would take him a long time. Instead, he surprised everyone when he took less than a minute. The others were still cutting the escape hole in the wire fence, and had not even opened the main gate for the truck to drive out of. Anyway, we got the truck outside the compound; Chris and Little John jumped in and drove off to the target, while John and Russell drove the car to the SEC car park carrying the break equipment.

Back at the lookout position I was lying there listening to the scanner crackling away with the various messages passing over the Police radio network, and waiting for Chris to show up with the truck. During that time a number of vehicles drove past my position, including a police car. In due course the radio crackled into life with Little John's voice. “One, this is five. Radio check, over."

I could already hear the sound of the truck approaching the bend in the road just before the target as I replied, "Five, this is one. I am receiving you okay. All is okay here, over."

Little John's voice replied over the radio as the truck loomed into view and proceeded to drive past me. "One, this is five. Message understood. That's good. Number four will drive past the target to see where we must park. Then we will return and park at the target. We will be back in a few minutes. Over."

The truck was now driving out of sight around the other bend in the road as I replied, “Five, this is one. Roger that. Will see you when you return. I will radio you should anything unforeseen happen in that time. Out."

A few minutes later the truck drove up, stopped outside the warehouse, then proceeded to make a racket as Chris backed it in while Little John was outside the truck yelling instructions to Chris. The stillness and silence of the cold night was broken by the shouting, hissing of brakes, and roaring of the engine as Chris made two attempts to back the truck into the correct position alongside the Warehouse. When they had done this, the two of them switched off the engine, and joined me at the lookout position. Then we waited for John and Russell to join us.

So far so good.

In due course John‘s voice broke into life over the radio "One, this is two. Radio check, over."

"Two, this is one. Hearing you loud and clear, over." I replied.

"One, this is two. We are now behind the vehicle compound, and we‘re about to head over to your position. Is everything okay with you blokes, over?" John replied.

"Two, this is one. Everything is okay over here. Number four and five have shown up with the vehicle and parked it. See you when you get over here, out." I replied, and turned to the others and said to them, "Right, John and Russell are heading over now."

Sure enough, John and Russell soon came running over the road to our position. John was carrying the penetrator perpetrator. I gave them all a brief description of what had been happening during the time l was on watch, which was not very much at all. So we set to work. Chris took up position near the truck, in radio contact with me. Little John took up position with the other radio: so that he could see the blue burglar alarm at the front of the building. This was to make sure that we did not set it off when we smashed the hole in the wall.

In due course the familiar, "WHOLLOP.... WHOLLOP.... WHOLLOP," sound echoed out and away through the cold still night. Once we were through, Russell stepped inside the building; and proceeded to hand out to John all the CD players that he could get to on the shelf nearest to the wall. We only managed to get about 20 of these. The stereo players were just too big and bulky. John and Russell could clearly see that the TVs and videos that we really wanted could not be reached through the hole we had smashed in the back of the warehouse. What we would have to do would be to smash another hole in the side of the building facing the truck.

So we smashed another hole. This time the noise was a hell of a lot louder than the noise from the first hole. So away we went again. This time we now had access to the TVs, which we proceeded to ferry onto the truck along with the CDs that we stacked on earlier. From my lookout position I could clearly hear the steady "Thump.... thump.... thump," as the TVs were loaded onto the truck. Each "thump" meant about $250 extra for the campaign to save our Race and Nation.

However, Russell was now getting very scared. He thought that our luck could be running out, and wanted to finish up for the night. By the time we had 20 CD players and 60 TVs his nerve had run out. Russell Willey was not a brave man, he was merely a crook, and as we were to find out later, he was as low down and unprincipled as the Police and judges who would carry out their vile, cruel actions to try to make Australia a safe place for foreign invaders and home-grown parasites to destroy. Anyway, the result of Russell's panic was that we had to call it off for the night, long before we had taken the 200 units we had planned to take.

We closed up the truck, Russell and Chris jumped in and drove it away, while John, Little John and I headed off to the SEC car park via the bush land. Russell and Chris drove to the Headquarters, where Chris was dropped off while Russell drove the truck to where the goods would be hidden at the house of a close friend of his. Russell Willey would later on betray this close personal friend for pure personal gain; for blood money contemptuously thrown to him by the evil corrupt system.

When Russell had unloaded the truck he returned to the Headquarters. Here he signalled John to follow him in Russell‘s car while he drove the truck to where we would dump it. When John und Russell were returning in Russell's car, John put forward the plan to return to the warehouse, cover up the holes, then return later that next night and take the 200 units that we should have taken first off. It was after all, Friday night when we broke in and there was

every chance that nobody would be working there on the Saturday. In due course we did just that. Chris would not be in it, and went home. So I woke up Little John and together with John and Russell we returned to the target.

The operation was meant to be relatively simple. John and I would drop Russell and Little John off at the warehouse with their radio; we would drive off and return in l5 minutes to pick them up. However, we had forgotten about Murphy's Law; "If something can go wrong, it will go wrong, and it will go wrong at the worst possible time." It sure did that night!

When John and I returned to pick them up 15 minutes later there was no sign of them, nor was there any radio signal from them. As we found out later, what had happened was this. Russell and Little John covered up the holes then hid in the scrub and waited for John and I to return. They saw what they thought was our car slowly cruising up the road towards them, and then Russell jumped out of the scrub to hop into the car.... and almost jumped into the light of the headlights of a POLICE CAR! Holy cow! There was only one thing to do; get out of the general area. To this day we do not really know whether or not the policemen in that car actually saw them. Whatever, Russell and Little John had to assume the worst, particularly in the light of the fact that those policemen were cruising around very slowly, and shining their flashlights around, obviously looking for something or someone.

To further compound the problem, in keeping with Murphy's Law, as they were sneaking out of the area, Little John slipped over and broke off the radio aerial. As it turned out, they could transmit but not receive. As if that was not enough, there was not just one police car out searching the area, there were two.

So there we were, stuck between a rock and a hard place. To further add to our problems, as John and I drove around the area, looking more and more suspicious all the time, we noticed that Russell's car was almost out of petrol. How nice! There were still a number of people hanging around the local hotel so John and I parked there for a while, and worked out what our best options would be. The fact that the two police cars were still searching around the area meant that Russell and Little John had definitely not been caught. Logic said that the most likely place they would he would be at the main shopping centre, not far from the emergency rendezvous point that we all knew about. The problem was that the police cars were also cruising past that rendezvous point too. However, if they were hiding somewhere where we could drive past slowly without looking suspicious, they would have time to leap out and identify themselves.

Finally, after nearly an hour of trying to avoid the suspicion of the two police cars, out looking for something suspicious. I caught sight of Little John leaping out from behind a sign in front of a showroom. That was a very welcome sight. Russell and Little John ran over to us, piled into the car, and we all drove away with the petrol gauge on "empty". What a night!

So far so good.

However, between now and nightfall, when we would strike again, we had a number of tasks to carry out. First off, John and Russell had to return to the target and keep it under surveillance between 8 AM and sometime after 10 AM. My own experience of working in warehouses told me that if nobody had shown up for work by then, then nobody would be working there all weekend. That would mean that the break in would remain undetected until Monday morning. In the course of the day we would all have to get a few hours' sleep. Because we were going to hide the goods out in a bush location this time we would have to get a tarpaulin to cover them with. I picked this up from one of our supporters. I also had to get another man for the night to complete the crew, as Chris would not be with us on this operation. I picked up Scottish John; the young chap we called Johnny Toy Toy.

Another problem that we had to sort out was the radio communications problem. We taped the broken aerial back onto the radio, however it still was not receiving properly. I had noticed earlier on when we were experimenting with makeshift radio networks that one of the frequencies could also be picked up by the common K-Mart or Coles walkie talkie sets. So we set the radios to that frequency and carried around a cheap walkie talkie with each radio. That way we could at least be sure of receiving, Mind you, hanging onto two radio sets at one time when talking, did present extra problems.

When darkness descended onto the city of Perth we struck again.

Once again I was dropped off as the solo scout. This was to ensure that our handiwork had not been discovered during the late afternoon. As well as this, I had to see if there was yet another escape route through the unfinished buildings nearby. After wandering around the shadows and checking out the unfinished buildings. I found out that an escape route through that way would have been very difficult. This time we were not going to drive the truck in before we began the night's work, we were going to take one from the vehicle compound, opposite the target, or take one from a milk factory nearby. As such, I would not wait for them in the lookout position this time; I would wait for them in the shadows of the open area near the vehicle compound of a nearby factory.

I could actually see the crew moving around as they moved up towards the vehicle compound. Then my radio crackled into life. "One, this is two. Radio check, over."

"Two, this is one. Receiving you okay. I can see you now. Everything is okay here. I am heading over to you now. Out" I replied.

I met up with them in the shadows of some scrub. I will never forget the look of youthful exuberance in the expression on the keen young faces of Little John, and in particular, Scottish John. This was his first covert operation; his first chance to strike a telling blow against the enemies of our Race and Nation; his first chance to fight for all that is strong and beautiful, and striving toward the stars and beyond—fighting for Australia. Now he was a political soldier and now that he was facing the danger and savouring the excitement, his life had a meaning and a purpose way beyond the everyday dull hollow mere existence or the tar and cement and ticky

tacky houses submerging into apathy and slow death, like so many of the disinherited youth he saw his chance to physically fight, rather than simply grumble. He had answered the call.

On that cold winter's night, in the faint light of the Western stars, young Scottish John, like Little John crouched next to him holding the bolt cutters, was a picture of the essence of rebellion. His keen young eyes shone with uninhibited excitement. His face radiated courage and defiance, and that rare devil may care insolence in the face of staggering odds. He was symbolic of the raw strength of youth itself in the face of decadence and decay. Like a beacon in the foggy gloom of the darkest night, he was symbolic of the very triumph of life itself in the face of death. Because of his noble stand for high ideals, and his stand for Australia, the dark forces of death and decay - the Police and judges - would jail him and so many others from among the best of our youth.

While we were all together in the shadows there, I told them about the general layout of the place and the other possible escape route. Then we split up into two groups. John and Russell went ahead to the target, leaving the rest of us with the break; equipment. They would call us in when they had reached the lookout position.

We watched them disappear among the shadows as they sneaked off toward the target, making maximum use of the cover of shadows as they moved. They crawled into the vehicle compound and checked out a possible truck to take. The only one that looked okay turned out to be too complicated to drive. So they left it. We would take the milk truck instead.

In due course John's voice came over the radio, "One, this is two. Radio check, over."

“Two, this is one. Receiving you okay, over. " I replied.

“One, this is two. We are in position. Bring your blokes over now, over." John answered.

"Two, this is one. Roger that. Heading your way now. Out." I replied. Then I turned to the others. "Right lads, let's go." And away we went, carrying the various pieces of equipment through the shadows, through the fence of the vehicle compound, over another fence, past the flower bed and over the road to the scrub in the lookout position.

Then we went to work.

This time we would have a lot more time to actually take videos out of the warehouse. The only time restriction on us now would be the time we would have to set aside to drive the truck out to the bush location, empty the truck, and then drive it back to the city before the dawn.

John and Russell were inside the warehouse.

They handed the videos out to Scottish John and Little John who stacked them up at the back of the warehouse. Scottish John was dumfounded at the amount we were taking out of the warehouse. He realized that this would fetch a lot of money, and he also realized just how extremely difficult it was to get even small amounts of money for the National Socialist cause. In order to bypass the infrared alarms and gain access to another line of shelves full of videos, John and Russell did a very unusual thing. They built a tunnel made out of cartons. They stacked

these cartons up and pushed them out towards the line of shelves, adding more and more to it as it lengthened until it was long enough to reach the shelves. Then they proceeded to empty the new line of shelves and ferry the videos outside.

The next step was to take the truck. Scottish John joined me at the lookout position while the other three headed back to where Russell‘s car was parked in the car park of a local football club, which had a function on that night. Another car parked in among all the rest of the cars did not arouse suspicion. They then drove to the milk factory's vehicle compound, John and Little John jumped out and proceeded to steal a truck, while Russell drove around until the milk truck had been started and was on the move. Then they all drove off back to the football club, parked Russell‘s car, piled into the truck and headed back to the warehouse. Then we loaded up the truck with the videos. Once again I could hear the steady “Thump.... thump.... thump" of the videos being loaded onto the truck. Then came the very welcome sound of the truck doors being slammed shut and the heavy truck motor roaring into life. We were away.

John and Little John were in great spirits, singing and laughing, as they drove the milk truck full of videos out to the bush location. They stopped at an all-night service station and put enough petrol into the truck to disguise the fact that it had been used for a fairly long trip. Then they arrived at the bush location and unloaded the truck. Russell, Scottish John and I meanwhile drove back to Perth, picked up the tarpaulin, and then drove off to the bush location to cover the videos.

So ended a successful night. We were all desperately tired, but we were in high spirits. We were now about to break out of the eternal poverty restrictions that had always held back all National Socialist movements before. It took guts and daring, but it had been done.

POLICE STATE OPPRESION

However, while our street soldiers valiantly faced danger and hardship for our Aussie People, the forces of death and decay were at work too. Like the agents of evil that they are, the Police were increasing their efforts to prevent Australians from getting a fair deal in their own land. Like a sinister curse they snooped around, bullied, arrested, and generally harassed more and more of our activists. Their general behaviour steadily sank lower and lower into the sewer and gutter, from where it oozed in the first place. The main offenders here were policemen from the CIB and, in particular, from the Protective Services and Anti-Terrorist Unit. This latter unit is in fact the Political Police. There are no terrorists in Australia. These Political Police use the excuse of potential terrorists to violate the civil rights of patriotic Aussies who are trying to effectively make a stand for Australia. We also knew that ASIO were snooping around as well.

What all thinking Australians must realize is that Australia is NOT a free country. When you begin to seriously upset the criminal activities of the present real leaders of Australia, then

you soon attract the unwelcome attention of the Political Police. These are the sort of characters who will take video recordings of the people who lead, or are most vocal at political gatherings or demonstrations. You will then be scrutinised. You will then discover there are any numbers of things that you can be arrested and jailed for. The Criminal Code is full of them. You can be arrested for even standing somewhere, or even being parked in a public car park. Your car can be declared un-roadworthy for even the flimsiest of excuses. There are any number of excuses in the Criminal Code that can be used against you.

Before John and Russell Willey were arrested there was a move afoot among the enemies of Australia to jail all the ANM leaders for sedition. It probably would have caused the system a hell of a lot of trouble to effectively carry this out. However, now that it is too late for the system to do this, it is worth pointing out that in the long run it would probably have been the system's wisest course to follow. They did not. They took what appeared to be a short cut, the easy way out. They tried to jail us as common criminals; instead, they turned us into a legend, into Aussie folk heroes. And in revolutions legends are powerful and ghosts can walk. Sure, they inflicted a lot of pain and suffering on us, and in particular, the families and young children, but inflicting the maximum amount of suffering on families and children is, something the Police, courts and jails are very good at.... and they DELIBERATELY set out to do just this! It is an essential part of the Police State terror that is a part of life for Aussie Patriots.

Another vitally important issue that all thinking Australians must understand is this sinister fact of life. Australia in general and Western Australia in particular, HAS ONE OF THE HIGHEST RATES OF INCARCERATION PER HEAD OF POPULATION IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD! The vast majority of men in jail do not belong there. Because of this, the organs of Police State terror can jail a lot of people with relative ease. From time to time they will make a big media hype about certain real criminal activities to condition the population in general to accepting the general necessity of the jail system and the increasing amount of general violation of civil rights of the Police.

Tied in with this are two other vitally important issues that; must also be faced up to, and dealt with by all thinking Australians. The first is the nature of the Police Force itself, in particular the types who set the general tone of behaviour and the overall direction and purpose of the Police Force. ANY VOLUNTEER POLICE FORCE IS A POTENTIALLY VERY DANGEROUS WEAPON OF STATE OPPRESSION. Even under the best leadership it is difficult to control abuses of power. With criminals actually running it, it is a disaster. It is quite frankly similar to a bunch of rats guarding the cheese larder. This is the situation throughout Australia today. It is very true I concede that a lot of the men and women who join the Police Force are basically decent types. However, because of the basically rotten nature of the Police Force, most of the decent types quit the Police Force after only a few short years. This leaves the worst types to reach the higher ranks and dominate the tone and direction. It is no longer a

case of the bad apple in the barrel anymore; it is a case of “some good apples in among the barrel of rotten apples."

Keep in mind also when we are talking about the worst types who join the Police Force and stay there: ANYBODY WHO DELIBERATELY GETS INTO A JOB IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO WEILD WEAPONS AND TERRORIZE PEOPLE, HAS A BASSIC FLAW IN HIS CHARACTER. And bear in mind also; these same flawed characters have sworn to uphold an evil system, which is obviously destroying our own people.

The second issue that all thinking Australians must realize is this. The whole Legal System is fundamentally flawed. The types who mostly become lawyers, and then go on to become judges, are essentially the anti-Australian Yuppie types, the plastic parasites from the wealthy non-productive section of our society. They prey on the misfortune of those who fall victim to the very system that they have done so much to create. Someone who charges $200 or more an hour for clerical work is a thief. This is particularly disgusting when the person being robbed is already down on his luck. It is the ultimate example of kicking a man when he is down. BUT IT IS THE ACCEPTED PRACTICE IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION!

But there is worse to come.

Those lawyers, in due course, become judges who are supposed to dispense justice. The Judiciary is essentially flawed. As if that is not bad enough, lawyers and judges permeate the entire parliamentary process. They are actually in the various parliaments setting the tone and drafting the laws. Even with the best of intentions, the worst elements of society are very much in charge of law making and law enforcing. The intentions of the system quite simply are the very worst. However, even with the best of intentions, the net result is that the Legal System keeps the wealth of the Nation in the hands of the wealthy, and takes the wealth from hard up hard working Aussies and hands it over to the wealthy. Even if you could obtain justice in the courts, the reality is that you cannot even get your foot in the door without a lot of money, the sort of money that only the big criminals actually have, with a few exceptions.

However, there is a lot more to this whole Police and Judiciary setup than just the obvious. From the earliest days of European settlement in Australia, the basic overall aim and purpose of the Police and Judiciary has always been to suppress Australian Nationalism. It is not for nothing that the symbolism, and attitude of the Police, Judiciary and jail network is utterly anti-Australian. Not only this, but that symbolism is also evil. The wig and gowns and raised benches of the British court setup is deliberately designed to intimidate. On a number of Australian Police Forces’ badges there is the inverted five pointed star. THIS IS THE CABALISTIC SYMBOL OF EVIL. IT IS SATANIC! This is also deliberate. Evil institutions have evil symbols. The badges of rank of prison warders is the Zionist Star of David. Once again, this is deliberate.

All of this is, in fact, part of something far deeper, far more all-encompassing, and far more sinister.

It is part of the Zionist/Freemason conspiracy to enslave the world. The organs of state suppression are vital to the conspiracy's grand design, and they keep as much control over those organs as they can.

The Legal profession and Judiciary are heavily riddled with Jews and Freemasons. Australian Police Forces are heavily riddled with Freemasons, particularly in the higher ranks. This is the same situation with all the parliaments, who make the laws for the Police and Judiciary to enforce. These laws become progressively more oppressive. They are asianising Australia directly against the expressed will of the overwhelming mass of the Australian People. Aussies are dispossessed, hard earned Australian wealth is stolen from hard working Aussies and handed over to foreign invaders, farmers are thrown off their land, and our Aussie values are debased.... and in the final analysis it is the Police, Judiciary and jails that is forcing all this upon the Aussie People. They are, in fact, doing precisely what the Zionist/Freemason conspiracy has planned for them to do.

Anyone having a good hard look at the Police, Judiciary und jails ought to keep in mind the old saying, "Judge a tree by the fruit it produces."

Freemasonry is a society with secrets. It is ideally constituted to infiltrate even the best Police Forces or Legal Systems. While Freemasonry exists it poses a mortal threat to the Freedom of any society. It must be wiped out. Unfortunately for Australia, the Australian Nationalists who rose in near revolt in I898, managed to change and reform a lot of the superficial aspects of Australian society. That did improve the lifestyle of Australians, but they did very little to eradicate the lingering cancer of Zionism and Freemasonry. It was allowed to become inconspicuous and hide, then slowly worm its evil way back into positions of real power. In the coming Australian Revolutions this mistake will not, be repeated.

What led up to the Police operation “Jackhammer” was this.

We needed a place to permanently hide all the TVs and videos. So Russell rented a safe house, and he rented it in his own name. On top of this, he was just too slack with his security. We were being observed by enemies in high places, who somewhere along the line picked up his trail when he was out selling the stolen goods. They then alerted the State Police, CIB Break Squad. In due course they found the safe house; they ambushed the safe house and promptly arrested Russell Willey and John van Blitterswyk when they dropped in there one afternoon. It was from that point onwards that the Police really sank into the sewer with their actions. They engaged in utter barbarism and terror, as well as employing some of the most underhanded low down guttersnipe tactics ever seen in Australia‘s history. If it was simply a case of torturing our political soldiers, that would have been bad enough, but no, they had to resort to consorting to betrayal, midnight raids on defenceless women and children, brutalizing defenceless women and little children, actually deliberately smashing up children's toys, perjuring themselves to prevent us from receiving what should have been our basic civil rights to bail, and even preventing us from conducting an adequate defence at the trial.

After I was arrested for, of all things, having some old war souvenir bullets and a tiny bit of firecracker gunpowder, and after a team of CIB detectives had ransacked the Headquarters, I still defended the Police actions as being basically correct. The media were all out to attack the Police then, but I refrained from doing this. I thought that the Police had at least some sort of streak of decency and sense of fair play left in them. Well I was dead wrong. They do not. I bitterly regret not joining the media in attacking them. They rightly deserved to be attacked for being the low down underhanded enemies of Australia that they really are.

As if that was not enough, at a later date they cold bloodedly shot dead young Colin Irvine because they knew he was an ANM supporter. Of course, after all their brutality they have a load of hypocritical excuses as to why they are “legally” permitted to carry on like a bunch of murdering thugs. You see, when there are complaints made against Police brutality (of which there are very many) then you have the utterly absurd situation where it is the Police who investigate the Police. Of course they cover up for each other.

And as if that is not enough, both John van Blitterswyk and I officially complained to the Ombudsman about the Police brutality inflicted upon us and our families. At the time of writing this, to this day, THE OMBUDSMAN HAS REFUSED TO EVEN GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF CONDUCTING ANY SORT OF INVESTIGATION!

In the events I am going to describe, it was mainly the CIB and Political Police who carried out the actions, however even the normal uniformed Police did lend a hand to proceedings when called upon.

Policemen from the CIB Break Squad had been waiting in ambush at the safe house for 2 days, when Russell Willey and John van Blitterswyk walked in. the policemen who carried out the following actions at the safe house at 18 Orberry Way, Thornlie WA, on 5 July 1989, (2742 AUC), were the following:- Det/Sgt P. Saxon, Pages-Oliver, Det/Sgt G. Massey, Det R. Peacock, and one crew-cutted character. Peacock was the main torturer.

When John walked into the house he was bailed up with a shotgun at his back. Need I say, the policemen did NOT show any search warrant to actually be there. He was handcuffed and forced to the floor. His arms were wrenched back to the point where they were almost broken. He was then dragged into the next room where he was kicked and bashed; his arms were pulled up almost to the breaking point. He was rolled over onto his back so that the handcuffs became painful then he was sat on for hours. While all this was going on, one crew-cutted character was saying, "Sieg heil, sieg heil, this is what you done to the Jews!" He was rolled over onto his side and kicked into the handcuffs, then he was rolled over onto his front and kicked into his sides and ribs. While he was on his back they trod on his testicles, they grabbed him by the nose and twisted it, then repeatedly bashed his head against the floor this way.

They were trying to force a confession from him. John is a strong man and they got none.

This went on for hours. They kept the house dark. Interestingly, they kept checking the windows to make sure that the screams were not heard in the neighbourhood.

After bashing and torturing John since about 4:30 PM, the policemen moved him to Perth Police Headquarters at about midnight. The bashing and torturing continued for many more, hours there. At one stage he had his own shotgun pointed at his head and the trigger pulled. They threatened to kill his wife and family. His eye was slightly blackened by this stage. One of his hands was numb and remained so for weeks afterwards. Because of the general barbaric behaviour and total lack of accepted “legal” practices, John only really became convinced that those torturing him were policemen when he arrived at the Police Headquarters.

However, these defenders of the evil system had far worse deeds to carry out that night.

Now that they had John handcuffed under guard, and knew I that I was away in the East, these "valiant" custodians of law and order saw their opportunity to terrorize our defenceless women and children. I deliberately used the word "terrorize", and I will explain why. First Off, it was totally defenceless women and children who were on the receiving end of the vile midnight actions of the Western Australian Police Force on 5 July 1989. When you view the Police's brutal thuggery from the defenceless women and children's point of view, then the word "terrorize" is very appropriate.

There is something else that you must understand about the significance of having the safety and sanctity of the family home being violated at midnight. Oppressive regimes fully understand the terror value of barging into homes at midnight. It was extensively used during the Reign of Terror, following the French Revolution. It was the favourite tactic of the Soviet KGB. Anyone who has had to endure a bunch of armed thugs barging in at midnight will understand just how unnerving and frightening it can he. The sense of security that we expect at night in the family home is suddenly stripped away. You are also dragged from the warmth and security of your warm bed, out into the cold. The sudden verbal and physical abuse that you then receive has a much more frightening and damaging effect. Your guard is down you are bewildered and still half asleep, you suffer the trauma of seeing your children frightened stiff at the sudden sight of brutal strangers violating their once secure bedrooms.

Once you have endured a midnight raid by the Police, you will never feel secure in your own home again. You will suddenly jump at the sinister sound of the midnight knock on the door. You will face the anxiety of seeing the long term traumatic effect on your children. They will take a very long time to get over that midnight Police raid – if they ever do get over it.

I will state this here and now. Raiding defenceless women and children during the day is bad enough, however, the Police DELIBERATELY WAITED UNTIL MIDNIGHT TO CARRY OUT THEIR RAIDS, IN ORDER TO INFLICT THE MAXIMUM AMOUNT OF SUFFERING.

The Police, complete with a 12 gauge shotgun, raided the Headquarters where Judi Lyons and Dave Locke were. The Police knew damn well that they were the only people there, and that there was no real legal reason for them to raid the place. At about midnight, Leanne

was asleep at Radical Ranch with the three children. She was the only adult there out in the bush land, when she was awakened by the Police bashing on the door. The policeman trying to get inside refused to show any search warrant, instead, when he finally managed to get into a position to shove the door open, he shoved the door open, shoved Leanne aside, and told her, "Don‘t give me any of that Citizen‘s Rights crap!“ At one stage during their raid the same policeman who barged in first, went into six year old Megan's bedroom to shine his torch into her face to wake her up. Some hero! I would like you to view the scene from a frightened little six year old girl's viewpoint - suddenly waking up in the middle of the night and being menaced by a brutal stranger. Where is her daddy’? Well her daddy is being bashed and tortured by the brutal stranger‘s mates. That is the reality of the Police State.

And what has all this got to do with protecting Australia life and property? Absolutely nothing! But it has everything to do with terrorizing the families of Aussie Patriots.

And there was far worse to come at the hands of the Police.

Now, there is another low down underhanded tactic that oppressive regimes employ to maintain control. They encouraged people to spy on their friends and relatives and report to the Police.

They encourage the very worst behaviour in potential weak people, in order to suppress and control strong people who pose a potential threat to their power base. Betrayal of your own kind is pretty well the worst and lowest behaviour in any society. Only the worst ruling regimes encourage this. The system running Australia today employs this tactic. They reward the worst for their vile treachery; they have a name for these worst types; they are called INFORMANTS.

Russell Willey was also arrested with John. To his credit, he also held out under the savage torturing, and refused to say anything to the Police, just like John. However, that was only the first day. After that his basic weak criminal instincts began to get the better of him. It is always interesting how birds of a feather flock together. The Police soon recognized a kindred spirit, and they bribed him. Bribery takes many forms.

There was another thing about Russell Willey that is worth pointing out. He was already skimming off a certain amount of money from the various breaks for himself. When we instituted a proper system of accounting to keep track of the goods we had taken, to balance up with the money coming in from the sale of those goods, he did not like this.

It stopped him from ripping us off. Deep down Russell Willey was a crook, who stole from anyone. Now the Police gave him a golden opportunity to steal on a grand scale. Russell Willey lowered himself into the sewer with the Police and the system and became an informant. The Police and system would reward the worst, and jail the best.

When John and Russell were first arrested they were refused bail. This is the way that opponents of the system in Australia are jailed without any sort of trial. The day after Russell

Willey began his treachery, John and Russell were suddenly released on bail. But that was not the only low down act that the system carried out that day.

The Police carried out another action to harass the families, and in particular, to hurt the children. This time the raid of ransacking and destruction on Radical Ranch was also carried out by uniformed policemen as well – a whole busload of them. There were about 10 carloads of other policemen, mainly from the CIB. On 11 July 1989 they all raided Radical Ranch while all our People were in Perth.

They went around digging holes. They actually Jackhammered up a concrete rain tank stand, destroying it. They ransacked the household furniture under the shelter and smashed a lot of it. They flung a lot of the furniture and various articles out into the rain where they were ruined. A lot of articles were stolen; this included some of John's work tools. The rest of his work tools were flung around the shed or flung out into the rain, many of them were broken or damaged by the rain. This prevented John from working at his trade, which is carpentry. They ransacked the house. It was pure wanton vindictive vandalism at its worst, however the Police managed to sink lower still. They smashed up many of our children‘s toys and threw the children's books out into the rain where they were ruined. They smashed up the children’s cubby house.

The next day when we were sifting through the mess, we could not help feeling a sense of pure evil hanging around the place—the Police had left their familiar curse on that which they hate. THEY DELIBERATELY SET OUT TO INFLICT AS MUCH SUFFERING AS THEY COULD ONTO LITTLE CHILDREN. COULD SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME, JUST WHAT DOES TORMENTING LITTLE CHILDREN AND, SMASHING THEIR TOYS HAVE TO DO WITH PROTECTING AUSTRALIAN LIFE AND PROPERTY?

So far they had not dragged our children away from us, however, that was to be the next step further down into the sewer for these big tough custodians of law and order. They would physically drag the children away on the morning of the mass arrests on 14 August I989. The children would witness their parents being dragged away by a brutal horde of policemen, many of whom were aimed with shotguns, and M16 rifles and wearing bullet proof jackets as well. And by the way, NONE OF US AT RADICAL RANCH THAT MORNING WAS ARMED, AND THE POLICE KNEW DAMN WELL THAT WAS THE CASE!

Before describing the events that took place on 14 August, I must point out something important about an evil Police Force carrying out the orders of an evil system. Struggle is an essential element in Natures continuing upward development into higher forms of life.

In human conflict the best and strongest is decided in fair combat. There have always been accepted codes of conduct in combat and even in war to ensure that the winners win because they are better all round. Strong men are honourable men, they have a respect for those they have to fight, they know that in fair combat they will only be beaten by those who are better, those who Nature wisely rewards with more ability to reproduce, and set the

general tone of moral values for the rest of the lesser people to follow. It was the accepted practice to leave the women and children alone, while the knights met in fair combat on the battlefield, and decided who was better. No man of honour would harm women and children; harming them does not prove a man‘s strength, it simply shows his lack of honour and principles.

Enter the Jew.

The Zionists have been working for a long time to enslave the world. To do this they must destroy the Aryan Race—something that they cannot do in fair combat. Further to this, the Zionist plan is NOT designed to make life on Earth stronger and better - it is the reverse. The Zionist plan is to sicken and weaken. So the Zionists have always resorted to underhanded tactics throughout the ages. They look for the worst and weakest aspects of Human nature and use them in their Satanic plan. The Zionists will not face fire and steel on the battlefield, instead they will resort to poison, greed, and betrayal. They will not face the strong warrior face to face, they will sneak around and attack the warrior's wife and children, thus hurting the warrior far worse than another warrior ever could. Nature's Eternal Law is broken, and the weak and the sick hold sway over the strong and beautiful.

Enter the Police.

The main function of the Police Force today is to enforce the Zionist run system's plan to destroy Australia. The Zionist underhanded methods permeate the thinking and actions of the Police, particularly those at the top. They have long ago decided to turn against their own kind, and have no ideals of honour or sense of decency left. They look for the slimiest and easiest methods to bring down their enemies, who they know deep down are better stronger people than they. They look at the children and defenceless women, and attack them to bring down Aussie Patriots. The Judiciary is no better in this regard either. They deliberately jail family men, knowing full well that they are inflicting untold suffering and misery on the wives and children; suffering that often wrecks the families and produces more angry children, who so often end up being jailed by the Judiciary again. The Judiciary constantly and deliberately produces its future victims and excuse for its continued existence.

If you have always had a feeling that this whole setup is wrong, then you are dead right. Remember this: WHAT LOOKS GOOD IS GOOD. WHAT FEELS EVIL IS EVIL. EVIL MEANS PRODUCES EVIL ENDS.

With this in mind, I will go back to the events at Radical Ranch and Police operation "Jackhammer".

POLICE OPERATION "JACKHAMMER":
"Devils Let Loose" 14 August 1989 (2742)

They moved in at dawn. Their intentions were to destroy, inflict pain and cause suffering. Their targets were some of Australia's finest Patriots and their little children. Nobility was to be assaulted, beauty was to be defiled, Aussie values were to be replaced by Asiatic emptiness, the pristine beauty of the Australian bush was to give way to the filthy festering slum, and the honest open faced Aussie values were to give way to betrayal and Police brutality.

The atmosphere was poisoned with Talmudic vengeance.

The events of that day were straight from the Satanic pits of the Freemasons' evil rituals, where they mutilate and murder Innocent children. The events of that day were a 20th century mirror of the evils of the Medieval Inquisition, with its dungeons, torture chambers and burning at the stake; this time the Zionists were the priests and bishops and the Police were the torturers and guards.

The Police lashed out with all the vindictive venom of a nest of vipers. They were vandals out to destroy, and bullies out to brutalize. Like a cold blast of pure evil they descended onto Radical Ranch as the dawn broke in the beautiful Aussie bush. They came with TRG teams with their shotguns, M16 Rifles, and bullet proof jackets. There were carloads of policemen everywhere; they were running around all over the place. And all this was to drag away two unarmed men, two unarmed women, and three little children. SOME HEROES! For his vile actions that day, the Chinese Chung Wah Association would later commend Det/Sgt Gary Higgins for his key role in the whole sordid anti- Australian affair. I emphasise; THE ASIAN INVADERS PRAISED THE ANTI-AUSTRALIAN ACTIONS OF THE POLICE! ALWAYS KEEP THAT IN MIND!

They raided Chris Bartle's house and dragged him away from his wife, infant son and FIVE DAY OLD DAUGHTER. This took a bunch of policemen and TRG wielding MI6 rifles. They raided Peter Rhodes's house and took him away, accompanied by his wife and TWO WEEK OLD DAUGHTER. They raided the Headquarters, and took away Dave Locke, who was there on his own. Once again, the Police seemed to require a whole armed bunch of them to cart off one young man on his own, or a married couple and their newborn baby. . . . Their heroism knows no bounds!!! They grabbed Wayne van Blitterswyk out on the Goldfields. He was out skydiving that day and literally landed in among a bunch of policemen waiting for him on the ground."

Others were also rounded up that day. Mark Ferguson and Little John were grabbed by policemen in NSW. Just after John and Russell were first arrested on 5 July, Fergy flew over from Sydney, picked up Little John from his hiding place in Perth, and took him back to Sydney with him. I had just flown in from the East the day that Little John and Fergy flew out. When I said goodbye to Little John that night, after the girls had dyed his hair a different colour and changed his general appearance to avoid possible detection, I saw the last of one of my staunch

comrades while both of us were still at liberty. From that point onwards I would only see him through the prison bars, and it tore my heart out to see him this way. And it also tore my heart out to see so many of my other comrades behind bars and subjected to Police brutality. I saw Scottish John also at the Police Headquarters late on, late in the day of the mass arrests.

And no! I will never forget, nor will I ever forgive the Police for their vile anti-Australian actions that they carried out on that horrible day, as well as all the other anti-Australian actions they carry out for their Jewish and Freemason masters. I will never forget nor forgive the Police for torturing my comrades and brutalizing our women and children.

While I am on the subject of the anti-Australian actions of the Police, it is worth noting the opening remarks of Det/Sgt M. Miller, just before he and his mates began to torture me. The remarks concerned the real reason for the Police Operation "Jackhammer". "'The orders have come down to crush all opposition to asianisation, I personally do not like Asians pouring into this country, but I will carry out my orders. As of today anyone standing up for White Australia will be crushed." As he stud this he slammed his fist down on the table.

Sometime after the 14 August 1989, someone made the comment describing how the policemen acted that day. "They carried on like DEVILS LET LOOSE!"

Indeed they carried on like devils let loose. In a perverse sort of way of looking at things, they seemed to earn their right to wear the Satanic Cabalistic symbol of evil on their badges that day. FROM THAT DAY ONWARDS, LET HISTORY RECORD THAT THE POLICE FULLY COMMITTED THEMSELVES TO HELP AUSTRALIA'S ENEMIES DESTROY OUR RACE AND NATION.

At dawn at Radical Ranch John was awakened by the commotion of the dog barking and the police cars driving up to the house. He only had time to yell out "Cops!" then jump into his jeans and T-shirt. He stepped outside and was grabbed, shoved up against a car, stripped off and searched, then handcuffed behind his back and shoved into a car. As he was being shoved into the car he saw other police barge into the bedroom to drag his wife, Judi Lyons, out of bed to be taken somewhere. He did not know what was going to happen to his children, and could only assume the worst. He tried to at least get a jumper on, as it was cold, and tried to find out what was going to happen to his wife and children. The only answer he got, if you can call it an answer, was the abusive comment, "Shut up, you won't need a jumper." He was not even allowed to put a pair of shoes on either. Needless to say, he was never told he was under arrest, or shown any search warrant. The last thing John heard as he was shoved into the car and driven away was his wife's screaming.

I want to emphasise something here. There was absolutely no need for all this deliberate Police brutality. We had all spent the last five weeks since John was released on bail, quietly living at Radical Ranch, faithfully fulfilling the legal requirements of the bail conditions. We had no intention of doing anything else. If we had wanted to physically harm the Police, or abscond and carry out acts of terrorism, we would most logically have done that long before the five weeks had passed. In fact, as the Police knew damn well, we had arranged with our

lawyer to see the Police at the Gingin Police Station, on that Monday in order to get them to either lay further charges, or return all the property they had taken, from us. As well as this, the Police also knew damn well that all the weapons that were in John‘s possession, and they had taken off him, were properly licenced guns. None of us there had any sort of violent record. None of us was armed anyway. Yes, the Police knew all this.

We acted correctly towards the Police, being guided by principles of honour, and we expected the Police to return the courtesy. As the leader I had set standards of behaviour based or honour and respect as per the Ancient Warrior Code. I mistakenly also extended this code of honour to the Police as well. In the light of all that followed, I have long since bitterly regretted acting so honourably towards the Police. John and Alec fully understood that the Police are really little more than two legged vermin that have oppressed our Australian Nation for the last 180 years, and are totally devoid of any principles or sense of honour. Indeed the Police embody the concept of misplaced trust and compassion summed up in the expression, "To hold a viper to your breast."

The sanctity of the family home was deliberately violated by the Police, as they barged in like a bunch of Soviet KGB agents out to terrorize, out to drag the women and children out of their beds. This is the way that the Police return a common courtesy extended to them. Whenever you cooperate with the Police, all you are doing is making it easier for them to hurt you further still. Time and time and time again so many people are honest with the Police, only to discover that the Police promptly stand up in Court and lie their heads off - they are the Police "verbals". The jails are full of innocent people jailed through Police verbals.

Judi was dragged away. Leanne was dragged away. Then the “heroic" Police turned on the now terrified children; Kylie aged 11, Simon aged 9, and Megan aged 6. Try to view the scene through the eyes of the mothers, who by the way, the Police knew damn well were totally innocent of taking part in any of the covert operations. They were trapped by an armed bunch of brutal thugs, while their children were now totally at the mercy of the rest of that bunch of armed thugs. They then forced Judi to make a confession by holding her children as hostages. Yes hostages is what I said! The Police told her in no uncertain terms that they would throw Judi into jail, as well as her husband, and then take the children off them to be split up forever and sent off to anywhere in Australia, never to be seen again.

Now you would think that this would be more than enough mental anguish and torture for any innocent mother of young children. Well no, these big "tough" policemen had to take it all further down into the sewer. They also threatened to physically "F@#k" her 9 year old son, Simon. No mother could ever be expected to stand up to that. These big "tough" policemen made a video of Judi crying, and confessing to a whole lot of things that she never did. Of course, this was not the end of it. They had purpose for that video.

Like cowardly bullies and weaklings everywhere the Police never fight fair. They knew that John was a strong man who could withstand torture. So this time these "noble" custodians

of the system used his wife and children to bring him down. When John arrived at Police Headquarters, they took his handcuffs off him gave him a cup of coffee, and then cynically told him, with all the menace they could muster, "No, John, We're not going to work you over today.... we've got your wife and kids!" Then these "heroes showed John a video of his wife crying. How upright and noble!!! That is how they extracted the confessions from John.

They tortured Dave Locke, and he broke under torture. He agreed to become a Crown witness against his comrades. He had been so badly worked over and emotionally devastated that when Wayne saw him at Police Headquarters later that night, Dave seemed to be in a zombie like trance. He barely recognized Wayne. Little John copped a bashing at the hands of the Police in Sydney, and I was tortured.

The policemen stormed into the house, dragged me out of bed, stripped me off and searched me. When I asked them who they were and what they intended to do, I received no answer instead I was manhandled out into a car. I was not told I was under arrest. As I was being manhandled towards the car I asked again, "Am I under arrest?"

Someone in the group of policemen now gathered outside the house then called out, "Of course you are."

I then called out, "Who said that?" There was no reply. Instead I was shoved into the car.

As I was being manhandled out into the car I heard the screaming of the women as they were being manhandled away somewhere or other. What was going to happen to the children, one could only imagine the worst, after all the previous brutal treatment we had seen the Police deal out to the women and children. The mental anguish of seeing your family, your children, totally at the mercy of the Police, who you know from previous experience to be deliberately brutal, is something you have to experience yourself to fully understand.

Right from the start I was refused permission to have a lawyer and only speak to the policemen in his presence. In fact the verbal intimidation started when I began to insist on being told whether or not I was under arrest, and refusing to speak to them without a lawyer. In the car with me as it headed towards Police Headquarters in Perth were three policemen, Det/Sgt Miller, from the CIB, Det R. Peacock from the Break Squad, and Det Mansas from the Arson Squad. The verbal intimidation came mainly from R. Peacock, who was driving. When I tried to insist on my basic citizen's rights, Peacock made comments like, "You've been watching too much TV, we don't do things that way." He also made comments like "You've been saying nasty things about me, like being a bully boy, I can't wait to show you just how nasty and mean l can get.... I'm looking forward to this."

I knew there and then that this would be a day that I would never forget. I knew that they were going to torture me, just like John had been tortured. The evil, malicious gloating look on Peacock's face as he drove that police car left little doubt in my mind of Peacock's intentions. As well as this, he had his soft soled sneakers on; they were ideal for kicking a man and leaving no marks. It was going to be a test of something extra that I had never gone

through before. I knew that I had to endure it all, and also prove to these treacherous low down scumbags that I was a better, stronger man than any of them.

So I said to them, "You get to destroy Australia over my dead body... You had better go ahead and kill me then." I also told them, “My attitude to politics is the same as the Roman's attitude to war. The Roman soldier fought with fanatical courage and refused to surrender. Even if his army was destroyed, he fought on alone until all his enemies surrendered to him, that means all you characters in this car here!" I also told them, "You can abuse your positions as policemen, you can torture me and brutalize the women and children, but it will never change the simple fact that I am right and you are wrong. My comrades and I fight for a better Australia, while you Police uphold and protect the criminal system destroying Australia. I wonder how we stack up morally."

We arrived at the Perth Police Headquarters at about 8 PM. I was taken to a room at the end of the Break Squad offices. I again asked for a lawyer and was refused. I again asked if I was under arrest, and for what. Again I received no answer.

I accuse every policeman in that Break Squad office in Police Headquarters of at least being an accomplice in the torturing that took place on 14 August I989. They all knew damn well what was going on, that includes Sgt G. Higgins and Sgt G. Massey, both from the Break Squad, both of whom looked in on proceedings from time to time. Massey at the beginning, Higgins more often.

At first a bunch of policemen began to verbally intimidate me into making a confession. After a while there were only three policemen, Miller, Peacock and Mansas. When it became obvious that I would not confess, and after again asking for a lawyer to be present, Peacock and Miller began verbal abuse. I think it was somewhere between 9 and 10 AM when I was first hit on the back of the head by either Peacock or Miller. At that stage I pointed at Miller and told him, "WHATEVER YOU DO IN THIS ROOM I WILL TELL THE WHOLE WORLD ABOUT." Miller then grabbed my finger and bent it back, while Peacock began to bash me across my face with his closed palm.

I was then bashed in the back, arms, chest, stomach, and at one stage I ended up on the floor, where I was kicked. Mansas did not physically join in but he witnessed all this. He also witnessed me being choked into unconsciousness by Peacock. After that, when I was on the floor again, I was kicked again in the chest, stomach, legs and copped one kick in the testicles as well.

At one stage I was held by Peacock while Miller punched me in the stomach. At another point I was bashed against the lockers. At one stage when seated I was hit so hard on the side of the face that I was knocked onto the floor.

From time to time Higgins showed his face in the room.

This general bashing went on well into the afternoon. Then I was stripped off to my underpants. Then Miller and Peacock proceeded to pull the hairs out of my chest, a few at a

time very slowly. This is excruciatingly painful, particularly around the nipples, which is where they were pulling the hairs from. At one stage, while Miller was pulling the hairs out, Peacock had a pair of tree pruning secateurs, which he snipped around near my face and eyes as I was squirming around from the pain caused by Miller. They also threatened to pull the hairs out of my testicles in the same way, however, they did not end up doing this. When they first started to pull the hairs out I screamed out in pain, then I just gritted my teeth together and refused to give the low down scumbags the satisfaction of hearing my screams. This went on and on, until they eventually realized that even this was not going to work. It was about 3 PM when they finished up. I told them nothing.

Curiously, there is one thing that I also must point out. After the torturing was finished, and Miller and Peacock had given up trying to break me, the pair of them commended me on holding out so well. Strange, but true.

I have written of the description of the various brutalities the Police inflicted upon my comrades and I and our women and children, in order to tell as many people as possible the sort of things that Aussie Patriots can expect to receive at the hands of the Police. This is the reality of the Police State that exists in Australia today. Something we also discovered after we had been jailed, was the fact that it is very common practice for the Police to terrorize , the families and hold them to ransom, in order to throw people into jail. Many men in jail have confessed to offences they never carried out in order to save their families. And of course the Police know damn well what they are doing.

Keep this in mind when I tell you why I made video interviews for the Police the next day and took full responsibility for everything, even though most of what I was later on charged with I never actually did. To cut a long story short, the Police promised to release Judi on bail and drop the charges against her at the trial if I took the responsibility for everything, and we pleaded guilty to the actual actions that each of us carried out. The Police knew exactly who carried out what particular actions.

Well, the only part of the deal that the Police kept was to release Judi on bail. For the rest they never even intended to keep any deal. Creatures of the sewer have no sense of honour whatsoever. Always remember this when dealing with the Police.... and remember this on the day of reckoning when true justice is finally done. Remember the 180 years of constant Police oppression of our Australian People. Remember the untold misery and suffering of countless innocent women and children crying out for justice over the generations.

THE MEASURE OF GREATNESS

As I said at the beginning of this book, any story is but a section of the grander never ending story of the Universe itself. Any tale told by any man must have a beginning and an end. This is the only way that the story can fit into a book. I began this story in I970, in the jungles of South Vietnam, and I will finish it up in August 1989 (2741 AUC) with the mass arrests of the ANM leaders. The ANM story, of course, goes on, as does the general drift towards revolution in Australia, and the Aryan World in general.

In the unfolding saga of the coming revolution and the titanic struggle for our Race and Nation and the very Planet itself, the achievements of the Australian Nationalists Movement tower tall over the general political scene.

It is worthwhile here to quote a number of wise sayings from certain truly great men.

"ARISTOCRACY always exists. Destroy it in the nobility; it removes itself immediately to the rich and powerful houses in the middle class. Destroy it in these, it survives and takes refuge with the leaders of the workshops and the People."

NAPOLEON

"There can be no such thing as fellowship with TYRANTS; nothing but bitter feud is possible; and it is not repugnant to Nature to despoil, if you can, those whom it is a virtue to kill; nay, this pestilent and Godless brood should be utterly banished from Human Society; for, as we amputate a limb in which the blood and vital spirit have ceased to circulate, because it injures the rest of the body. So monsters who, under human guise, conceal the ferocity of a wild beast, should be severed from the common body of Humanity."

CICERO: 1st century BCE

"TO SAVE A NATION one must think heroically. But the heroic thinker must always be willing to renounce the approval of the contemparies where truth is at stake."

"ENERGY is slumbering and it only awaits the man who will summon it from its present slumber and it will hurl it into the great battle for the destiny of the Aryan Race."

"World history, like all events of historical significance, is the result of the activity of single INDIVIDUALS — it is NOT the fruit of majority decisions."

John and I had many meetings with Otto Schmidt. We did their printing for them for only a fraction of the normal cost they were paying until then. And just when the Pensioners' Party started going places Otto Schmidt suddenly died of a heart attack. I personally have my doubts whether or not it was a real heart attack or whether he was murdered. There are good reasons for this. Anyway before he died we were talking about how to be effective in politics, and what is the true measure of greatness. He was a wise old man and he had seen and done a

lot. He was a strong character, and above all, he was thoroughly decent - totally the opposite of all system politicians today. He recognized that true measure of greatness, and saw it in us.

And I guess he saw in John and me and the various key people in the ANM, a kindred spirit something that is uniquely radical, and uniquely Australian. It gets to the heart of the essence of what fires up a revolution. IN THE PATH TO REVOLUTION IN RADICAL POLITICS, DO NOT JUDGE PROGRESS OR OTHERWISE BY CONVENTIONAL STANDARDS DICTATED BY AUSTRALIA'S ENEMIES, TO ENSURE THAT AUSTRALIAN POLITICS REMAINS STATIC, AND THE AUSTRALIAN PEOPLE REMAIN OPPRESSED.

To bring home a few points I intend to repeat what I wrote earlier on in the story:

It must be pointed out here that at all stages of the radical campaign the main part and the most dangerous part of the activities was nearly always carried out by the sort of people who simply never fit into ordinary, humdrum suburban life. It is the rebel who rebels. It is the rebel who reacts against injustice in deed rather than word, and it is actions that ultimately shape the course of history. The wholesale asianisation of Australia in the 1980s was drastically reduced by misfits, freebooters, never-do-wells, ex- soldiers looking for another war to fight, out and out weirdos with an axe to grind, adventurers, along with a certain number of solid citizens. Time and again various people plastering up the town were still on parole, thus risking a severe jail sentence if they were caught. The contented and the cowardly never change anything, for better or worse, and nothing great is ever achieved without passion. Such is the romance of history.

Most people lack the key dimension of history. They only perceive a purely academic understanding of a series of events. The dispassionate merely fit into and maintain, or try to maintain, the existing order.

ART, INVENTION, REVOLUTION-—THAT IS THE CREATION OF RAW HOT BLOODED PASSION! THE FIRE AND SPIRIT OF THE OLD GODS POUNDING IN YOUR VEINS! NOTHING GREAT IS EVER ACHIEVED WITHOUT PASSION!

THE VERY ESSENCE OF THE AUSTRALIAN CHARACTER IS THE PASSION TO REBEL. THE PRIMARY PURPOSE OF THE POLICE, COURTS AND PRISONS IS TO KILL THAT PASSION TO REBEL. AUSTRALIA IS THE LAST CHANCE FOR THE ARYAN RACE TO REGAIN CONTROL OF THE PLANET, STOP ITS DESTRUCTION, RETURN THE EARTH TO THE NATURAL ORDER AND THUS ENABLE FURTHER HIGHER DEVELOPMENT OF LIFE ITSELF.

I will state here and now, in wartime any man in an army, who is not prepared to face death or injury on the battlefield, is not a soldier. In the present political scene, where the system is protected by the very same laws that they make, and camouflages its totalitarian nature with the illusion of freedom and democracy, nobody can call himself a political soldier unless he is prepared to go to jail. Revolution is what is required, and there is no such thing as a "legal" revolution.

Another point that I will make is this. Oppressive regimes are always weaker in reality than they appear to be. Australia today is in this category. In the past, the general affluence of most Australians covered up the oppressive nature of the regime running Australia. That is not the case today, and a large part of the system‘s ability to oppress rests fairly on pure bluff. The bottom line is this. It gets down to a few thousand policemen controlling millions of Aussies. Not only that, but not all policemen fully support all the oppressive policies of the present system. If their bluff is ever called, they can suddenly lose control, virtually overnight.

The Zionist run system's authority is widely spread through most of society, but it is shallow. Most Aussies do not like asianisation, they do not like increasing taxation, they do not like getting ripped off by the banks, they do not like seeing our cultural values debased and our Nation polluted to death. This is what Aussies feel, regardless of what those in authority say. In times of confusion and fear people revert to their instincts rather than follow dispassionate rules written on pieces of paper. The people do not act themselves; they merely withdraw their consent to be governed by the existing system. They will then follow the alternate system that will carry out their will. The minority oppressing the people will be replaced by another minority carrying out the will of the people.

The final replacing of an oppressive system can also be ridiculously easy when just a few people set their hearts and minds to it. I am often reminded of the analogy of a group of horses in a paddock, and the paddock is surrounded by a flimsy fence that is little more than a few strands of thin wire, which could easily be pushed aside or broken by even a single horse. Any horse could even probably jump over that fence, but they do not. They merely move up to it and go no further, even though the grass may be far greener on the other side of the fence. The fence is little more than bluff, but with horses, it works—but not always. Should a horse panic and hit the fence hard, it will break through it, then it and the rest of the horses can escape from the paddock.

Back to Australia and the ANM's radical political campaign on the streets.

The first point to always remember in the ongoing struggle is the simple fact that rather than comprise something like a third nli the population, the Asian and Coloured percentage of the population is somewhere between 8 and 10 percent. As well as this, they are not yet generally in positions of authority. The original Zionist plan was to swamp Australia with 250,000 Asians per year, beginning in 1979, and steadily increase that number. They intended to make a powerful weapon with which to crush the rest of the Australian population. The weapon they have now is far weaker. The overwhelming number of people in Australia are still White Australians and Aboriginals. Confronting this, the Asians as a group, (and they are not unified) are still very feeble.

Because of this, regaining control of the destiny of our Nation is not nearly as difficult as it could have been. THIS IS THE DIRECT RESULT OF RADICAL ACTION ON THE STREETS, OF WHICH THE ANM WAS THE MAJOR PART. Not only that, but big business interests in South East

Asia are very cautious about committing themselves to setting up shop in Australia. They state quite openly that it is the ANM's ongoing campaign that is giving them second thoughts about coming to Australia. There is another point that ties in with this. A fanatical movement was seen by everybody to actually fight back against the Asian invaders and the Zionist/Freemason conspiracy. A leadership has been identified for the coming Australian Revolution. People have a rallying point. We ANM political soldiers did this, and we paid in untold suffering and blood. Our people have actually been killed.

A name, a cause and the symbol of the Celtic Cross have been firmly impressed into the minds and hearts of those who will rebel. Just for once, the Aussie battler has struck a telling blow against the big criminals, the system. We have the answers to Australia's problems—we also have the guts to physically fight. We connected the head to the boot.

Long ago, while I was travelling around the Australian countryside, I formed the opinion that if the bushrangers had also run a political campaign on the streets of the towns and cities, then they would have stood a chance of actually overthrowing the system way back then. Interestingly, the only bushrangers to begin to partly do this were Ned Kelly and his gang and supporters. It is because of this that the system fears the Kelly Gang to this very day, and deliberately refuse to tell the full story of what they were really striving for. The point is that any actual physical fighting against the system must be accompanied by a large scale propaganda campaign that can be clearly seen and understood by the masses. This is precisely what the ANM carried out from 1985 onwards.

The other point that ties in with the actual propaganda is this. We broadcast the TRUTH to the masses. No matter how unpopular the truth may happen to be at the start of a propaganda campaign when one is unknown, open to attack, and yet to gain numerical strength in actual supporters; the truth is the truth. We have maintained an unwavering path towards the only alternative that will save our planet. We have never retracted or stepped back from our beliefs, and our goal. In a sea of uncertainty the ANM's unwavering stand following Nature's Eternal Law, stands as firm as a rock.

The other great achievement of the ANM is this. As well as preventing a lot of South East Asian money coming in to artificially maintain affluence, we have forced the Zionist run system to remove its facade of respectability and illusion of freedom. We have forced the system to act brutally, thus severely undermining the Australian People's faith in the system. Without heavy investment from Asia the economy will not maintain affluence for most. Too many people are getting hurt and angry. When people lose their faith in the system, they withdraw their consent to be governed by that system. Then the alternative Revolutionary Elite are in a position to act. This is the situation that the system in Australia is rapidly heading to today.

The ANM achieved this. To do this we had to take great risks in the face of staggering odds. We broke through the poverty restrictions by boldly taking the required money straight from the big criminals who are also the enemies of the Australian People. We followed

Australian Moral Lore and physically defended our Australian People from the Asian invaders. It was risky, but it was done.

Originally the system intended to charge the ANM leaders with sedition, but then they decided to jail us as common criminals. They jailed us for sure, but they also turned us into Aussie heroes. We became part of Aussie legend, and in revolutions legends are powerful and ghosts can walk.

In the beginning the Australian Nationalists Movement started out with nothing but the will to win. Against staggering odds we changed the course of history of our Race and Nation and carved our names into history. Because of our radical campaign Australia stands ready for the next dramatic phase - the final end of two centuries of foreign control of the Australian People, and the final triumph of Australian National Socialism. This is the measure of greatness.

And this we can say, “THIS WE HAVE DONE!"

THE WAY AHEAD: THE ANM POLICIES

The overall aim of the Australian Nationalists Movement is to make Australia the leading White Nation of the New Era.

It will achieve this through a total reorganization of the racial, philosophical and economic basis of Australian society.

The ANM exists to gain the political power to implement its policies. It is the vehicle of the NEW ERA. It will provide the leadership and knowledge to form the NEW MAN.

Its philosophy of politics and life is a synthesis drawn from the best elements of all European cultures. It regards truth as its sole property to be gleaned from any source where it manifests itself. It has thoroughly analysed the causes of Australia's decline and charted the course to a New Era of spectacular prosperity and happiness based on the true principle of Natural Lore: - Rule by the strongest and wisest.

It aims specifically to destroy Capitalism and Communism in all their Fabian, Liberal, Humanitarian, Feminist, and Multiracial disguises and form a society based on the realities of Race and Human Difference.

It asks every decent Australian to re-educate themselves out of these lies and assist the ANM to ensure the survival and further higher development of our Australian Race/Culture.

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As soon as the ANM gains power the following will be immediately carried out.

1. All bank interest mortgages will be abolished. All debts to the banks will be cancelled.
2. All taxation will be abolished. All debts through taxation will be cancelled.

3. All the unemployed will be immediately employed when they report to their local council office. They will be paid full wages to carry out a whole host of projects desperately needed to physically get the country working again, after decades of neglect.

4. All asianisation and multicultural projects will be immediately ended and the resources wasted on them diverted to the rebuilding of our Nation.

5. All goods and services presently monopolised by the banks and multinationals will be released to be used by the public, in the immediate reconstruction of the Nation. All energy sources and food stocks will be released in the same way.

6. All international debts will be cancelled.

All this will be carried out in the first few days. Then the more permanent reforms will begin.

The overall program of reform is not simply for the next year or decade or even century but IT IS FOR THE NEXT THOUSAND GENERATIONS INTO THE FUTURE.

ECONOMIC SYSTEM OF THE AUSTRALIAN

The present Economic System is a deliberate creation of the Zionists to enslave all nations. They have created a system, based on stealing through bank interest, taxation and speculation. Not only that, but this hostile alien body can turn our Nation's money supply on and off when, and only when it suits the Zionists' purpose. A classic example of this was when they restricted the money supply and caused the Great Depression, however overnight when war was declared; they suddenly had all the money in the world for the war machine.

The Zionist controlled International Monetary system is the greatest inhibitor of Man's upward development toward higher life forms, where we live, unhindered, in harmony with Nature's Eternal Law.

The Zionist run Economic System works this way:

Each year, rather than simply print its own money supply to run the Nation, the Government goes hat in hand to the Federal Reserve Bank and borrows the money it needs to run the Nation for that year. At the end of the year the Government has to pay back that money to the Federal Reserve Bank. That money it pays back is taken from Australian citizens in the form of taxation each year. Not only that but when the money is lent to the Government, interest is charged on it as well. This means that the actual amount taken in the form of taxation each year is increased each year. This system is not only ridiculous; it is also criminal on a staggering scale. Australia needs this system like it needs a hole in the head. It will be abolished. It is of course, totally unnecessary as well. The solution is simple.

First off, you must understand that there is nothing mysterious or complicated about money. The present system, via its "experts," tries to give the impression to people in general that economics is very complicated and is best left to the "experts" only. Thus people do not have a good hard look at economics, which allows the International Bankers to continue

unchallenged. Money is simply a medium of exchange; it is a creation of civilized Man that ensures that goods and services flow around society and everybody in society reaps the benefits of what society produces. As such it is the lifeblood of civilization. All that the Government really has to do is to ensure that the amount of money in circulation matches the actual wealth that is the amount or goods and services in existence. It is just like book keeping. When money is needed, the Government prints it and issues it into circulation. Keep in mind that under the present Zionist run system the Government keeps on account of the amount of money it TAKES from people, a National Socialist Government can keep an account of the amount of money to PUT INTO CIRCULATION.

People must realize this simple fact.

Once people realize that money is unlimited, as in wartime, then there is no limit to reconstruction and construction capability, and general technological advancement. The old conventional excuse of "We-don't-have-the-money," becomes irrelevant. The, basic reality is, WHAT IS PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE IS ECONOMICALLY POSSIBLE. THERE IS NO NEED WHATSOEVER TO DESTROY THE ENVIRONMENT BECAUSE PEOPLE NEED MONEY. MONEY IS MAN'S SERVANT. NOT HIS MASTER.

Throughout Australia‘s history there never has been a total reform of the entire economic system. This total overhaul of the economic system is vital to every aspect of the total reform of Australian Society.

It will be carried out in this manner.

The entire banking system will be abolished. All foreign investment and foreign ownership of Australia will cease. All foreign interference in Australian financial affairs will cease.

The Australian Republican Treasury will be responsible for the Australian National money supply. They will print and issue all money. There will be a total prohibition on the charging of interest on money in all its forms. This prohibition will be forever.

All National projects and National Government institutions and organizations will be directly institutions and organizations will be directly financed by the Australian Republican Treasury.

2. As part of the general overhaul of the present malfunctioning system of government, the present Australian states will be broken up into provinces of about 200,000 people. The governing bodies of each of these provinces will be financed from the Australian Republican Treasury and also all provincial projects and general administration within the province. Whatever needs to be done will be done.

NOBODY WILL BE A PARASITE ON THE COMMUNITY. Large scale hoarding of money will cease. All forms of speculation will cease. The stock exchange will be abolished. There will never again be deliberate distortion of the prices of goods and services, leading to inflation.

With the END OF INFLATION the relative values of goods and services based on actual wealth, will become established. There will no longer be any pressure for workers to confront employers for continual wage increases, nor will there be pressure on employers to maximise their profits regardless of the long term effects on workers and society as a whole. Instead of mutual distrust and divisions within society, trust and cooperation will be allowed to develop throughout society as a whole, and thus a greater unity of National purpose will develop.

Citizens and Residents will be free to obtain INTEREST FREE LOANS from agencies of the Australian Republican Treasury throughout the Nation. These loans can be for houses, businesses, or farms or whatever. MONEY WILL ALWAYS BE AVAILABLE FOR ALL PEOPLE WITH TALENT, INITIATIVE AND GENIUS TO FULLY DEVELOP THEIR POTENTIAL.

All international trade will be done by barter; goods for goods. The reality of Australia, is the simple fact that Australia is self-sufficient in everything, and international trade is not really necessary. All the money to pay producers in Australia will be paid from Australia's own treasury. If necessary, the goods sent overseas can even be given away free, in the form of aid.

Even in its present chaotic state, because it is a developed industrial state, Australia produces a vast amount of real wealth _which simply cannot be purchased by the Australian People because there is never enough money around. Instead of trying to constantly export this wealth overseas, or physically destroy it in an unnecessary war, Australian Citizens will be paid a National Dividend—enough money to pay for their share of Australia's excess wealth. The wealth of Australia belongs to the Australian People - those who produced it.

A large part of the problem of the economy malfunctioning is the result of the deliberate miseducation of people in general. The Zionist run system makes sure that, as well as never really understanding the nature of money and wealth, understanding the nature of money and wealth, people are encouraged to acquire money without producing wealth, and the dignity of honest hard productive work is belittled. Not only that, but the sort of people who have acquired money without producing wealth, also have anti-Australian attitudes, and this hostile anti-Australian attitude is encouraged in others via the entertainment industry in particular, as well as the general education system.

This is a major cause of the general atomisation of society, and it is very damaging to Australian Nationalism. In the past it was pro-British, anti-Australian squatters who oppressed and stole the wealth from the Australian selectors—the backbone of the Australian Nation. Today the Zionists put forward the ideal image lo copy as being the un-Australian Yuppie. the Asian investor, the jet setting business executive whose loyalties lie abroad, and the ever present American abroad in a position of power and authority over hard working Aussies.

THIS WILL ALL CEASE.

Australians will be fully educated to understand the basic nature of money and wealth. True Australian history will be taught, and Aussies will come to admire and emulate the true heroes of our Nation—the hard working Aussie battlers and Nationalists, who understood the dignity of honest labour and fought for the ideals of Australian Nationalism despite the hostile environment, the constant stealing by the banks, and the near constant Police oppression when they tried to rectify the wrongs. The real heroes of Australia are those who physically built our Nation.

When Australians come to emulate the true heroes of our Nation, then dignity of honest labour will be restored. True; prosperity will return. True FREE ENTERPRISE will be able to prosper unhindered, and all people will have full opportunity to, exercise and develop their inherent potential and genius. FOR, THIS IS OUR RIGHT AS INTELLIGENT SENSITIVE BEINGS ‘f WHO HAVE A DESIRE TO ENJOY LIFE, AND UNDERSTAND AND EXPLORE THAT WHICH WE DO NOT YET KNOW ABOUT THE UNIVERSE ITSELF.

DEVELOPMENT OF AUSTRALIAN RACE/CULTURE

THE AUSTRALIAN IS THE END PRODUCT OF FUSION OF EUROPEAN PEOPLES WHO HAVE ADAPTED TO LIFE ON THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINENT AND FORMED THEIR OWN UNIQUE AUSTRALIAN RACE/ CULTURE.

The Australian continent belongs to two peoples; the Australian People and the Black Aboriginal People, who will have their own Black Aboriginal Culture, who will own their homeland province. This will be dealt with further on in the Aboriginal Policy.

In Australia there will be three categories of people:

AUSTRALIAN CITIZENS. This will include most of the population.
AUSTRALIAN RESIDENTS.
ALIENS.

1. AUSTRALIAN CITIZENS are those people who fully identify with Australian Culture and the Australian way of life and are prepared to strive forward for

a better Australia, and for the further higher development of the community as a whole —- a society in harmony with the Natural Order. An Australian Citizen is entitled to the full benefits of the National Socialist Australian State.

2. AUSTRALIAN RESIDENTS are those people who have not yet earned their right to Australian Citizenship. They comprise two categories: (a) Aryan Immigrants who have not yet assimilated into the Australian Race/Culture. An Aryan is a person of the Caucasian Race from anywhere in the world. If we need immigrants, the whole purpose of immigration will be to strengthen our Race and our Folk Community. One must always keep in mind that the best additions to our Race and Folk Community are our own home grown Australian babies. (b) The other category of Australian Residents are those people who have harmed or detracted from our Race and Folk Community. They must rectify the wrongs and damage they have done before they gain Australian Citizenship status.
3. ALIENS are those people temporarily living in Australia whose race prevents them from ever becoming an Australian Citizen. GOVERNMENT To administer the Nation, Australia will be broken up into PROVINCES. Each Province will consist of about 200,000 people.

It will be a mini state with its own Provincial Flag, local customs and particular way of life. Its own government will be led by a PROVINCIAL LEADER.

The SENATORS of each Provincial Government will be selected by the experts in each field of civilized human endeavour or profession, whether that be engineering, farming, industry, or whatever. At each level of government the Nation will be run by the most competent and able. Never again will traitors and drongos run the Nation because they can withhold the real facts from the people, suppress real opposition, and get voted into power on ill- informed votes alone.

Most of the everyday "nuts and bolts “administration of everyday life will be done by the various Provincial Governments.

The AUSTRALIAN REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT will guide the Nation according to the Constitutional Law based on the Eternal Natural Law.

For the AUSTRALIAN REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT there is a nationwide selection process from among the Provincial Senators in each field in each Province. Those who are selected from each field will form the GRAND COUNCIL. Also on the Grand Council will be the leaders of the Defence Forces, the Media and the Treasury.

The AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL LEADER will be selected from among the Senators forming the Australian Republican Government.

All terms of government will be for 5 years.

As a safeguard against possible malfunctioning government, the following will also be carried out. As well as selecting the National leader, the Senators forming the Australian Republican Government will select two DEPUTY LEADERS, whose tasks will be to assume the office of National Leader should he die in office, and organize impeachment proceedings against the National Leader should he go insane or obviously act totally against the National interest. The impeachment motion will need the support of 80% of the Senators forming the Australian Republican Government to be carried.

LAW AND ORDER

The whole purpose of Law and Order and the Justice System is to protect and enhance the further higher development of individual citizens and the Australian Race/Culture as a whole. The Legal Code should embody this principle; that is, articulate in written form, the Australian Moral Lore.

In Australia today the present setup of the Police, courts, and jails do NOT embody the principles of Law and Order; in fact the whole setup works AGAINST the interests of Australian Citizens and the Australian Race/Culture in general. Therefore it will be abolished. Instead the following reforms will be carried out:

1. All existing written laws, criminal codes, statutes and edicts will be abolished. Instead, the Written Law will be codified into the Digest of Australian Law. Law and Order and Justice is a very simple concept. The Digest of Australian Law will be in simple plain English, and will consist of no more than a few large volumes, readily available throughout the land. By simply consulting the relevant section, even the most simple minded citizen can understand precisely what his rights and duties are.

2. The actual custodians of Law and Order will operate in this manner.

Each locality and ‘town will have their own elected Chief Guardian. He will be assisted in the general business of ensuring Law and Order by National Servicemen fulfilling their term of National Service.

Should they require expert help in the form of Forensic Science or specialized Detective work, they will draw upon a National body of men and women specially trained for this task. As a safeguard, no expert will work on any case from his own immediate locality.

Each Province will supply a certain number of Judges who will become part of a National Pool of Judges. Only Australian Citizens can ever become Judges. These Judges will then be called upon to preside over trials around Australia. Each trial will have three Judges, and Judges will not preside over any trial from their own Province. The role of the Judges is to ensure that

each party fully presents his case to the Jury and that the trial is held as soon as possible after the crime or disputed event.

Anybody who has to face trial has the right to have anybody he so chooses help in presenting his case.

The Jury will consist of 15 mature people. It will decide the outcome of the trial. THE PURPOSE OF THE JURY, WHO ARE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FOLK COMMUNITY, IS TO DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT THE PARTIES ON TRIAL HAVE COMMITTED CRIMES AGAINST THEIR PEOPLE, OR WHETHER OR NOT THEIR ACTIONS ARE JUSTIFIED, REGARDLESS OF WHETHER OR NOT THEY MAY HAVE BROKEN CERTAIN WRITTEN LAWS. Their decision will be based on unanimous agreement only. The Jury will then decide how best to rectify the wrong, or disputed event.

The media will only be allowed to report the results of - trial after the trial is over. The purposes of the CORRECTIVE SERVICES is to rectify damage done, rehabilitate those who can be rehabilitate and turned into useful productive people, and to execute those ferocious individuals who are totally incapable of being rehabilitated and are a dire threat to society – just like a wild beast.

DENIAL OF ANY PERSON'S LIBERTY IS AN ABSOLUTE LAST RESORT. The absolute maximum time anyone can spend being rehabilitated is five years. Those who do the rehabilitating will be qualified National Government personnel. Should force be needed, this will be supplied by National Servicemen.

FAMILY LIFE, EUGENICS AND HEALTH

The family unit is the basic building block of society. Motherhood is a sacred calling, and vital to the healthy development of developing minds and bodies. Economic reforms will remove the need for all reluctant working mothers to labour in the workforce, and the additional recreational time that will be created in an economically efficient society will provide additional family togetherness hours.

The extended family unit will be encouraged.

The purpose of having children is to strengthen the Folk Community, therefore congenitally defective people will be forbidden to have children.

A PERSON'S POTENTIAL IS DETERMINED AT THE MOMENT OF CONCEPTION. HOW FAR THAT POTENTIAL IS DEVELOPED IS DEPENDENT ON THE ENVIRONMENT HE IS BROUGHT UP IN. THE PURPOSE OF THE NATIONAL SOCIALIST STATE IS TO BREED THE BEST, AND BRING OUT THE BEST IN All.

Because shortage of money is no longer a problem, there will be a massive project into eradicating congenital deformities and diseases in general. This is possible even with existing technology.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT. The essential ingredients for the health and wellbeing of every single life form on Earth is CLEAN FOOD, CLEAN WATER, and CLEAN AIR. Civilized Man has gotten into very bad eating habits, which has caused most weakness, disease and premature aging. Another major cause of disease and deformity has been large scale miscegenation over the ages. THIS WILL CEASE.

The first step towards building a healthier, stronger society is to totally transform the general diet of all Australians. The correct diet already exists, but Capitalism suppresses the general knowledge of it. There is no need for any chemicals whatsoever in the food chain. This will cease.

Also suppressed by the Zionist run system is the knowledge of far healthier alternative of healing and strengthening that does not require poisoning drugs and most surgery. This is suppressed today, because the system wants to keep the population weak and pliable, and dependent on drugs produced by the Zionist run Chemical companies. This will all cease

Instead the correct and proper diets and Natural healing methods will be introduced and developed to their fullest potential.

The whole business of health and wellbeing will be an essential part of the education process.

EDUCATION

The aim of education is to educate the whole person, to nurture and develop inherent human genius, to have careers open to talent, to productively employ leisure time, and to lead to the further higher development of our Folk Community.

All education will be based on the Truth and nothing else. As such, all anti-Australian, false ideas and doctrines such as Fabian Marxism, Equalitarianism, Capitalism, and all other weakening concepts that are against the Eternal Natural Law. All present proponents of these doctrines will be removed from the Education Process.

All the various books and films promoting false ideas and doctrines, along with all debasing pornography, and supposed "history" based on lies, will be removed from the Education Process.

All music forms hijacked by the Fabian Marxists and deliberately engineered to brainwash and weaken the youth and people in general, will be abolished because they are health hazards.

All education is a service to the People, to be financed entirely by the Australian Republican Government. There will be no such things as private schools.

Because money will no longer be a problem, there will no longer be huge impersonal learning institutions. This will also result because the Nation will be broken up into Provinces, and the big cities decentralized.

The first stage of education will consist of basic literacy and numeracy, a sound knowledge of nutrition, first aid, healthy lifestyles, mental and physical development, and an ability to constructively employ leisure time, a basic overall understanding of the National Socialist economic system and an appreciation of the role of science, the arts and philosophy. When this standard is reached the children will be free to leave, regardless of age. The duller children will not be forced to linger on in the education system to impede the progress of the brighter more gifted children.

Throughout the Education Process, talented students will he encouraged to develop their unique qualities, for it is among the talented that you will find tomorrow's leaders, artists, scientists, philosophers, inventors, etc. The spark of human genius is far too precious to waste. It must be carefully nurtured into the brilliant flame of human progress.

In the later years of the Education Process, children will spend time living out in the rural and wilderness areas to l understand and grow to appreciate the wisdom of Nature. They will learn the art of living in the wilderness. Nature's wisdom is far too useful to squander or utterly ignore. The human character attains a depth of spirituality unknown among the tinsel and glitter of urban life. This will be one of the ways that modem Man can constantly renew his contact with the genius of our ancestors in order to constantly keep our culture vital and strong.

The character training aspect of the National Service training period will be an important part of the Education Process.

AGRICULTURE - AGRARIAN REFORM

Man is a natural conservationist. Remove the economic necessity caused by the present idiotic economic system, and then Man will not have to ruin his immediate environment for short term economic survival, for Man is part of Nature and will blend into Nature if left alone.

Immediately upon gaining power all clearing will cease. Any wood chipping will be from offcut timber and recycled timber only.

National Socialist Law requires that the Man on the Land treats the land according to the Natural Law, otherwise he will lose his land. Never again will anyone rape the land for pure economic gain.

As a first priority after gaining power, there will be a massive tree planting program throughout Australia, initially employing large numbers of the presently unemployed people.

Farming of all kinds will employ the method of combining large trees, (native and others) fruit trees and shallow rooted crops, this utilizing Nature’s fertility cycle. This will remove the need for harsh polluting chemical fertilizers. This will be possible after the breaking up of agricultural monopolies and cartels, and redistribution of vast areas of land to the people.

Further to the whole business of natural fertilizer, sewerage from the towns will be processed into useful fertilizer rather than being wasted.

The rivers and waterways will be kept free of salinity and general pollution by the following methods: Native red gums and other large trees will be planted along river ways to reduce salinity, the way Nature planned. As much as possible, the land will be irrigated by means of desalination plants, thus removing the need for over intensive cultivation along river lines and the overuse of underground aquifer systems.

The Provincial Governments will be responsible for the upkeep of forests in their Provinces. Forests are vital to the health and wellbeing of the Planet itself. Every Province will also wage an all out campaign to eradicate all alien plant and animal pests, like rabbits, sparrows, feral cats, foxes, skeleton weed, blackberries, prickly pear, etc.

As much as possible, all paper and timber will be recycled. Paper can also be made out of simple crops rather than trees. All mining will be carried out on the principle of the Nation and Land first, money second. Even large scale open cut mining can be done in a manner that interferes as little as possible with the natural environment.

A sound economic system will remove the economic necessity of needless cruelty and exploitation of domestic animals. People who constantly witness needless cruelty have a strong tendency to debase themselves by becoming insensitive to the sight of suffering. Further to this, there will be less and less reliance on domestic animals as the correct diets, which are vegetarian, become accepted by Australians.

Australia will also grow all the various crops that it presently imports. Australia has the capacity to grow anything on the face of the Earth. Crops such as rubber, coffee, tea, various exotic fruits, cocoa, etc, will all be grown in Australia.

DEFENCE

The broad principle of defence is this: IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR, IN WAR PREPARE FOR PEACE. The art of war is of vital importance to the state: It is a matter of life or death; a road to either safety or ruin. Hence it is a subject of inquiry which on no account can be neglected. National survival is the first aim of all Government projects.

Our defence will be a total concept, and will be the joint responsibility of every man and woman in Australia. In time of conflict the entire resources of the Nation will be hurled against the enemy, not just an unlucky few.

In time of war, the entire Army will be under the direct command of the National Leader. The Defence Forces will consist of three sections:

1. PROVINCIAL GUARD
2. NATIONAL SERVICEMEN
3. ARYAN GUARD

l. PROVINCIAL GUARD: This will consist of part time reserve units composed of ex-National Servicemen who have completed their term of full time service. The units will operate in their own Provinces. The men of the Provincial Guard will serve for ten years from the time they finish their full time service. They will train for one month each year, but they will only be activated in time of war. The Provincial Guard units will be fully integrated into the National communications, energy, air, sea, road and railroad network. The soldiers of the Provincial Guard will always have their personal weapons with them, either in their homes, or while out training.

NATIONAL SERVICEMEN: Between the ages of I8 and 25, all young men will complete one year's full time National Service. The first six months will be spent in a Labour Battalion working around the Nation reclaiming the deserts, replanting the forests, constructing desalination plants, dams, towns, power plants of all descriptions, building railways, roads, mines, harbours, etc; forging a young and vital Nation Continent. They will thus work in many parts of the continent, carrying out many tasks, thus developing an understanding and a greater love of~ the Nation as a whole. The rhythm of work, all classes working together, shoulder to shoulder, shall thus learn the significance of the words NATION and SOCIALISM, the firm basis of any strong vital state. Upon taking their place in society in whatever trade or profession they choose to follow, they will bring with them a clear consciousness of the truth that work is not just a means of earning money, but it is the moral basis of National Life. The second six months will be spent in military training in a National Service Battalion. Here the men will be hardened in the finest traditions of our ancestors. They will train in the use of all common weapons and gain an understanding of grand tactics, psychological warfare, communications, surveillance methods and highly sophisticated warfare.

It will be during the military training that certain National Servicemen will be called on to carry out the role of Custodians of Law and Order or supplying the force required by the Corrective Services. On completion of six months military training the best soldiers will be encouraged to volunteer for the Aryan Guard. The rest will be assigned to part-time Provincial Guard Units in their home Province.

ARYAN GUARD: These are the elite full time soldiers, and the best of our Race. Apart from being the most powerful component of the Defence Forces they are also the guardians of our Australian Race/Culture and National Socialist Philosophy. There will be no such things as the present day divisions into Anny, Navy, and Air Force, instead the full time soldiers of the Aryan Guard will man the units on land, in aircraft, in ships, in submarines, and in space craft. They will also operate the Propaganda and Intelligence Units. They will train all the rest of the Defence Forces as well.

The other vital role of the Aryan Guard is this. They will be the embodiment of the National Socialist ideals of the NEW MAN for the NEW ERA.

Special units of the Aryan Guard will be recruited from around the Aryan World. These will be the men and women who meet the highest standards in mind and body. After completing a number of years in the Aryan Guard they will gain Australian Citizenship. In this way Australia can gain the best of the Aryan Race and strengthen our Australian Race/Culture.

All weapons will be Australian made and under direct control of the Australian Republican Government. All defence industries and vital industries will be in deep underground installations. As well as this, there will be a massive project to ensure that the entire population will be safe from nuclear, biological and chemical attack. As well as this, as a deterrent, we will maintain the capacity to also wage nuclear, biological and chemical warfare.

LABOUR RELATIONS AND INDUSTRY

The goal is to turn Australia into a leisure based society, where work is not just a means of earning money, but is a method of Man expressing his inherent genius, creativity and individuality, as well as the basis of National life. Throughout the ages it was the productive use of leisure time that led to the great inventions, scientific discoveries, advances in philosophy and art, and the simple yet fulfilling sense of wonder of having the unhurried time to reflect back on one's existence in the changing Universe, to enjoy the beauty of Nature and the fruits of civilization, and to observe one's own family and friends going through the cycles of life, for this is our right as intelligent beings who can sense and feel; and dream of what is yet to be.

As part of the economic reforms of the Australian Republican Government, every Australian Citizen will be paid a National Dividend over and above wages and pensions. This will be an intrinsic right.

All built in obsolescence in all forms will be abolished. Examples of this range from throw away containers which can easily be refilled, to motor vehicles deliberately designed to only last a few short years, to machinery designed so that it requires constant servicing. This will remove the needless drudgery of long working hours and late retiring age which is the wage slavery situation we face today.

Goods and services produced will be of the highest standards possible, utilizing the most modern methods and technology available, thus instilling a pride in workmanship and a sense of dignity to labour; a purpose in working, for all work will be useful and needed.

The voluntary retiring age and hours of work will be steadily reduced in conformity with the advances in science and technology. The National Dividend and Retirement Pension will remove the need for earning money. Even with the present technology, there is only a requirement for people to work for no more than 10 years of their lives. The function of most work today is just to keep people busy so that they remain ignorant of their slavery.

The abolition of built in obsolescence will stop the squandering of our natural resources while our human resources will be encouraged by the media and other means to use their vastly increased leisure time to explore new fields of human endeavour, the Arts, Science, Invention, Philosophy, Exploring, Sport and the whole business of enjoying life and living to the fullest. Where a Citizen genuinely cannot find work, he will have the right to apply to his local Provincial Government office for paid employment on community projects. Injured or incapacitated workers will receive an adequate pension from the State.

Unions will be purged of all anti-Australian officials, like pro-Communist, Freemason, pro-United Nations, etc. This can simply be done by having compulsory union elections. As well as this, employees will be given every encouragement to buy shares in their own companies as part of a profit sharing arrangement, thus having a vested interest in their company's prosperity. A number of companies employ this method today. Their labour relations records are excellent. These will be the first steps towards the unions becoming like the old Guild System; i.e. communities of workers promoting community understanding and initiating programs promoting National and Cultural unity and awareness. The very nature of unions, their very necessity due to malfunctioning economies in the present situation will be dramatically changed by a well-functioning economy.

Technology, like Money, is Man's servant, not his master. Technology will be wisely and soundly applied to enhance and improve the lot of humanity, improve all working conditions, and give a far more human face to the whole concept of high technology industry.

As soon as possible Australian Industry will produce all manufactured 'goods presently imported. Australia will be totally self-sufficient in everything.

THE ARTS, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY

There is a correlation between the Arts, the progress of Science and the Philosophy which co-ordinates it all into the ever expanding realm of human progress in a vital, developing, progressing society. The furthering of this co-ordination is the key to our progress. The overall aim is to raise all standards of our Race and Culture.

The Arts is the visible, tangible expression of human striving to define the undefinable and the beautiful, to explore the realm of the metaphysical and to express the rare and the sublime. Through Art will be expressed the highest and most enduring qualities of our Race and People.

From the earliest years children will be raised in an atmosphere of harmonious artistic excellence. Their latent talent for artistic expression will be nurtured and developed. The first step in the artistic revival will be the removal, because it is a proven health hazard, of all obnoxious, obscene, degenerate junk, pseudo drama and jungle noise that passes itself off as

modern art forms:- Basically all that perverts the Natural Law by debasing the human spirit and causing the destruction of beauty.

The Artist, the Scientist, the Inventor, the Explorer and the Philosopher will be given every incentive, moral and financial, to develop their genius, whether or not that genius manifests itself in school years or later in life. The rest of the population will be taught from the earliest years the need for genius to be fully developed wherever it shows up, even though they do not understand it themselves.

There will be a large investment in experimental science. Most of the problems of food supply, transport, communications, health and urban living will be solved. Also it will open up the possibility for the Aryan Race to colonize outer space, thus ensuring our survival. All suppressed technology and inventions stolen by the Zionist run multinationals via the means of buying patents, will be released and utilized to enhance and improve the overall health of our Race, Nation and Planet.

Philosophy is vital for the effective employment of genius, for minds are like parachutes; they only function when open. It is through philosophy that the first glimpse of Australia's Golden Age will be made visible. Here in Australia the Aryan Race stands on the brink of a vast explosion of knowledge and creativity that will be classical and yet uniquely Australian. This explosion of knowledge will take us to the stars and beyond. It may even take us beyond the physical itself.

MEDIA AND MONOPOLIES

The main cause of all anti-Australian disturbances this century has been the persistent miseducation of the media monopolies. They have made policies in conformity with their self-interests and anti-Australian philosophies and then gulled the public by lies, distortions and biased reporting into accepting them. Therefore all media monopolies will be disbanded. All media will be brought under the control of the Australian Republican Government. The purpose of the media is to educate and inform. THIS SHALL BE DONE.

The whole disgusting business of advertising, and all the debasing affect this has on the people involved in it, the people who view it, and its overall negative effect in that it promotes inferior products ahead of better products; shall cease. With the end of advertising and the end of monopolistic control of general information, all available products, techniques, services, and inventions will be made commonly known throughout Australia via means of computer discs and magazines on various subjects covering the whole range of civilized human endeavour.

The right to own private property does not include the right to own other people via owning their methods of sustenance. This is only thinly disguised slavery. Monopolies have been the major cause of the destruction of free enterprise in Australia. They have been responsible for turning many disillusioned people to Communism and other life hating creeds.

Therefore monopolies shall be disbanded. No foreigner will be allowed to own any shares in any Australian company, while no Australian will be allowed to own shares in more than four companies.

The definition of a monopolistic situation is where a person's or company's activities are causing a disturbance to other producers in the market place. This will be determined by a special Anti-Monopolies Commission which will prevent the formation of cartels, and maintain a free market.

CONSTRUCTION AND HOUSING

In Construction, as in all forms and aspects of Industry in general, all forms of built in obsolescence will cease. All Construction will be designed with the object of fitting into the existing ecosystem, and utilizing whatever natural sources of energy are available, whether that be sun, wind or water.

The whole concept of cramped urban living will be abolished. There will be a massive decentralization program. In due course, no city will be any larger than a half a million. In the urban areas that will exist, the smallest building blocks will be one hectare. All urban people will have as much access to the rural areas as possible. Backyard cultivation will be encouraged in all urban areas. Every street will be provided with a playing yard for children, and every house will be within one kilometre of a park.

Every house, factory, school, or place where people congregate will have a Nuclear, Biological, and Chemical warfare shelter. Further to this, all houses and buildings will have built into them all the most up to date safety features, like automatic sprinkler systems, smoke detectors, and safety features to combat local problems, like earthquakes, cyclones, flooding and bushfires.

The need for poisoning chemical pesticides that are presently needed to combat pests such as White Ants will be eliminated by alternative technology in construction.

There will be a height limit on all constructions to no more than three storeys.

All Defence and Vital industries will be located deep underground.

FIRST SAD ANNI "VERSE" RE: 5 JULY 1990

By Judi Lyons

One year today since my mate was taken away,
Arrested by the modern turnkey, in the modern way.
That day also turned his "mate" on a traitorous path,
But on this "mate's" treachery, we'll gain the last laugh.
Six weeks later all my other mates, as well, were taken;
Our band, to the very core, was severely shaken.
Those with freedom assured, quietly slipped aside,
For any who needed help, from these they seemed to hide.

One year later the injustices continue on a never ending flow.
How to gain your rights, no one wants you to know.
The traitorous continue to enjoy their "earnt" reward.
I guarantee you, the traitor never looked forward.
Treachery is considered the same by the fighters of both sides.
When all is over, from both, it'll be better if he hides.
For now tho' all my mates are living in a cell,
Whether on the inside or the out, it's a living hell.

One year from now I can't say where my mates will be,
If they're on the outside, we'll share our lives in glee.
Perchance they are not free, either way the fight goes on;
Australia is the prize, we can't stop until we've won.
It's hard without your mate, but Ideals are the reason,
Almost brought down tho' by another's act of treason.
We are all still mates, sadness makes the heart grow fonder,
Those that would destroy us, this power they should ponder.